THE BOOKMAN

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SEPTEMBER, 1914

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Aftermath

WITH all Europe under arms, and the morning papers regaling us daily with what read like plagiarisms of *Peace and War* and *The Red Badge of Courage,* the question naturally arises, what effect, if any, is the present gigantic conflict going to have upon creative art? What sort of an echo will it find in the fiction of the future? Any answer to such a question must necessarily be largely conjectural; but if we venture to judge the future by the past, there is one thing which may be affirmed with a fair show of confidence: that the country which shows most directly the stimulus of war, the country which undergoes a rebirth of its finer creative instincts is not the proud conqueror, but the vanquished, the one which has suffered the pangs of siege and invasion and defeat. The arrogance of conquest, the pride of prosperity and power are not the substances from which the finer things in literature are wrought. Humiliation, bereavement, destitution, the utter downfall of a nation's hopes, form the source of a new awakening, the birth-pangs of a new school of fiction that will live because it is vitalised with pity and humanity and noble courage. Let us take one or two examples, to see how this principle has worked out in the past; and first of all, in the Franco-Prussian War.

What effect did that war, bitter and remorseless, and ending with its Shylock bargain of territory and tribute, have upon German literature? No one who even pretends to keep track of Continental letters will claim that any great masterpiece of creative writing, any play or novel of world-wide interest was begotten directly or indirectly by the fortunes of this war. To quote but one authority, Professor John Firmin Coar, in his *Studies in German Literature,* says uncompromisingly:

> The Franco-German War of 1870 brought no change. Long since the enthusiasm which was supposed to attach itself to a war so loudly proclaimed as national had died out. The holy fires that burned and glowed in the poetry of the Wars of Liberation were not to be revived, despite the efforts of Ernst von Wildenbruch. Spielhagen was right: German unity was no longer an affair of the heart; it was an affair of the mind.

There we have the difference in a nutshell: It is the war that touches the heart that alone is a source of inspiration. And so it was in France. In the closing years of the sixties there was a dearth of novelists of the first rank. Balzac and Stendhal were gone, Mérimée was soon to follow: Gautier, Cherbuliez, George Sand, to mention a few big names at random, had already given the world their message, nothing more was to be ex-

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pected. Of the younger writers, just a few, Daudet, and Zola, had put forth their first utterances, but their value was still problematic. And then, all of a sudden, came the cataclysm of Sedan, the siege, the Commune, the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. And straightway there followed a sort of literary renaissance, the sudden springing up of a small host of young writers, many of whom drew their first inspiration from the smoke of battle, and who, taken together, did much to make the closing years of the nineteenth century an illustrious period in French letters. One thinks, first of all, of that famous little volume of six stories, *Les Soirées de Médan,* which not only contained one of the best short stories that Zola himself ever wrote, "The Attack on the Mill," but introduced to the world five of his most ardent disciples in naturalism, all of them out-vying one another in their scorn of the Prussians and their remorseless picturing of war's brutalities. Of these five, two are unfamiliar names to the average American reader: Henry Céard and Léon Hennique; but Huysmans and Paul Alexis need no introduction, and they were represented in the little volume in question by "Sac au Dos" and "Après la Bataille," which both reek of carnage and the hospital ward. While, as for the fifth of Zola's collaborators, there is probably no short story in all French literature that has such world-wide fame as "Boule de Suif," that wonderfully real and mordantly ironic incident of the Prussian invasion, which constituted the first pages of Maupassant's simple and flawless prose that found their way into print.

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Zola himself will, of course, be longest remembered for *La Débâcle,* which is admittedly one of the few great war novels of the world. But it must not be forgotten that he first came into full possession of his powers after 1870, and that not alone *La Débâcle,* but the whole Rougon-Macquart series was planned to lead up inexorably to the same downfall. And of all single episodes in the series, the one least likely to be forgotten is not to be found in the nineteenth volume, but in a much earlier one, *La Bête Humaine,* at the close of which we see a whole train-load of drunken soldiers joyously singing the Marsaillaise, as they are hurled onward into the utter darkness of a tunnel, while the runaway engine, masterless and with wide open throttles dashes to destruction, a brute of human making rushing to the encounter of that other fiercer monster born of humanity, the Beast of War. Daudet is another writer who never became fully conscious of his vocation until after 1870, perhaps, conjectures one of his critics, "through the trials of the Siege of Paris and the humiliation of his country, which deepened his nature without souring it." And while, aside from *Robert Helmont,* his longer novels contain little of warfare, it must not be forgotten that many of his shorter tales deal with episodes of the siege, among others that masterpiece of pathos and patriotism, "The Siege of Berlin," which was so closely paralleled by the lesser known story by Réné Maizeroy entitled "La dernière Joie."

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It would be easy to multiply the list of novels and short stories based more or less directly upon the Franco-German War, whether by younger writers or by veterans who saw their chance and seized it. One thinks, for instance, of "Une Idylle pendant la Siège," by François Coppée, of Edmond About's *Roman d'un Brave Homme,* of *Le Brigadier Frédéric* and *Histoire des Plébiscites,* by Erckmann-Chatrian. But the real interest of the question before us is not so much the subject matter of the stories themselves, but rather the mental and moral awakening, the birth of a new literary movement under the stress of patriotic emotion, whether the specific subject proved to be cannon balls or cabbages. Paul and Victor Marguerite, sons of that splendid officer whose heroic death Zola chronicled in *La Débâcle,* young as they were at the time of the strife, drew from it the inspiration of

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their tetralogy, which begins with *La Désastre* and ends with *La Commune.* Pierre Loti is not what might be called a war artist; he is too fond of painting exotic scenes and hours of dalliance. Yet it must not be forgotten that for three years before the outbreak of hostilities he had already begun his career in the French navy, and we have a right to assume that his country's heroic struggle counted for something in his own intellectual development. And what shall we say of the score or more of younger novelists, from Bourget and Rod to Barrès and Prévost, who as young lads must have caught the echoes of the conflict and repined, some of them, that they were not mature enough to do their share? It would be idle to pretend that one and all of these talents were the direct product of France's downfall; yet obviously her literature for the past four decades is the richer for it.

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An analogous result, on a smaller scale, is seen as the result of the American Civil War. If we look over the list of American novelists, what strikes our attention is the lack of big names among Northern writers between the years of 1860 and 1880 and even later. There is Bret Harte, to be sure, as an isolated exception, and a little later came Mr. Howells and Henry James, neither of whom could be accused of showing any very bellicose tendencies in their themes. But when we turn to the South, the contrast is striking. Sidney Lanier served with credit throughout the strife, and his first appearance in print, after the close of the war, was not in the form of a poem, but a novel, *Tiger Lilies,* embodying his experiences in service. George W. Cable joined the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry, and brought back from the service that strong unwavering vein of loyalty to the old South that found its expression in *Old Creole Days* and *The Grandissimes.* George Cary Eggleston saw service in the First Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, was in the first battle of Manassas and fought until the surrender at Appomattox Court House—and we must remember that it was he who gave us *A Rebel's Recollections, A Daughter of the South,* and *A Carolina Cavalier.* James Lane Allen was only twelve years old when the storm cloud burst, but, says one of his critics, "he was old enough to realise all its horrors and see the suffering that war entailed." Maurice Thompson saw active service, as did a goodly list of minor writers, a catalogue of whose names would overcrowd our space and add nothing to the strength of the argument. We do not remember for the moment whether Thomas Nelson Page, Joel Chandler Harris and F. Hopkinson Smith saw active service or not; but they belong to that same generation of southerners, and *Colonel Carter of Cartersville,* the *Uncle Remus* Stories, and *Marse Chan* are each in their way masterpieces, whose loss would have left a permanent gap in the literature of the South—indeed, the last named has been held by more than one critic to be the best of all stories dealing with the war between the States. In conclusion, then, if it can be held as proved that war brings to the vanquished the comfort of a richer spirituality, a finer artistry, a higher mental and moral incentive, may we not, in view of the present outlook for the shattered Triple Alliance and the tottering Balance of Power, hold out to Germany the consoling hope of a re-birth of her creative literature, the hope that before long, some one of a newly fledged brood of novelists will give us a prose epic of the real *Siege of Berlin*—not the imaginary one of Daudet's—and take its place side by side with *Sevastopol* and *La Débâcle* as one of the greatest pictures of the world's great defeats.

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The Voice of Kipling

The putting together of a magazine in these stirring times is not the easiest thing in the world. The great drama through which we are living makes mere fiction seem pale. With every moment we are expecting that the world crisis will inspire utterance from the man who wrote:

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God of our Fathers known of old,
Lord of our far flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of Hosts be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Meanwhile of curious timeliness is Rudyard Kipling's introduction to W. Douglas Newton's *War*.

It is almost as impossible to make a people who have never known invasion realise what invasion is as it is to make a man realise the fact of his own death. The nearest a man can come in imagination to his own death is the idea of lying in a coffin with his eyes shut listening to the pleasant things he thinks his neighbours are saying about him; and the nearest that a people who have never known conquest or invasion can come to the idea of conquest and invasion is a hazy notion of going about their usual work and paying their taxes to tax collectors who will perhaps talk with a slightly foreign accent. Even attempted invasion does not mean that; it means riot and arson and disorder and bloodshed and starvation on a scale that a man can scarcely imagine to himself; it means disorganisation of every relation of life and every walk of business from the highest to the lowest, and the more elaborate the civilisation the more awful will be the disorganisation—in other words, what the Balkan States can stand for twelve months and still breathe would knock us out of time in six weeks.

It seems to me that if there is a reasonable chance—and I think there is—of such a catastrophe overtaking us, we ought at least to take reasonable precautions to make any attempted invasion so exceedingly expensive to begin with and so particularly unpleasant to go on with, that no enemy would think of facing the risk. As things stand at present we have neither the men nor the means nor the organization nor the will to produce such results. That is why those of us who think go about in fear and in doubt; that is why those of us who do not think are full of silly boastings one day and of blind panic the next; that is why we have no security inside or outside our borders; that is why we tell each other lies to cover our own fears and yet know all the time that our lies are useless.

In this matter we must take refuge behind no self-paid member of Parliament. The power to change this wasteful state of affairs lies in the hands of the people of England. The responsibility is ours and the punishment if we persist in our folly, in our fraud, and in our make-believe—the punishment will fall not only upon us but upon the third and fourth generation of those that have betrayed their country.

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Père La Victoire

Almost twenty years ago, when THE BOOKMAN was in its infancy, there appeared a very unusual article from the pen of the late Harry Thurston Peck entitled "The Migration of Popular Songs." The article closed with the following stirring description of the song known as *Père La Victoire*.

Another of the recent popular songs in France is also very significant—this one not for its words, but for its music. It is a song that I have already mentioned—*Père la Victoire*—first sung by Paulus at the Eldorado in the winter of 1891-92. The words are nothing—the reverie of an old soldier; but the music, arranged by Louis Ganne for military bands, is in a way a wonderfully effective thing, a sort of cantata, whose meaning all France interpreted at once. It opens with a roll of drums and a trumpet call, as heralding the military character of its *motif*. Then comes a long strain of melancholy music, sombre, pathetic, rising almost into a wail, though still marked by the military accent. To the listener it depicts France in her humiliation, beaten to her knees by the merciless invader, betrayed, despairing. Then, as the music almost dies away, the muffled drums roll steadily, and a firmer note is struck. France lives. The years of patience, of sacrifice, of preparation have come. Stronger and clearer, the music swells again into a noble march, strong, confident, courageous. Clearer and bolder ring out the notes, faster and faster and richer and grander are the harmonies. France is once more herself, puissant, girt

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for battle, invincible. The hour has struck, and a storm of drums overwhelms the ear in a great crash of martial melody, with the trumpets once more ringing out, this time exultant in the fierce joy of victory! It is the musical apotheosis of *la ravanche*. Professional musicians may call it a poor thing, but when rendered by a fine military band, as I have often heard it, it has always seemed to me inexpressibly thrilling; and with its hidden meanings it must quicken the pulse and stir the blood of every one who loves France and her chivalrous people.

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"Hoch der Kaiser"

In reprinting "Hoch der Kaiser" at the present moment we are doing probably what a great many of our contemporaries are doing. The song which had for a long time been a favourite of the sailors in the American Asiatic fleet came into general prominence at a dinner at the Union League Club of New York City some years ago. Captain Coghlan, who shared the general sentiments of the navy officers inspired by irritations in various parts of the world, recited the poem which met with enthusiastic applause. The incident found its way into the newspapers with the natural result that Captain Coghlan was reprimanded from Washington.

Der Kaiser of dis Vaterland
Und Gott on High all dings command.
Ve two—Ach! Don't you understand?
Myself—und Gott.

Vile some men sing der power Divine,
Mein soldiers sing "Der Wacht am Rhein,"
Und drink der health in Rhenish wine
Of me—und Gott.

Dere's France, she swaggers all aroundt.
She's augespieldt.
To much we think she don't amount;
Myself—und Gott.

She vill not dare to fight again,
But if she shouldt, I'll show her blain
Dot Elsass und (in French) Lorraine
Are mein (by Gott!)

Dere's grandma dinks she is nicht small beer.
Midt Boers und such she interfere.
She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere
But me—und Gott;

She dinks, good frau, some ships she's got,
Und soldiers mit der scarlet goat,
Ach! we could knock them!
Pouf! Like that.
Myself—mit Gott.

In dimes of peace brebare for vars,
I bear the spear and helm of Mars,
Und care not for den thousand Czars,
Myself—mit Gott.

In fact, I humor efry whim,
With aspect dark and visage grim;
Gott pulls mit me, and I mit him;
Myself—und Gott.

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Forebears

A good many years ago some one with apparent turf affiliations characterised Paul Dombey as being by Colonel Newcome out of Little Nell. In the New York *Sun* of August 11th there appeared the following verses by Mr. Edward S. Van Zile. Without taking an iota from their unquestioned cleverness we should characterise them as being by the forementioned "The Recessional" out of the aforementioned "Hoch der Kaiser."

A PRAYER

I

God of my Fathers, grant me aid
That I may rout my countless foes!
By Thee were guns and cannons made,
From Thee the joy of battle flows.

II

O God, who gave me might and power,
Thou knowest that my heart is pure.
Be with me in this awful hour,
That I and mine may still endure.

III

Thou art the God who loveth war,
And famine, rapine, blood and death;
I pray Thee stand beside me, for
Thou knowest what my spirit saith.

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IV

The soul of me is linked with Thine
To bid the blood of heroes flow.
The death we grant them is divine,
And in Thy name I bid them go.

V

God of my Fathers, still be kind
To them who raise Thy banner high,
While Thou and I together find
The surest way for them to die.

VI

They do my bidding. God, look down
And bless the sword that I have drawn.
My blight shall fall on field and town,
And thousands shall not see the dawn.

VII

To Thee, O God, I give all praise
That Thou hast made my hand so strong;
That now, as in my fathers' days,
The King and Thee can do no wrong.

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The Other Side

In order to avoid any appearance of partiality we are reprinting from the New York *Evening Sun* of August 10th the glorification of the German Kaiser by George Sylvester Viereck entitled "William II, Prince of Peace."

O Prince of Peace, O Lord of War,
Unsheath thy blade without a stain!
Thy holy wrath shall scatter far
The bloodhounds from thy country's fane.

Into thy hand the sword is forced,
By traitor friend and traitor foe,
On foot, on sea, and winged and horsed,
The Prince of Darkness strikes his blow.

Crush thou the Cossack arms that reach
To plunge the world into the night!
Save Goethe's vision, Luther's speech,
Thou art the Keeper of the Light!

When darkness was on all the lands,
Who kept God's faith with courage grim?
Shall He uphold that country's hands
Or tear its members limb from limb?

God called the Teuton to be free,
Free from Great Britain's golden thrall,
From guillotine and anarchy,
From pogroms red and whips that fall.

May thy victorious armies rout
The savage tribes against thee hurled,
The Czar, whose sceptre is the knout,
And France, the wanton of the world.

But thy great task will not be done
Until thou vanquish utterly
The Norman brother of the Hun,
England, the Serpent of the Sea.

The flame of war her tradesmen fanned
Shall yet consume her, fleet and field—
The star of Frederick guide thy hand,
The God of Bismarck be thy shield!

Against the fell barbarian horde
Thy people stand, a living wall;
Now fight for God's peace with thy sword,
For if thou fail, a world shall fall!

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The Last Shot

It was, we think, some time last autumn, that we first heard of the book, and then in a casual way. The information came in a breesy remark that "Fred Palmer was writing a novel that he wanted to get off his chest." In other words, there were certain ideas in his mind, ideas that had been developing in his long years of service as a war correspondent in various parts of the world, to which he wanted to give expression. He had no foolish hopes of the book achieving any great material success. By the time it would be ready for the public the national mind would, of course, be so much occupied with Mexico that readers would pay little attention to a story so remote from actual events. The chances were apparently a thousand to one against the summer of 1914 bringing forth anything that would direct attention to a novel designed to describe modern scientific warfare in the great conflict between the Gray army and the Brown army, thin disguises for the martial hosts of the German Empire and of the French Republic.

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GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK, WHO, IN HIS POEM GLORIFYING THE GERMAN KAISER, CALLS FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF FRANCE, "THE WANTON OF THE WORLD," AND ENGLAND, "THE SERPENT OF THE SEA"

The Last Shot begins in a corner of the frontier dividing Germany and France ten years before the outbreak of hostilities. The heroine, Marta Galland, comes from a family that is rooted in the soil of the frontier. To the Gallands' home there come and go, in those early days, the two dominant martial figures of the tale, Hedworth Westerling, of the German service, and Arthur Lanstron of the French service. In the strict confines of the tale Lanstron's first appearance is as a speck in the sky. One of the pioneers of the French Aviation Corps, he comes tumbling down into the Galland garden with a shattered hand, but with a radiant joy at the achievement of his aerial flight. Between the first chapter and the second the ten years elapse. The seventeen-year-old Marta has become the woman of twenty-seven, Westerling has risen to be vice-chief of the German General Staff, Lanstron has become the French chief of intelligence, and the right-hand man of General Partow, who is in supreme command of the army. The war theories of neither Westerling nor Lanstron have changed much. Westerling still believes that it is a mere matter of mathe-

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matics, and that the five millions of the Grays, flung against the three millions of the Browns, mean certain success. Terrible are some of the details of preparation for the grim tragedy of war. In the German war office a document is laid on Westerling's desk.

"A recommendation by the surgeon in chief," said Turcas, "for a new method of prompt segregation of ghastly cases among the wounded. I have put it in the form of an order. If reserves coming into action see men badly lacerated by shell fire it is bound to make them selfconscious and affect the morale."

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FREDERICK PALMER

But it is not merely with directing officers that Mr. Palmer deals. He takes the reader into both camps on the eve of battle and shows individual companies and the men of whom they are composed. Whether the uniform be that of the Grays or the Browns, the spirit, the enthusiasm, and the dread are very much the same. In a group of the members of Company B of the 128th of the Gray service are the sons of a farmer, a barber, a butcher, an army officer, a day labourer, a judge, a blacksmith, a rich man's valet, a banker, a doctor, a manufacturer, and a small shopkeeper. That little world differs but little from another world that, on the same day, was similarly discussing impending events, a world made up of a group of the 53d of the Browns. Not only are all classes of society represented, but also all political creeds. We see the Socialists of both sides, violent in their denunciations of the horrors and futility of war, giving expression to every treasonable utterance, but rising to heights of ferocity when the actual hour comes. Of these individual types Mr. Palmer has something to say in a foreword to the reader. Though the scene is imaginary, the characters are from life. Their actions and their sayings are those of men whom he has studied under the stress of danger and sudden emergency. The boyish confidence of Eugene Aronson has been at his elbow in a charge; Feller he knew in the tropics as an outcast who shared his rations; Dellarme's last words he heard from a dying captain; the philosophy of Hugo Mallin is no less familiar than the bragging of Pilzer or the transformation of the Socialist Stransky.

In Lanstron we have a type of the modern officer; in the elder Fragini a type of the soldier of another day. Each marches in his place and plays his part in the sort of spectacle that I have often watched. If there be no particular hero, then I can only say, in confidence behind the scenes, that I have found no one man, however heroic in the martial imagination of his country, to be a particular hero in fact. Take, for example, our trembling little Peterkin, who won the bronze cross for courage.

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The Last Shot, Mr. Palmer further tells us, grew out of his experience in many wars. He has been under fire without fighting; known the comradeship of arms without bearing arms, and the hardships and the humours of the march with only an observer's incentive. Whatever the conditions, whether it was war

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in the large or in the small, he has found the same basic human qualities in the white heat of conflict working out the same illusions, heroisms, tragedies, and comedies. In the midst of battle, with the detachment of a non-combatant marveling at the irony of two lines of men engaged in an effort of mutual extermination, he has, he says, caught himself thinking with the other side. He knew why his side was busy at killing. Why was the other? For the same reason.

> I was seeing humanity against humanity. A man killed was a man killed, courage was courage, sacrifice was sacrifice, romance was romance, a heart-broken mother was a heart-broken mother, a village burned was a village burned, regardless of race or nation. Every war became a story in a certain set form: the rise of the war passion; the conflict; victory and defeat; and then peace, in joyous relief, which the nations enjoyed before they took the trouble to fight for it.

Their First Stories

The Strand Magazine for August contained an article which we read with an especial interest. This was a symposium entitled "How They Broke Into Print," incorporating certain experiences of Anna Katharine Green, Wallace Irwin, Reginald Wright Kauffman, Amelie Rives, Thomas Dixon, Harold Bell Wright, Alice Hegan Rice, Jack London, and George W. Cable. Of the origin of her first widely successful book, *The Leavenworth Case,* Mrs. Rohlfs says that one day her mind turned to thinking of plots and it occurred to her that the nucleus for a story might be hinged upon the fact of a person passing the open door of a room, overhearing an accusation, and attributing it to the wrong one of two occupants. This she coupled with the idea that a complication could be evolved by a guilty party being the first one to announce that a crime had been committed. Of these two ideas

ALFRED WAREING FRANK VERNON
NEIL MUNRO ARNOLD BENNETT
F. MARRIOTT MRS. ALFRED WAREING

An interesting group, taken at Loch Lomond by Mr. Edward Thomson on the occasion of the first production of "The Great Adventure" on any stage. It was produced by Mr. Frank Vernon, to whom "Milestones" is dedicated. Mr. Alfred Wareing is the founder of the Glasgow Repertory Theatre. Mr. Munro, who was present at the production, has just published what many critics consider is his best novel, "The New Road."

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The Leavenworth Case was built, to be written on all kinds and sizes of paper, to be cut first from one hundred and eighty thousand words to one hundred and fifty thousand, then to one hundred and forty thousand, and years later, in an epitomisation, to be condensed to seven thousand words.

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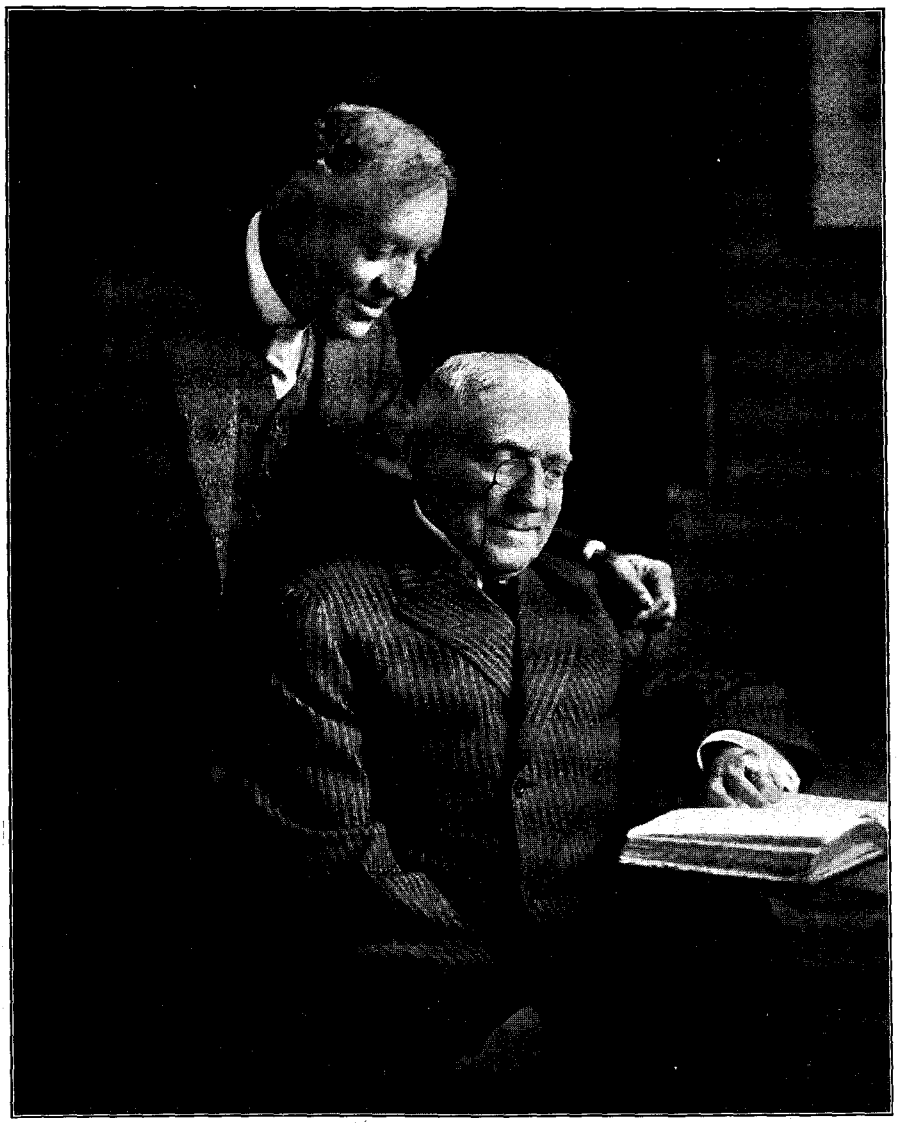
Alice Hegan Rice's first published contribution had nothing to do with "Mrs. Wiggs" or with "the Cabbage Patch." As a matter of fact it was written years before, when she was a school girl. She had been reading *Reveries of a Bachelor* and like many another girl of that day, fell a victim to Marvel's charm. So impressed was she with his sage reflections upon love that she was moved to write an article on the same theme from



OTIS SKINNER AND JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY IN INDIANAPOLIS

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a feminine standpoint. She called it "Reveries of a Spinster" and handed it in as a school theme. It was commended, and some one suggested that she send it to a local newspaper. Being inexperienced in submitting manuscripts, she sent it in unsigned and with no return address. To her own great delight and that of her school mates it was not only printed but answered again and again. Old maids and married women kept the controversy going for weeks, the former defending the writer and the latter indulging in scathing criticism of the seventeen year old spinster, who was confidently accused of being embittered by some desperate experience.

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Thomas Dixon first found his way into print with *The Leopard's Spots*. On the historical material of that story he had worked and brooded for years. Much of it he had lived in his boyhood. He devoted two years to the preparation of his notes, and then wrote the tale at white heat—in about seventy days, in fact. He sent it to the firm of Doubleday, Page and Company. Mr. Walter H. Page, then the head of the house, sent the author a telegram of two hundred words within twenty-four hours, accepting the manuscript. Mr. Dixon sailed at once from his Virginia home to New York to sign his contract. "My dear boy," said Mr. Page when author and publisher met, "your first novel came near killing me. I was so interested in the thing that I sat up in bed all night reading it, and started across the street to the Everitt House next morning with your old manuscript in my hand finishing the last two chapters. A street car knocked me down and I was carried indoors. I would apologise for the blood marks I left on your story but for the grudge I bear you."

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"The first story I ever wrote," Mr. Cable writes, "was one of the best, but—I sent it to the wrong magazine, one that was young and cautious not to step on any one's toes, and as this story was on the negro question (at least it touched on the old slavery question) and the magazine was at that time bidding for Southern subscribers, it declined to print the story. I will not say that that was the only reason, for the *Atlantic* also declined it. However, as I say, it was subsequently published and proved to be one of the best stories I ever wrote, that is if I am to judge by the amount of attention it attracted. That was my first 'break into print,' considered fictionally, and I think it was a very modest fracture."

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Amelie Rives's first story was not, as one would think, *The Quick or the Dead*, but "A Brother to Dragons." "The history of that first story," says the Princess Troubetskoy, "is very simple, for though I had scribbled all sorts of things before that—verse, short stories, plays—'A Brother to Dragons' was the first one that seemed to me really rather good. However, odd as it may seem, I wasn't in the habit of offering my things for publication. Not that I was so very modest as this fact would seem to suggest, but because I was never quite satisfied that I had done the best that I was capable of doing. So the manuscript of 'A Brother to Dragons' was read by one or two members of the family, then left in the drawing-room, where it got mixed with my music. A friend who came on a visit to Castle Hill (my old home in Virginia) happened to find it there, and liked it so much that he asked me if he could take it to Boston when he returned and offer it to some publisher. I was very much pleased that he liked the story as much as that, but I remember saying, 'Now don't get vexed and swear when they refuse it.'

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"About ten days after his return to Boston I got a letter from him telling me that he had handed the story to a member of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin and Company. They, in their turn, had given it to Mr. Aldrich (Thomas Bailey Aldrich), who was then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. A day or two after

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LADY LYTTON

this Mr. Aldrich had sent for my friend and asked him the name of the man who had written the story called "A Brother to Dragons." My friend, who had promised me that he would not tell my name or divulge whether I was a man or a woman, was rather nonplussed. He didn't know exactly what to say, especially as Mr. Aldrich stated that he 'wished to see the man who had written that story. I want him to come here to Boston,' said Mr. Aldrich. 'I want to have a talk with him.' My friend stammered out he didn't think that would be possible. Then Mr. Aldrich said, quizzically, 'What's the matter? Is he in a debtors' prison? If that's the case, I'll bail him out.' My friend wrote me all this, and of course I let him tell Mr. Aldrich at once who I was."

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Hell Hath No Fury

When *The Woman in White* was appearing serially, with a success that caused congestion in the neighbourhood of the office of *All the Year Round* on the day of publication, Wilkie Collins received a letter which dramatically endorsed his Count Fosco, the picturesque and malevolent villain of the story. "Many persons have contended that your creation of Fosco is an exaggeration," the letter went on to say, "but I know that such is not the case. I have encountered just such a villain in real life. In fact, he is no other than my own husband." The name signed to the letter was that of the wife of Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton. A year or two ago we had the *Life* of Lytton edited by his grandson. In that book the long story of the controversy between the author of *The Caxtons* and his wife was intentionally obscured. Now we have a volume of hitherto unpublished letters from Lady Lytton to A. E. Chalon of the Royal Academy, in which the woman's spite is given free rein. Not only is the husband anathematised, but Queen Victoria and Benjamin Disraeli are freely made targets of her abuse. Througout the Chalon correspondence Lord Lytton is spoken of as "Sir Liar," and "Sir Coward." Of the Queen, in a letter of February, 1855, she writes:

> To-day is the anniversary of our little selfish Queen's wedding. How I wish Prince Albert would celebrate it by biting her very untempting cheek till the blood streamed down her (as that *ornament* to the English Cabinet, Sir Liar, used to do mine), giving her a vigorous kicking into the bargain; sending her children off to Germany or elsewhere away from her . . . and *above all* stealing every guinea of her money which *she so doats upon;* and then perhaps she might have a little *human* feeling for other women, which now she has not, as lately for *appearance* sake to her vicious hypocritical Court, she insisted upon the poor Duchess of Wellington continuing to live with *her* disgusting brute of a legal tyrant.

Abe and Mawrus

Mr. Montague Glass has been telling of the origin of his stories about the firm of Potash and Perlmutter. The first three tales introducing Abe and Mawrus went the rounds of the magazines and were found much too radical for acceptance by the editors. Eventually Mr. Glass disposed of two of them to a magazine proprietor in Detroit. The proprietor promptly failed. The magazine, however, continued under new management, and a compromise was reached by which Mr. Glass sold the stories to the new owner at an absurdly low figure. The third story appeared in the *Scrap Book,* and the fourth in *Munseys.* Then came "Taking it Easy" in the *Saturday Evening Post,* followed by "The Arverne Sacque." "With that," comments Mr. Glass, "the season opened."

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Potash, Perlmutter, Henry D. Feldman and the others were drawn after no definite originals, but were composite characters. Feldman's habit of quoting law Latin for the benefit of his clients is a trick of many practitioners of New York City, and as for his reputed infallibility, there are few business men who have not exalted ideas of the powers of some particular lawyer. Of course, the adventures of Potash and Perlmutter are pure invention, but their speech, thought, and action were drawn from life. For ten years Mr. Glass was present almost daily at bankruptcy meetings, closing of title to real estate, and conferences with reference to the entering into or dissolution of copartnerships. At these times he had the opportunity of seeing many Potashes and Perlmutters stripped to the skin, for there is nothing that more effectually peels off a man's jacket of acquired politeness than a good old-fashioned row over a real estate or copartnership difficulty.

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"The fruits of this experience are the Potash and Perlmutter stories, which, by the way, are not dialect stories in the editorial sense. The latter class of stories

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MONTAGUE GLASS

comprises the narratives in which 'Hoot mon' and 'Ah'm gwine, Suh,' are sprinkled as liberally as caraway seeds in rye bread; but it will be noticed that, with few exceptions, when Abe and Morris speak, they utter words which conform strictly to the spelling in Webster's Unabridged, the Standard or the Century Dictionary. (I hold no brief for any of these publications.) The reason for this is that the speech of 'Potash and Perlmutter' differs so subtly from the vernacular of the ignorant New Yorker as to evade a phonetic spelling, more especially as it is not mispronunciation of words but their inversion of sentences which stamps *Abe's* and *Morris's* dialect as foreign. They continually utter such introductory phrases as 'Take it from me, Mawrus,' or 'Look-y here, Abe, I want you to tell me something,' and there are one hundred and one different mannerisms in their conversation which can be faithfully reproduced without misspelling a single word."

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Mr. Glass takes up an inquiry that has been made often. "Was I ever in the

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cloak and suit business?' I will not deny it further than to say that I have never been in any business but the law business, which in New York City is the trouble department of every other business in the directory from 'architectural iron work' down to 'yarns, cotton and woollen.' I was associated with a firm whose practice was largely of the kind called 'commercial' and many of their clients were engaged in the women's outer garment business. From this source I derived some knowledge of the cloak and suit business, but not enough to prevent me from getting into technical difficulties. No doubt you read in the early 'Potash and Perlmutter' stories that Abe and Morris received many orders for garments in gross lots. After the third story they ceased to do business on quite so wholesale a scale, and this sudden falling off in trade was due to about a hundred letters I received from readers throughout the United States. They all wrote me that they enjoyed the stories very much, but cloaks were *not* sold by the gross. Cloak and suit acquaintances accosted me on the street to tell me that cloaks were not sold by the gross. I was called up on the telephone at home and in my office and asked by strange and familiar voices if I knew that cloaks were not sold by the gross. I saw that any attempt I might make to change the long-established custom of a trade would be hopeless, so Potash and Perlmutter now sell cloaks and suits by the single garment."

• • •

Jules Lemaître

Jules Lemaître, the distinguished French *littérateur* who died August 6th at the age of sixty-one, pretended to be a sort of rustic. He once said to an American friend, "What would you have? I'm a kind of peasant in reality, I suppose." This came forth in a shy voice, with a long, gentle shrug of his somewhat stooped shoulders, and a pleasant smile as if frankly avowing an undeniable fact. He was not tall or slender. His eyes, small, bluish, scintillating. High cheek bones. And, at forty, a short, thin growth of reddish whiskers. His manner, very quiet, somewhat abashed. At first nights he was likely to appear carelessly dressed, his top hat not recently ironed. He seemed to prefer there to efface himself in a corner with some friend and whisper confidences of amusement. He used to write in an *atélier,* his face toward the great glass front of a light-flooded apartment spaced by lofty tapestries. He would say, "I like plenty of light." A favourite habit was to walk to and fro there, smoking cigarettes very deliberately. His literary penates were unpretending. In his early period at least, when he might have freely been called a disciple of Renan, a terra cotta bust of that amiable philosopher surveyed the precinct with mild eyes of serene scepticism. On the table where Lemaître wrote he managed to rescue a small writing space from the encroachments of piled-up books. Near by might stand his bicycle, to which he was addicted in his prime. Opening out from the *atélier* there was a tiny band-box of a garden, high-walled, with a half dozen trees, in the heart of Paris. In summer he wrote there a good deal. This was a part of his pretended rôle as a son of the soil. "I adore the country." This meant his natal valley of the Loire.

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In fact Lemaître, like Sarcey, Bouguereau, Henner, impressed one as being of the rural districts—plain manners, simple clothing, usually untrimmed beards. Yet—strange revealment of human nature!—nothing of the real country was reflected in their works. Lemaître's literary production, foremostly critical, was refined and difficult to the last boulevard degree of nicety and disquietude. An early leader among the Impressionists, he was at once nonchalant and hard to suit, like a fine, spoiled lady who is both generous and unsatisfied. He was about the first in modern Paris to write of contemporaries as seriously and permanently as if they were ancients. He thus dignified the present. For this he

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JULES LEMAÎTRE

deserved a long mark. His plays, fiction, poetry, did not succeed. His potency grew into the form of dramatic criticism. Yet the dramatic element was not really in him as his dozen plays attest. His literary temperament was somewhat like that of Anatole France, but the two men were wide apart. The latter has the power and magic touch of genius. Lemaître could only offer a highly clever and polished talent. He came under the influence of titled aristocracy (understood to be *concretely* feminine) and allied himself with royalty, nobility, Catholicism and all that looks backward in France. His *confrère* embraced the Republic and looked forward.

• • •

This social coefficient contributed to the dual result that Anatole France is a world figure while Lemaître, starting out at the same time in life with equal opportunity and promise, was but a French figure and on the losing side at that. He was so little in touch with the bent of his race that his excursions into politics were like feeble fireworks winding up in a Versailles fountain. The two men have had much the same manner of demolishing a literary antagonist. To-with, with words like these: "I deeply regret that Mr. X—— despises me and detests my books. He has me at an immense disadvantage, for I frankly must confess I am a great admirer both of his writings and of himself." Since Mr. X—— could not claim with good grace before the public that this was irony, he could only lapse into silence before such polite urbanity. Lemaître was, in short, a man of books, of the study, of subjective analysis, of psychological expertness that tended practically to defeat itself or end in a vacancy. At the same time his influence in Paris was very considerable. Speaking of vacancy, the word "blanc" was a favourite with him, as indicated perhaps by the titles of his books and plays. And he would have been the first to avow modestly, quizzically, that this word typified his career. For what, he would have said, is "blanc" after all but a blank?

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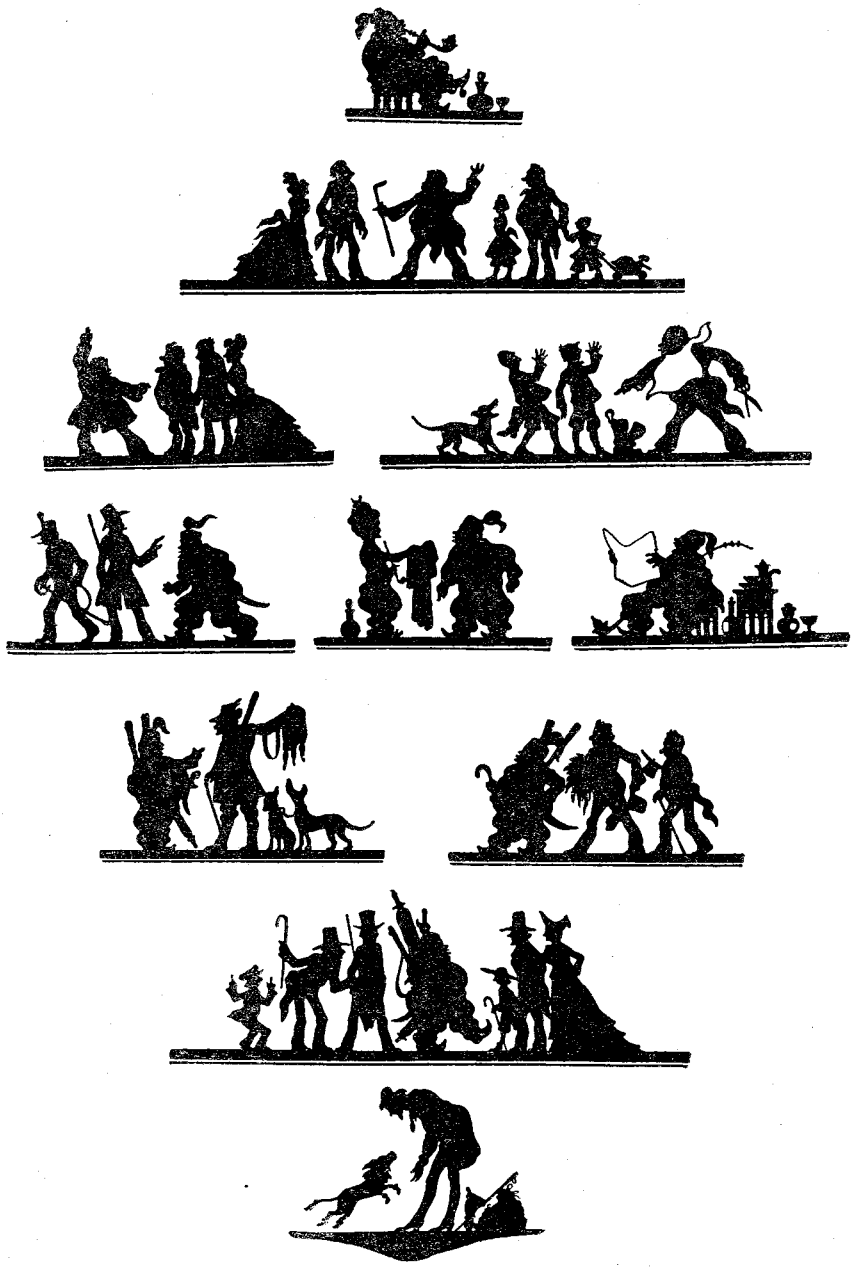

TARTARIN IN GERMAN SILHOUETTE. HEADPIECES FOR DAUDET'S "TARTARIN DE TARASCON," BY EMIL PREETORIUS.—FROM "THE ART OF THE BOOK"

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MAP INDICATING THE SITUATION IN IMAGINARY EUROPE

WAR FOOTING OF THE IMAGINARY KINGDOMS

BY FRANCIS EDWARDS

THE strict censorship of news since the outbreak of war in Europe has made it impossible hitherto for correspondents in certain States to supply to the outside world any information whatever. Shut in by the great Powers, they have been isolated as effectually as if they were in another planet. Yet there must be widespread anxiety, particularly among English-speaking people, to learn precisely what the present conditions are. Seldom visited, these States are none the less widely known. They occupy an irregular belt of territory, from a point in the Adriatic just south of Fiume, northeast to the borders of Russia. It is difficult to determine their exact boundaries, for map-makers have generally neglected them. But a careful topographical study, carried on for several years, has enabled me to repair this neglect after a fashion. If I have the means and the leisure, I shall at some future time publish an atlas with maps drawn to a large scale and plans of the principal cities. Meanwhile the accompanying rough outline may be interesting to the readers of THE BOOKMAN.

Illyria is the only one of these countries which has a seaport, Gravosa, at the head of an obscure bay, hardly more than an inlet, and so shut in by cliffs that one might easily travel up and down the coast a hundred times and not discover it. Were it strongly fortified, indeed, Gravosa might command the whole north Adriatic and hold at its mercy the commerce of Trieste and Fiume. But Illyria, though its people are hardy and adventurous, is politically speaking one of the weakest of the States to which I refer. It has lived under a nominally Re-

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publican government since the last king, Christian II, was deposed in 1872; but the Illyrians have no real understanding of, or taste for, anything but a strong monarchy; and for years the country was in a condition resembling that of Poland before its downfall. Recently there has been an approach to oligarchy under republican forms; and one strong statesman, Witold de Véliko, of a family always ardently royalist, has done much to raise its prestige among its neighbours. Had the royal line survived, he might before this have brought back a descendant of Christian to the Illyrian throne. But poor little Leopold V, in whose favour Christian, who had spent his exile in various follies, was compelled to abdicate, was blinded by an unfortunate accident and died not long after; and the heroic Queen Frederica, his mother, was on such bad terms with Christian that no chance of another heir was possible. If Illyria is ever to have a king again his name might be Witold. But this is pure speculation. As readers of the most authentic account of these events, *Les Rois en Exil,* may remember, King Christian was decidedly not worth the sacrifices made for him. To be sure, the historian, the very well-known M. Alphonse Daudet, was an obvious partisan of Queen Frederica; and the anonymous author of *La Vie de Christian II* has accused him of many misstatements.

De Véliko has long been anxious to establish Illyria as a naval power, and but for the outbreak of this war, which may defeat his plans, he would probably have succeeded. The whole Illyrian coastline, to be sure, is a matter of only six or seven miles; but the people have a natural love of the sea, like the Dalmatians, and there are many Illyrians in the Austrian and Italian merchant marine. At present, however, Illyria has only three warships—old cruisers discarded by other nations. But no navy has more skilful officers or braver crews. It was only by the ingenuity of Admiral von Posen—the posthumous son of Count Herbert von Posen—in running the Austrian blockade, that I am able to give this news to the world. Otherwise I should have been shut up in Leybach while the war lasted. The Admiral, with lights extinguished, dodged in and out among the Dalmatian islands, and finally landed me at Spalato. I may add that he did not do this for the simple purpose of landing me. He was anxious to get into communication with the Italian fleet. I think that if Italy and Austria finally get to fighting, the Illyrian navy, small as it is, will show its mettle. The regular army of Illyria numbers about thirty thousand men only; but every Illyrian is a natural fighter, and it would be easy to call out practically the whole male population, especially if Austria should violate the neutrality of Illyria, as Germany violated that of Belgium.

The northern and eastern boundaries of Illyria touch upon Grünewald, Gerolstein and Graustark, in the order named. Our chief source of information concerning Grünewald is a biography of *Prince Otto* by Robert Louis Stevenson—a Scotsman, I believe—who has made so many blunders that his book has little historical value. For example, he speaks of Grünewald as now absorbed, along with Gerolstein, in the German Empire. I defy any one to find in German history the record of such a transaction. As a matter of fact, Grünewald has absorbed Gerolstein, though it keeps the name and boundaries of the Grand Duchy which had the honour of producing General Boum. The present Grand Duchess married King Otto III and is now, of course, Queen of Grünewald. There was a revolt against Otto I, and in Stevenson's book, which ends with the success of this revolt, the reader is led to infer that the republic then established lasted until Grünewald became German; but this was not the case. Otto's reconciliation with his beautiful and extremely clever wife soon won back the hearts of his people. The country remains as Stevenson describes it—in part a shaggy and trackless region, in part a highly cultivated and fertile plain. I doubt, however, if he ever saw it, or he would

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have noted many singular resemblances to Scotland, and not only in the matter of Highlanders and Lowlanders. The Grünewalders have a great love of controversy and an excessive race pride. Stevenson attributes to a Borderer in Gerolstein the assertion that "a man of Grünewald will swing me an axe over his head that many a man of Gerolstein could hardly lift"—a plain bit of brag.

Grünewald has some military strength, and a fairly well-disciplined army; though if the Grünewalders ever fought a battle, they would probably immediately resort to pillage, like the Scottish Highlanders in the Forty-Five, and take their booty home without striking another blow. Of the size of this army I have no idea. The War Department refused to give me any information, and the people generally treated me with sullen suspicion if I asked any questions. I do know that the Felsenburg, once a military prison, has been made one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. I know also that Otto III had the advantage of a German training and is accounted a very skilful commander. I say this the more freely because the King himself was guilty personally of the harshest conduct to me, when I was arrested by the police as a Ruritanian spy. He has none of the amiable qualities of his grandfather, Otto I.

But for the strategic position of Graustark, there is no doubt in my mind that at this juncture Grünewald would join with Axphain and Corinthia in crushing Illyria and Ruritania in turn. The history of Graustark, down to the end of the nineteenth century, has been written by an American, Mr. George Barr McCutcheon. His book, indeed, reads like a romance, as histories sometimes do. It will be remembered that Prince Ganlook of Graustark went to war some time in 1885 with Axphain, in order to defend the border from unwarranted aggressions. His forces were defeated, he was captured and killed, and the country was asked to pay a heavy indemnity. When, at the end of fifteen years, Graustark was unable to pay this indemnity, Prince Bolaroz of Axphain offered to grant an extension of time if the Princess Yetive of Graustark would marry his son, for whom she had a deep aversion. Such alliances are not unusual in Europe. But there had been romantic passages between the Princess and a young American which interfered with this arrangement. The details are told in Mr. McCutcheon's history. It is sufficient to say that the Princess Yetive and her American Prince Consort are much more friendly to Illyria and Ruritania than to the other States. The army of Graustark numbers about seventy thousand men. The army of Axphain, since the annexation of Dawsbergen two years ago, numbers considerably over a hundred thousand men. Corinthia, which only the antagonism between Austria and Russia has saved from extinction, might put in the field fifty thousand more. The resources of Grünewald are, as I have said, conjectural. But the three probably could not combine successfully against Graustark, because they themselves would be crushed between Illyria and Ruritania; and, by the same token, they could not crush either Illyria or Ruritania because of Graustark. This remarkable illustration of the balance of power suggests the conclusion that, unless there is extreme provocation from without, peace will be preserved among all these States.

But there are always grave possibilities in such a situation. The very weakness of Corinthia is a danger to its neighbours. She was saved in 1889 from Austria by an extraordinary financial transaction on the part of an English diplomatist. Ten years later his son came to Bleiberg, the Corinthian capital, with the consols for the loan concealed in the barrel of his gun. A young American, Maurice Carrewe, attached to the legation at Vienna, intervened somewhat rashly, and fought and died for the safety of the State and its sovereign. Mr. Harold McGrath, who tells the story in *The Puppet Crown,* appears to believe that the sacrifice was not in vain. But I have every reason for anticipating that, if the

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war spreads, Corinthia will be seized by its eastern neighbour, Carnavia, as perhaps Carnavia in turn will be seized by Russia. Even Axphain would not dare to contend against Carnavia in order to preserve so poor an ally.

Careful observation leads me to believe that the strongest State of all is Ruritania. I have visited that country several times; for the last three years, indeed, I have lived at Strelsau, the capital; and it was my command of the language which led to my arrest in Grünewald as a Ruritanian spy. Ruritania has also had its internal troubles. The late King was seized and imprisoned in the Castle of Zenda by his treacherous half-brother, and was saved only by the courage and resource of an Englishman, Rudolf Rassendyll, who, through a curious connection with the royal family, looked enough like the King to be his double. This man sacrified everything, even his love for the Queen, to honour, and he later rescued the country from the evil designs of one Rupert of Hentzau. Mr. Anthony Hope has written two brilliant monographs upon Rassendyll. But the King was broken by his long imprisonment, and Flavia now rules in his place. She is an extraordinary woman, and her people would fight for her as the Hungarian nobles once fought for Maria Theresa.

With the exception of Graustark, no State has such credit as Ruritania. Both in agriculture and industries the Ruritanians have attained a high degree of prosperity, in spite of the heavy taxation which the construction of a great chain of border fortresses imposed. The army is at least equal in numbers to that of Axphain, and it is, in my opinion, superior in morale. Furthermore, there is not a Ruritanian capable of military service who would not enlist to defend his country. This high spirit is largely due to the influence of Flavia. The Ruritanians have some grave defects; but, like the pirates in the opera, "with all their faults, they love their Queen." They could in all probability preserve Ruritania from invasion; even Austria or Russia would find it a hard morsel to swallow; and if the nation should ever be drawn into war with Axphain the cession of Dawsbergen might be the price of peace. Whatever happens—and in the present disturbed state of Europe prophecy would be especially dangerous—Ruritania is bound to play a leading and not ignoble part.

Such, generally speaking, are the conditions now prevailing in these countries, so far as I have been able to observe them. My information, as will be seen, is incomplete; but what there is of it is, I venture to think, accurate. I wish that the living historians from whose works I have quoted would themselves visit this highly interesting part of Europe again and bring those works up to date.

Kings in Exile. By Alphonse Daudet.
Prince Otto. By Robert Louis Stevenson.
Graustark. By George Barr McCutcheon.
Beverly of Graustark. By George Barr McCutcheon.
The Prince of Graustark. By George Barr McCutcheon.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope.
Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope.

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SOME LITERARY WOMEN OF THE REPUBLIC

BY ALVIN F. SANBORN

LOUISE MICHEL, throughout a long life which came to an end much more recently than is generally supposed, was characterised by sublime generosity. She displayed such an utter disregard of her personal comfort that she is known as "Sainte-Louise" to hosts of Parisians who have no sympathy with her doctrines. "Sainte-Louise" was particularly indifferent to clothes. During the voyage to New Caledonia, whither she was banished for the part she had played in the Commune, she bestowed one after another of her garments upon the poor women aboard her vessel with the result that she arrived at her destination in a

MADAME SÉVERINE

"A curious blend of Jeanne d'Arc, Gavroche, Marguerite Gautier, and Juliette Récamier."

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state perilously close to that of nature. One winter, some time after her return to France, when she was about to set forth on a lecturing tour in the North, a group of her friends, scandalised by her destitute appearance, "chipped in" to provide her with an outfit. They bought her a proper hat, a fur cloak, and a thick, warm dress. She returned from her tour in rags, or all but, shrivelled and shivering with cold. She had given away her hat, she had given away her fur coat, she had given away her dress to people who seemed to her to need them more than she did.

"Sainte-Louise" was the author of one or more volumes of more or less formless, but often genuinely lyrical, poems, and of a dozen or more volumes of discoursive prose, the best pages of which show that she might easily have attained the very highest rank as a writer, had she not been too busy being a saint to bother her brains with the problems of literary expression. Even thus, her books abound in gorgeous purple patches which the most conscientious professional author would be proud to sign.

MADAME SÉVERINE IN 1885, WHEN SHE DIRECTED THE "CRY OF THE PEOPLE"

LOUISE MICHEL—"SAINTE-LOUISE"

Since the death of Louise Michel, Séverine, to whom the writer is indebted for the above reminiscences, is the most prominent and the most lovable woman "red" in Paris. She would hesitate long before giving away a new frock but (this petty detail apart) she is almost as striking an incarnation as was Louise Michel of rash bigheartedness.

Séverine was born in Paris fifty-seven years ago. She ran away from home with her favourite doll in her arms at five years of age, and vainly implored a band of gypsies to kidnap her. She entered a convent under the impression that she had a religious vocation. Promptly undeceived, she said to the Mother Superior, "My mother, the world calls me not as an orgy but as a battle-field. I am going out there to defend the unfortunate and to bay at injustice." She shot herself because her parents refused to allow her to work with the revolutionist Jules Vallès. Recovered from her wound, she became Vallès's secretary and then assistant editor of his paper, *Le Cri du Peuple*. About this time the members

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VALENTINE DE SAINT POINT

of the League for the Enfranchisement of Women (the suffragists of the period) offered her a candidacy for the Chamber of Deputies. Séverine declined in the following mischievous missive, "I remain too much a woman not to be incompetent for a task which a more virile *citoyenne* will surely perform better than I." A little later, this same aggressive League attacked Séverine fiercely for allowing a man to fight a duel for her with the author of *Les Coulisses de Boulangisme*, instead of fighting it herself.

Vallès died in 1885, and for three years Séverine edited *Le Cri du Peuple* alone. When she left it, she wrote a valedictory editorial which closed with these words: "One look behind, a last embrace for the friends—and adieu! But my baggage is

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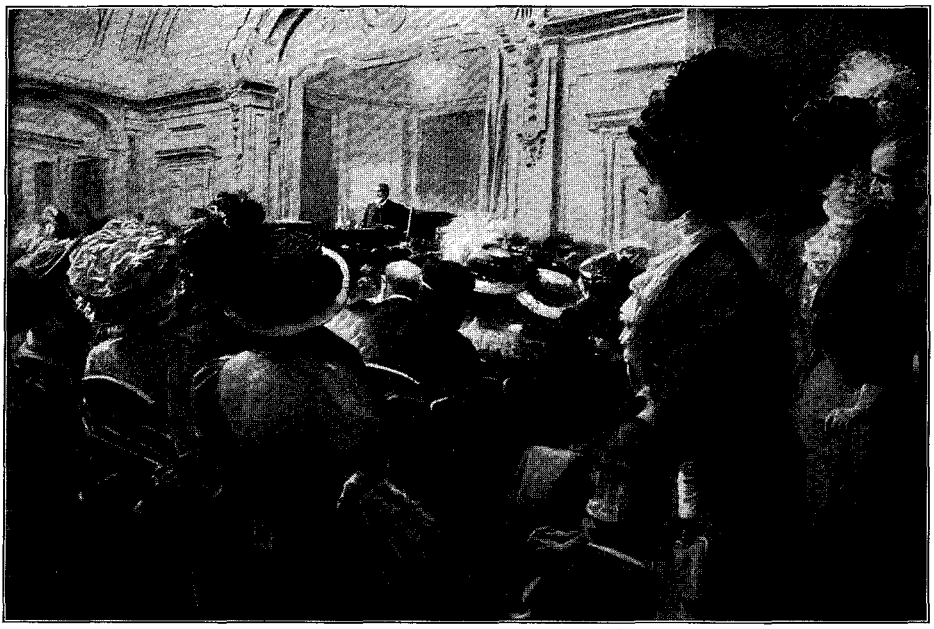

FRENCH WOMEN AT A LECTURE BY JEAN RICHEPIN AT THE UNIVERSITÉ DES ANNALES

stowed away in a red handkerchief. When I want to make my whereabouts known I will break a branch by the roadside and I will tie the handkerchief to the tip. My friends will follow me with their eyes."

In July, 1890, a terrific explosion occurred in a mine of Saint-Etienne. Séverine, who was attached to *Le Gaulois* at the time, made an appeal for funds to relieve the families of the victims. The appeal brought in only a paltry sum—two or three thousand francs. Determined to strike the imaginations of the public, she promptly tied the red handkerchief to the tip of the branch, hurried to the scene of the catastrophe, donned the garb of a miner, descended into the burning mine, still reeking with half-burned corpses, where a fresh explosion was soon to occur, and explored it for three hours. Forty-eight hours later, her readers had sent her fifty thousand francs.

At the first rumblings of the Dreyfus affair, Séverine again tied the red handkerchief to the end of the branch. Foreseeing a strenuous conflict, she reduced her living expenses to a minimum—in order to have an absolutely free and independent pen—by giving up her handsome apartment of the Boulevard Montmartre, moved with all her belongings to a little house at Pierrefonds, and consecrated all her energies for several years to defending the man she believed to have been grievously wronged.

Séverine has been attached at one time or another to practically every important newspaper of Paris, and in all these relations (save for a short period of doubt and discouragement which came near landing her in mysticism) she has sturdily defended the oppressed, befriended the afflicted and encouraged the rebellious in *chroniques* which have almost always been little gems of literature. During a considerable period these *chroniques* enabled her to distribute sixty thousand francs annually to the poor. *Les Jeunes,* who elected Faguet Prince of Critics, Verlaine Prince of Poets, and Anatole France Prince of Prosewriters, elected Séverine Princess of Letters. Her principal books (half controversial and half autobiographical) are *Pages Rouges*

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J. DE FLANDROFF

(the conversion of a little *bourgeoise* to socialism); *Les Notes d'une Frondeuse* (from Boulangism to Panama); *Pages Mystiques* (the period of indecision); *En Marche* (the return of courage and the adoption of a species of anarchism); *Vers la Lumière* (the Dreyfus affair); *Impressions Vécues* (the aftermath of Dreyfusism); *Sac à Tout—Memoires d'un Petit Chien* (Séverine's own favourite), a manifestation of the love of dumb creatures which has won her the nickname of "Our Lady of the Tearful Eye" ("Notre Dame de la Larme à l'Oeil") upon which Cappiello based a famous caricature; *Tricyclard et Bécanean,* a child's classic; and a two-act play, *A Sainte Hélène.*

Intrepid, gay, impertinent, impulsive, quick-tempered, tender-hearted, cultivated, witty, artistic, *chic,* coquettish, capricious, and chivalrous (if this essentially masculine adjective may for once be applied to a woman), indulgent of human frailty but merciless to hypocrisy, proud of her sex—curious blend of

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Jeanne d'Arc, Gavroche, Marguerite Gautier, and Juliette Récamier—Séverine incarnates most charmingly the contradictions of the French revolutionary character. Still young in spirit if not in years, she is as ready as ever to tie the red handkerchief to the tip of the branch and to break a lance for anything that stirs her pity from an abused cat to an oppressed people. She divides her time between an appartement in the Rue de la Victoire which she calls La Sardinière, because it is so small that she pretends she can eat only sardines therein, and the Pierrefonds house named "Les Trois Marches" from the tavern at which the Dreyfusards held their most important councils. The garden gate of "Les Trois Marches" opens directly into the forest of Compiègne and the grounds swarm with the crippled animals our lady of the tearful eye has saved from martyrdom.

The first important periodical to welcome Séverine's effusions was *La Nouvelle Revue* (better known as La Revue de Madame Adam) which was founded in 1879 by Juliette Adam, author of at least thirty volumes of fiction, biography,

MADAME FERNAND GREGH

ANNIE DE PÈNE

history, essays and political and social studies. Widow of "a republican of '48," ardent admirer of Garibaldi, friend of Kossuth and Mazzini, confidante of Jules Ferry and Gambetta, Madame Adam was at that time quite as renowned for her aggressive republicanism as for her beauty, her paganism, her Salon, her literary talent and her editorial capacity, was, in a word, far and away the most brilliant of the group of charming society women who had earned by blending literature and advanced politics the surname of *"les précieuses radicales."* Disillusioned years ago regarding the capacity of the people for proper self government, regarding their ability to find happiness in beauty, she was transformed by what seemed to her the vulgarities and the ignominies of the Dreyfus affair into one of the most pronounced antagonists of the Republic of which she had been the Egeria and which she had dreamed Athenian. For the last ten years Madame Adam has been publishing her memoirs at the rate of nearly a volume a year. In this work, which evokes the political, artistic, literary and social history of an epoch, she has devoted herself sedulously to blackening the memory of Gambetta; in the interests of the higher truth of history, assert her political friends; out of personal pique, because she aspired in vain to become Madame

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Portrait by Cheri-Rousseau.

JANE CATULLE MENDES

Gambetta—a flagrant case of *injuria spretæ formæ*—whisper her political enemies. At seventy-six she is alert, keen and energetic. She keeps up the habit of writing late into the night, and continues to interest herself in her little rustic theatre, bearing the facetious sign *"Les Dames sans chapeaux ne sont pas admises,"* which is one of the most curious and charming features of the storied and picturesque Abbaye de Gif where she makes her home.

The greatest feminist of the last half of the nineteenth century in France in a way, inasmuch as she not only helped materially to found and maintain the Republic and to consummate the Franco-Russian Alliance, but provided an organ for the movement known as "Regionalism" and exerted an appreciable influence upon literature, scholarship and art by discovering Loti, by encouraging Bourget, the Rosny brothers, Charles Maurras and Camille Mauclair, by stimulating the political philosophers Léon Bourgeois and Jean Izoulet and by patronising the painters Bonnat, Gervex, Flameng, Detaille, Carolus-Duran, Jules Breton and Bastien-Lepage and the sculptors Falguière and Rodin, Madame Adam has no sympathy with what is now currently understood by feminism. To a friend who urged her not long ago to cooperate in the movement for the opening of the French Academy to women she said: "The Academy is what it is. For the love of heaven have done with this rage for leaving no tradition standing! You'll soon be putting modern style windows in the old cathedrals. We may expect anything."

II

Younger than Madame Adam, but, like Séverine, contemporaneous with her in the broad signification given that word when it is applied to literature, are writers of such varied interests and talents as Jean de Champaux (widow of the secretary of Victor Hugo and intimate friend of Séverine); Madame Duclaux (ex-A. Mary F. J. Robinson-Darmecleter); Jean de la Brète, author of delicious idyls, one of which, *Mon Oncle et Mon Curé,* rivals in popular favour *L'Abbé Constantin;* Daniel Lesueur, an energetic, impetuous and engaging writer, peerless among her sex as a builder of thrillers and the first woman since George Sand to be accorded a place on the Executive Committee of omnipotent and hierarchical Societé des Gens de Lettres; romanesque Georges de Peyrebrune, who never wearies of exalting the woman who suffers in silence and of celebrating the victory of goodness over violence; Mme. Stanislas Meunier, who has undertaken the thankless task of demonstrating that virtuous women are not a rarity; delightfully sentimental Mme. Georges Regnal; Madame Alphonse Daudet, who sacrificed possible fame by deliberately sinking her literary personality in that of her great husband; Madame Amélie Mesureur (wife of the Director of the Public Charities of Paris), an exquisite poet of motherhood, who has realised her girlhood dream of a life filled with rhymes, children and flowers; Mathilde

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MADAME AUREL

Alanic; Rachilde; Gyp; and Judith Gautier.

To Judith Gautier has fallen the unique distinction of being the first and, thus far, the only woman to be admitted to membership in the Goncourt Academy —a distinction the more significant that the members of that body are mostly realists while she is an impenitent romanticist. The precocity, the preciosity and the extraordinary beauty of the girl whom Baudelaire called "a little Greek" and whom Victor Hugo characterised as "a marble inhabited by a star;" her Chinese education, her unfortunate early marriage, her persistent exotic fervour, and her achievements in fiction, poetry, and the drama—her *Marchands de Sourires* has been played at the Odeon several hundred times—constitute an oft-told tale that need not be repeated here. For years now Madame Gautier

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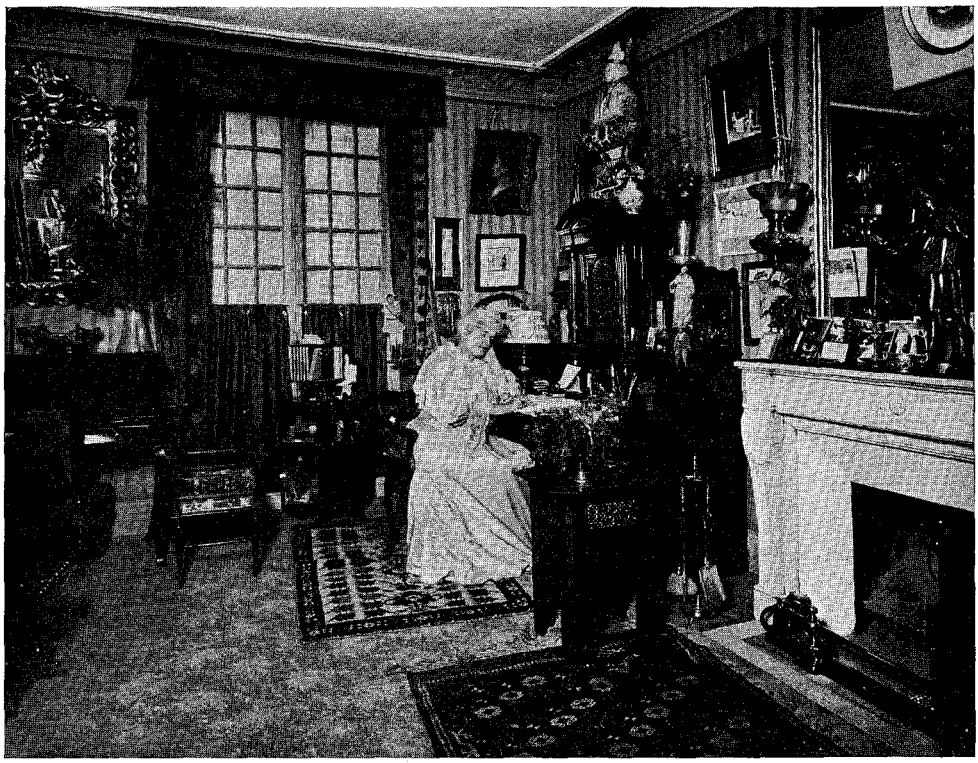

JEANNE MARNI

has lived quietly in a modest top-floor appartement of the Rue Washington, in a setting of Chinese porcelains, lacquered furniture, and divans crowned with pagoda-shaped baldaquins and there she is consecrating, devoting her declining years to her marrionnette theatre, to her numerous birds, to her lordly cats, to her friends, to the cult of her great father, to her marrionnette theatre, and, like Madame Adam, to painting, to sculpture and to musical composition. She has the sense of all the arts and, like Madame Adam, is writing her memoirs, several volumes of which have already appeared under the general title *Le Collier des Jours*. Judith Gautier has always shown herself supremely indifferent to fortune and fame, has always written solely for her own pleasure as in her young womanhood—the Goncourts are authority for the incident—she sculptured in a perishable turnip the Angélique of Ingres.

"Never," says Anatole France, whose misogynyism is proverbial, "has a woman shown so natural a contempt for success, never was a woman writer so little a *femme de lettres.*"

Rachilde would take issue with this statement. Rachilde piques herself upon being not as other women of letters are. She belongs to none of their clubs or committees, sits on none of their juries, participates in none of their controversies or crusades. Of whatsoever savours ever so remotely of sex obstreperousness, she has an honest, hearty, holy horror. She does not even lecture. "If," she says, "there is to be left only a single woman of letters who does not lecture, I want to be that one. At least there will be somebody in the hall to listen." Rachilde is convinced that she alone of all the feminine wielders of the pen consistently and persistently refuses to advertise herself. "I have no yearning," she says,

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"for glory or for commotion. I should be supremely happy to live in a house without a door or a window, a house no one should ever enter and which I should never leave." But, mayhap, Rachilde doth too much protest. At any rate her aggressive and bristling attitude of defiance and her caustic wit are far less convincing and effective than the superbly languid indifference of Mme. Judith Gautier. *"Je n'ai aucune photographie à vous donner,"* Rachilde replied to the writer's request for a photograph to illustrate this article. *"Il parait meme que je suis la seule femme de lettres dans ce cas! Vous pouvez toujours dire ca!"* A clever answer, certainly, but not so telling as the absolute silence with which Judith Gautier received an identical request.

"A woman who writes," says Alphonse Karr, "is doubly at fault: she increases the number of books and she diminishes the number of women." Rachilde, she has to her credit more than a score of volumes, may not escape upon the first count, but she pleads not guilty to the second, for she is a domestic, hardworking home body if ever there was one. It is on record that during the first seven years of her marriage (and the writer believes that practically the same has been true of the twice seven years succeeding) she did not once leave the house without her husband for an absence of more than three hours.

It is a curious anomaly that the literature produced by this exceedingly homespun person should be of the most romantic, the most fantastic, the most eccentric, the most chimerical, the most wierd, the most tragic, the most morbid, the most perverse, a sort of cross between de Brantôme, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Shelley, of the cenci and sensitive plant, Hawthorne, Anne Radcliffe, Poe, and Barbey d'Aurevilly. No one has presented more faithful and realistic pictures than Rachilde of childhood, particularly of provincial childhood, but once she has brought her characters to manhood and womanhood she plants them in a sort of phantom universe that bears about as close a relation to the real world as Mars, let us say, bears to Mantes. Rachilde's work, like the orchid, is as exquisite as it is bizarre. She is primarily a writer for writers, an artist for artists; rather than provender for the great public. She has shared with Richepin, with

GYP (THE COMTESSE SYBILLE-GABRIELLE-MARIE-ANTOINETTE DE MIRABEAU DE MARTEL)
"The incarnation of the raillery, the mockery, the persiflage, the verve of the French mondaine"

Flaubert, with Baudelaire, with Paul Adam and with Camille Lemonnier the honour of being haled into court for her imaginings.

Gyp (Comtesse Sybille-Gabrielle-Marie-Antoinette de Mirabeau de Martel) is the incarnation of the raillery, the

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mockery, the persiflage, the verve of the French mondaine as Séverine is of the French revolutionary spirit. Gyp is a Breton, a Catholic and a countess, whence four pet aversions—the English, the Jews, the Protestants and *parvenus* —that account for the tone of all her work. She dislikes the English, because she is a Breton; the dangerous(?) Jews and the boresome(?) Protestants, because she is a Catholic; the *parvenus,*

MADAME HENRI DE REGNIER

because she is a countess. During the Dreyfus affair, which naturally enough exasperated her almost beyond endurance, Gyp committed the unpardonable artistic sin of taking contemporaneous events too seriously. Her mockery degenerated in consequence into a vulgar something that it was not easy to distinguish from downright billingsgate, and it looked for a time as if she had utterly lost her gift for the effervescent dialogue which is the beginning, middle and end of her charm, and had been the secret of her success. But she was not slow in getting back her balance after the political sky cleared, and she seems at last to be quite her old adorable self again. At sixty-three, Gyp has to her credit no less than a hundred volumes (thin volumes for the most part, it is true, thanks to their crisp conciseness) and signs are not wanting that she will make it hot for mercenary, bumptious, or hypocritical snobs, politicians and financiers in at least half a hundred more. She is classed as a frivolous writer by the bigwigs. But Petit Bob and Mlle. Loulou, Chiffon and Tante Joujou (like the heroes and heroines of that other frivolous writer, Paul de Kock) will continue to make friends when the books these same bigwigs recommend and the bigwigs themselves shall have been utterly forgotten. One can afford to be considered frivolous, for confessing a weakness for a writer whom so eminently unfrivolous a personage as Friedrich Nietszche adored.

III

For centuries France has produced clever or more than clever woman writers, but she has never produced even a fraction of the number she is producing now. In her latest work, *Souvenirs autour d'un Groupe Litteraire,* Madame Alphonse Daudet excuses herself for citing in a general review of the literature of her time only six women writers—Mme. Blanc-Bentzon, Arvède Barine, Mme. Henry Gréville, Mme. Ackermann, Jeanne Loiseau (now Mme. Daniel Lesueur-Lapauze), Judith Gautier, Mme. Quinet and Mme. Michelet —on the ground that the woman author was then (about 1880) an exception. To-day, it is the woman who does not write who strikes one as being the exception. All the women with a certain education (and some without) seem to have taken to the pen. Competent judges estimate the present number of the women writers of France at five thousand, and, among these five thousand, there are at least three hundred with sufficient Parisian reputations to have places in the contemporaneous anthologies

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and to be honoured with biographies and portraits in the popular illustrated periodicals. In the literature of the hour it is unquestionably the women who are—pardon the Hibernicism!—the cocks of the walk. The writers who are mere men are surprised, mortified and humiliated by this situation, and those who are unlucky enough to depend upon the sale of their books for their daily bread are furious over the invasion of the literary market by this veritable horde of female competitors, and still more furious over the alacrity with which the fickle public buys their wares. In fact, they threaten, if relief be not forthcoming soon, to adopt feminine pseudonyms.

These disgruntled men claim (not openly, they are too diplomatic for that, but in their intimate forgatherings) that the newcomers are members of the nobility, or the daughters and wives of bankers, brewers, diplomats, and cabinet ministers, or of artists who are patronised by said bankers, brewers, diplomats and cabinet ministers; that they have taken to literature—much as a man takes to drink—to kill time while waiting for husbands or to console themselves for having taken unappreciative husbands; that their success is due less to their literary talent than to their genealogies (authentic or fictitious), their social relations, or their personal charms; that they are shamelessly greedy of publicity; and that, to obtain this publicity, they stop at nothing, not even the most nauseating confidences regarding their private lives. These same grumblers hold the women writers both directly and indirectly responsible for the alarming increase in the rate of race suicide, and they accuse them (taking their cues from the "crimes and casualties" and the "social scandal" columns of the daily press, in which certain women of letters have occupied rather more than their share of space during the last few years) of all the sins of the decalogue and of a number of other sins that had not been invented when the Decalogue was devised. Finally—and this is more to the point—they impugn the quality of their craftmanship, asserting that they have neither imagination

MADAMOISELLE HÉLÈNE VACARESCO

MADAME H. LECOMTE DU NOUY

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COLETTE WILLY

nor taste; that they cannot observe, that they cannot create, that they cannot "compose," that they will not "select" and that they flout, in their use of language, all the best French traditions.

These literary strictures do not apply to the works of Marcelle Tinayre, whose best writing displays several striking affinities with that of George Eliot. Mme. Tinayre's *La Maison du Péché,* which appeared in 1902, is one of the best novels that has been published during the last fifteen years, and, while she has not since produced anything anywhere near as good, she has yet to be guilty of turning out a single slovenly piece of work, a single piece of work that would reflect discredit upon a male professional. She had a bitter struggle with poverty for years, and she deserves unstinted praise for remaining loyal through it all to lofty artistic ideals.

They do not apply to the late Jeanne Marni (daughter of Mme. Manoel de Grandfort) whose untimely death a few years back was a distinct loss to French letters. Madame Marni, like Judith Gautier, wrote actable plays and dialogue-stories which are as clever as those of Henri Lavedan or Michel Provins, and her novels, in spite of an unfortunate tendency to overblacken the villains, are sturdy, workmanlike productions.

She owed her entry into literature to the intervention of the publisher, Paul Ollendorff. M. Ollendorff complimented her one day upon the captivating manner in which she had just told a certain story and suggested that she write the story out. "Yes, there is a book there," Marni said, "but if I should bring you the book would you publish it?" "Yes, on my word of honour," the publisher replied. *La Femme de Silva* was the result.

They do not apply to Colette Yver who makes sane manly men (thanks to a vigorous constructive imagination) serve as foils to the over-ambitious, over-intense, over-cerebral, dry-hearted new women who are her usual heroines; and they apply only with important modifications, if at all, to the other principal female expounders of the new woman—Gabrielle Reval, Renée Tony-d'Llmès, Magdeleine Chaumont, Mme. de Bouchaud and Yvette Prost.

COLETTE YVER

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They do not apply to Jacques Morian, whose faculty for depicting passion without tearing it to tatters, and without losing her self-control, has already produced fine results and promises finer ones.

They do not apply to the novels remarkable for the range of their themes and characters. I am not so sure about the poems—of Lucie Delarue-Mardrus, who is a countrywoman of De Maupassant and Flaubert (certain of whose qualities she shares) and who passes her summers at Honfleur in the Pavillon de la Reine once occupied by Marie-Antoinette.

They do not apply to the novels of Claude Ferval, who began writing after the marriage of her daughter, to console herself for the separation, and who invariably makes maternal affection triumph over sexual passion; nor to those of Emilie Arnal who has a similar conception of the relative values of passion and duty.

They do not apply (whatever may be true regarding her contemporaneous fictions) to the historical novels of Jean Bertheroy, whose home at Montmorency, "l'Ermitage," is just across the street

MADAMOISELLE JUDITH CLADEL

MADAME CAMILLE BRUNO

from the hermitage of Rousseau; nor to the historical novels of Marcel Dhanys; nor to the saucy satires of Jeanne Leandre, a sort of Gyp of the world of the bohemian world; nor to the exotic novels (flamboyant though they be) of Myriam Hang; nor to Marguerite Comert's cutting satire of the man-made woman celebrity, L'Appuyee, the story of a woman who becomes an author *à la mode,* thanks to the unremitting support of a man vastly her superior, who corrects and markets her manuscripts and "fixes" the critics, and all so adroitly that the fatuous creature never seriously doubts that her success is due solely to her genius; nor to the studies of working-girl life of Simone Bodève; nor to André Corthis's satires of the Précieuses of free thought; nor to Le Moulin sur la Soufroide of Marguerite Regnaud, which portrays the blasting force of selfish maternal love; nor to whimsical, gossipy, long-winded but altogether charming Pierre de Coulevain, who, like Rachilde, let no occasion slip to defy public curiosity, and who invariably met requests for biographical or other information with the curt note, "Pierre de Coulevain, living or dead, desires to remain unknown;" nor to the fictions (exasperatingly over-elegant) of

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Brada; nor to those of Camille Marbo, Myriam Thélén, Jeanne Régamey, J. Delorme Jules-Simon, Guy Chantepleure, Claude Lemaître and Camille Pert.

They do apply in part, but only in small part, to the brief rhythmical, highly imaged notations of Marguerite Audoux and to the works of Annie de Pène, Marguerite Baulu, Neel Doff, and Jean Pourtalès, who belong to the same school; which does not mean that they have imitated Mme. Audoux nor that Mme. Audoux imitated Jules Renard, the first modern author to practice successfully this particular form of art.

They would have applied in much larger measure to the Romanticists of 1830, and they do apply in a measure still larger to the members of the group to whom its enemies apply such contemptuous names as "the Bacchantes," the "Neurasthenics," the "Epidermists," the "Eccentrics," and the "Incoherents," but who may be better called the Neo-Romanticists.

The works of Mme. de Noailles, Gerard d'Houville and Colette Willy, the most capable of these Neo-Romanticists have been the literary creation of the new century. Their success—measured not by sales but by the interest they

THE COMTESSE M. DE NOAILLES

have aroused, has been phenomenal, overwhelming. They are lacking in constructive imagination, they are named by astounding lapses of taste, and by every conceivable species of exaggeration, they are deplorably composed and they are often hopelessly strained and obscure not to say barely grammatical (Colette Willy sins least in these respects). But they redeem their faults, in part at least, by displaying a fresh unhackneyed feeling for nature and an ultra-modern attitude to life. In short, they have injected a new spirit, or possibly a new phase of an old spirit into literature. And, for this reason, though they seem at first blush to defy all accepted canons of art and of ethics, they cannot be neglected and they should not be rashly condemned.

SÉVERINE AS THE FRIEND OF ANIMALS. BY CAPPIELLO

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THE NEW BAEDEKER

Casual Notes of an Irresponsible Traveller

III.—Berlin

At the further end of Unter den Linden, away from the royal palace and the statue of old Frederick on his lumpy horse, that famous avenue broadens out into the Pariser Platz. Thence, one may gaze through the stately Brandenburger Thor and behold the Thiergarten with its expanse of greenery, its alluring alleys and its glint of snowy marble. If you enter one of the cream-coloured buildings which flank the Brandenburger Thor, you may ascend four flights. You will then discover, on the outer door of an apartment, a bright brass plate with an inscription announcing it to be a *pension,* and bearing the name of the Frau Inspektor, who conducts it.

A most delightful *pension* it is—immaculately neat, and furnished in the best of taste. Its *clientèle* is small but cosmopolitan. The Frau Inspektor, with her snowy hair and winter-apple cheeks and smile of rare benevolence, is a dear. To live there is a liberal education. In time you will come to know the whole Familie Buchholz in real life, which is better even than to meet them in Herr Stinde's pages. You will hear no English. The subtleties of the *Berliner Dialekt* will gradually percolate your brain; and at last you will thoroughly enjoy the talk which lets you into the rivalries of Frau Buchholz and Frau Bergfeldt, the love affairs of Auguste and young Weigelt, and the importance of Herr Doktor Wrenzchen. The place has no atmosphere which is German to the last degree, and this atmosphere affords the proper medium through which to see Berlin.

To be sure, there are some complications about living in the *pension.* Take, for example, the matter of the keys. When you have been received and favourly passed upon—a letter of introduction is strictly necessary—the Frau Inspektor entrusts you with four keys. First there is The *Schlüssel,* which opens the great door below. This *Schlüssel* is a big bronze affair, six inches long, and it weighs not less than half a pound. It might well have been the key to the Bastille or to one of the many dungeons described by the veracious Baron von der Trenck. Then there is the *Hausschlüssel,* which will let you pass the outer door of the apartment from the fourth-floor hall. It, too, is pretty large. Next comes a little *Schlüssel* for the door within the outer door. The Frau Inspektor carefully explains, with a look of innocent cunning, that after inserting this *Schlüssel* in the lock, you must first turn it twice to the right and then once to the left—or is it twice to the left and once to the right? Anyhow, there is something to remember. And finally there is the *Thürschlussel,* which admits you to your own particular rooms.

When you have got all these four down in your trousers' pocket, you feel like Mark Twain's jumping frog after he had swallowed the pound of shot. And if, some evening, you chance to stay out rather late at the Café Bauer and are deluded into thinking that *Eierponsch* is a beverage for babes—O, that smooth, seductive, velvety, demoniac *Eier-ponsch!*—and you reach the Pariser Platz after the *portier* has gone to bed—! In Heaven's name, which

Editor's Note.—This article, which appeared originally in The Bookman for February, 1908, is printed in response to numerous requests. In making this note, we take the occasion of saying that if this issue of The Bookman seems to have departed slightly from its usual course, with the October number we shall have resumed the quiet, even tenor of our way.

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Schlüssel is the *Schlüssel* that you need for each of those confounded doors as you go upward in the dark? Is it the big *Schlüssel* or the little *Schlüssel,* or one of the medium-sized *Schlüssels?* And must you give the *Schlüssel* two turns to the right and then one to the left, or two turns to the left and then one to the right? What with *Schüssel* after *Schlüssel,* you get so schlüssely that at last you give it up and make for the nearest hotel, where a *Polizeibeamter* worries you with questions, because you have neither luggage nor a passport.

And then, an American or Englishman will find himself a little bit uncomfortable in the Pariser Platz, because of the well-known Teutonic horror of fresh air. My room is a delightful one, with a window which looks out upon the Thiergarten. But in summer, Berlin is sometimes warm and stuffy—not as New York is warm, yet oppressed by a certain deadness of the air. At night I keep my window open, but it does not make much difference. So, finally, I hit upon the scheme of leaving open the door into the hall after all the household have retired, and of opening also the door into the dining-room. Then the sluggish air begins to stir and let a stream of coolness pour into the room. But alas! In the still hours of the night come stealthy steps along the hall, and both doors are closed tight, so that again I swelter on the feather-bed. A second night and still a third this happens, and then I seek the Frau Inspektor.

"Ja, mein Herr, it is I who close the doors that you have so carelessly left open. Know you not that the night air is very dangerous? I almost fancied that your window was not closed!"

"My window was wide open," I reply. "And I *must* have air—plenty of it!"

The Frau Inspektor gasps and lifts her hands in horror.

"Unmöglich! It cannot be! *Ne! ne!* A few more nights and the Herr will be so ill, and then—oh, *Nachlässigkeit!"*

All argument is useless. The Fau Inspektor, out of the very goodness of her heart, will never hear of such a suicidal thing as letting me enjoy a draught of air in summer. In imagination she sees herself responsible for my speedy death. Her mild blue eyes begin to fill with tears. So I retire vanquished. But in the watches of the next sleepless night I plan a new campaign.

The Frau Inspektor has a son, a child of forty years, whom both the Frau Inspektor and her daughter, the Fräulein Emmi, coddle most absurdly, though they view him with profound respect because he is a male and because he resembles (so I hear) his father, the late Herr Inspektor. I waylay him and desire his attention.

"When you were a student in the Gymnasium, Herr Otto," I began, "did you ever read any stories of American life?"

"Ach, ja!" returns Herr Otto, his mind aroused to pleasing reminiscence. "So many read I then! *Zum beispiel,* the stories by a most wonderful romancer written. We read them all, we younger ones—*so gern!* What was the name? Well do I remember it—Herr Kupfer, or it may be Kupper. He wrote of the red savages in your country, and of the all so-skilful *Scharfschütz*—how call you him?—Lederstrumpf! And the great forests—larger even than the Grünewald!"

"Yes, yes," I cried. "And you remember how Herr Cooper has described our life—how we live in those open forests through the summer, and how even in winter we have only huts of logs, that do indeed keep out the snow, but that let the wind blow through?"

"Wunderbar!" murmured Herr Otto. "A strange people, *die Amerikaner!* I remember. *Aber—das ist nicht Sitte bei uns!"*

My heart sank as I heard this fatal formula. When Germans tell you that a thing is not the custom with them, they feel that the very last word has been said and that the incident is closed. However, I returned to the attack.

"Of course, Herr Otto, such habits are unknown in a nation which has reached a high plane of civilisation—a nation like

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Germany, for example. But it is different with us. *I* don't believe that in all America there is such a thing as a porcelain stove. And even in winter, Americans haven't yet learned to lie all night between two feather-beds. I have always been used to a great deal of air, and I can't be civilised all at once. Naturally, the Frau Inspektor does not understand this, because she has not studied the ways of strange peoples. But you, who are a man of the world and a great reader, will know that I am in no danger of falling ill from having the doors open at night. Indeed, if they are to be closed in the hot weather, I shall have to go out and sleep under a tree in the Thiergarten—and that, you know, is *Polizeiwidrig—streng verboten.*"

"*Ja, ja,* that understand I," assented Herr Otto, preening himself visibly. "I will myself speak to the Frau Mamma."

And he must have spoken to her very effectually, for that night and thereafter the doors were all left open, and I slept as comfortably as Leatherstocking himself.

But, putting aside the matter of the keys and the need of a mild duplicity in the management of Herr Otto, there is nothing to fret one's soul in this neat little *pension.* At the *Mittagsessen* and the *Abendessen* there is daily gathered a little group of interesting human beings whom chance fortune has drawn together here. Besides the Frau Inspektor, and Herr Otto, and the Fräulein Emmi, there is a good-natured gigantic Swedish basso who has sung the Dragon's part in *Siegfried,* from St. Petersburg to San Francisco. There is a silent little Frenchman whose German is apparently limited to about twenty words, and who seems to have nothing to do; so that I like to believe that he is a sort of diplomatic spy from the Quai d'Orsay. And again, there is a young lady from Vienna who represents the Advanced School of German Thought, for she smokes multitudinous cigarettes after dinner, goes out alone at all hours, and returns (also alone) at two in the morning from goodness knows where. Finally, there is a Finnish girl who is learning German, so as to teach it in Helsingfors. She has rather a plain face, but she wears a bang that makes her distinctly fascinating. There are many young men and maidens in America to-day who have never seen bangs—or "fringes," if you like—worn. Apparently the bang, long since expelled from Western Europe, has only now reached Finland. For my part, I am hoping for a general renaissance of the bang. If the fact were only understood, there is no woman so plain, so naturally unprepossessing, as not to appear attractive when she wears a bang. The deep fringe of hair falling low upon the forehead has a strange power of creating fascination, of making an appeal, of compelling man's attention. Perhaps it is the same sort of appeal by which the primitive woman with tumbled tresses stirred the first desire of the cave-man amid the infinite silence of unbroken forest. But the little Fräulein Stella is quite unconscious of her charm, and eats eggs and Leberwurst without an esoteric thought.

And so do we all eat eggs and Leberwurst and many other things more recondite. The Frau Inspektor has a carefully prepared cycle of repasts. By noting down what you have had on any particular day, you can forecast just what you are to have on the corresponding day next week. It is all very good; except that on the day appointed for berry-soup and smoked goose, I usually find it convenient to dine out at Hiller's on the Linden. But when the Frau Inspektor treats us to mock-hare (or *Falsche Hase*) I am always present. Mock-hare is just as near as Germans can come to producing Philadelphia scrapple. Scientifically, mock-hare and scrapple may be viewed as representing absolutely independent research arriving at almost identical results—like John Couch Adams and Adams and Leverrier discovering the planet Neptune. If the Frau Inspektor only had a little Indian meal, the mock-hare would be actually scrapple—with that lovely golden brown colouring and crispness of taste which make scrapple one of the immortal contributions of

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America to the world's gastronomic Walhalla. Rank it with canvas-back duck and terrapin, and buckwheat cakes and Little Neck clams and green corn. But if it were not for the pinch of Indian meal, scrapple would not be scrapple. It would be mock-hare.

I eat so much of this delectable dish and say so much about it, that the Frau Inspektor is flattered deep down in her gracious soul. The Fräulein Emmi, one day, mysteriously presents me with a slip of gilt-edged paper on which she has written out the recipe for mock-hare, so that I shall be able to have some made for me in far-off America.

"Though," says the Fräulein Emmi, "it ought to be cooked upon a range or stove."

I blush slightly, knowing that she has in mind the wild, open forest life which I have described to Herr Otto—a life of roaring campfires rather than of decent kitchens. However, I take the recipe with gratitude. The Fräulein Emmi reads English more or less; and as a compliment to me, she has composed the recipe in that language, with the aid of a dictionary. I reproduce it here just as she wrote it on the sheet of gilt-edged paper:

FOR THE FALSE HARE

350 gramm. beef } hacket
350 gramm. porck }
1 little bread in Water gesoaket
3 spoons other Bread pulverisirt
2 teaspoons pepper salt.
1 onion fine hacket.
In fat to damp. All together stirr and stick with Lard.

It is delightful of a summer morning to wake and hear the notes of a bugle in the Thiergarten below one's window. Looking out, one sees a group of Uhlans riding between the strips of greenery, the little pennons fluttering from their lances, and their splendid horses moving all together. The perfect training of the German cavalry is wonderful. At a distance they seem like a row of lead soldiers, cast all in the same mould. Each lance is held at precisely the same angle. Each rider has precisely the same seat upon his steed. Each horse, even, lifts his hoofs at precisely the same instant as each other horse. And when you see fifty thousand cavalry and infantry at some great review on the Tempelhoferfeld, it is just the same. A column of a thousand men seems not to be composed of individuals. It might have been carved as a whole out of some blue and red material, and its movements are as regular as those of a machine. In fact, an intelligent machine is the ideal of the ruling German—not the highest possible ideal, but one of which the realisation is astonishing wherever you observe it—in the army, the police, the post-office, the universities, or the court. Perhaps, after a little, you weary of its mechanism. Spontaneity, individuality, personality, have all been thrown into the hopper of a huge official mill, and have come out a finished product which lives and works and thinks according to a formula.

It is the eternal presence of the German soldier that differentiates Berlin from an American city of its size; for all else here is modern—the ornate palace of the Reichstag, the glorified Luna Park display of the Siegesallée, the brand-new Protestant cathedral or Domkirche, the avenue of the Linden itself, lined with glittering shops and restaurants, the Leipzigerstrasse, crowded by trams and vans and bustling burghers. There is a brown-stone-front effect to the Schloss which recalls New York; and though the Schloss Bridge, with its statues overlooking the little river, is beautiful, it has not the air of mellow age. To be sure, there are many places here which are redolent of history, but it is very modern history. One looks at the column in the Belle Alliance Platz, and it takes you no further back than Waterloo. The building that nestles under a great mansard roof and encompasses a garden in the Wilhelmstrasse, gives you a thrill when you remember that in its offices the mighty Bismarck, with his Reichshund crouched beside him, created a great empire, and gave law to Continental Europe until the

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day when his "young master" sent an aide-de-camp to turn him out. But this was only a few years ago. We all remember it; and the man of blood and iron might himself appear upon the steps without seeming like a visitant from another world.

Yes, Berlin is very new—an infant among European capitals—and even old Fritz upon his lumpy horse is not an ancient, since his end came after we Americans had won our freedom. Compare the German capital with Paris or Vienna or Brussels, not to speak of Rome, and it seems almost as new as Cincinnati or Detroit. The distinctive and pictorial interest of it comes first of all from the swarming soldiery—from the bright helmets, spiked or plumed, the glitter of gold lace, the blue and crimson uniforms, the white jack-boots, and the clank of sabres everywhere. A dozen times an hour you see some gorgeous warrior stiffen suddenly and salute, as he perceives another of his kind somewhere within the regulation distance. It is most attractive for a time; and the bugle of the Uhlans in the morning is but the overture, the thrilling note with which the martial drama of the day begins.

Yet after a little while, the everlasting army officer gets upon your nerves. His lordly and all-conquering air, his supercilious pose, his assumption that he has the right of way, no matter where you meet him, his refusal to swerve a hair's breadth as he stalks along the broadest *trottoir*—somehow you feel that there is a great deal too much of him. And then you hear stories of his insolence to women, his bullying of civilians, the grim tales of the barrack-yards where simple country boys are tortured by the drill-sergeant with inconceivable brutality, and now and then a darker and more sinister revelation of the moral rottenness which is festering like a plague-spot underneath the brave display of gorgeous uniforms and rigid ceremonial. It is not necessary to read such books as that of Bilse or such journals as the *Zukunft*. Any German can relate to you out of his own personal knowledge things as sickening as these. And after that, the *schneidig Offizier*, as he swaggers by you on the Linden, nose in air, and regarding you with scorn, is not provocative of admiration.

Here is where I recall the Adventure of the Herr Lieutenant. You must know that, staying temporarily in Berlin and viewing it with scorn, is an American friend, whom I may, for the purpose of this narrative, call Bob—especially as that is what everybody calls him in his native land. Now Bob is a frank and free-spoken and energetic person with a sort of mental twist which leads him to condemn whatever is under his immediate eye, and to admire whatever is remote. At home he professes to believe that the great Republic is tottering to its fall. Everything American is either detestable, ridiculous, or worthless. They do it all so much better in Europe. But here, in Berlin, you should hear Bob blaze with patriotic ardour! America is God's country, sure enough. As for Germany and the Germans—pah! Bob has a most wonderful vocabulary to which half a dozen languages have contributed, and his fluency is marvellous; yet he finds it difficult to relieve his burdened soul of all its pent-up feeling.

And he is not in the least particular as to when and where he says the things he desires to say. It is just a bit appalling to hear him, in the midst of the crowded Café Keck or the Oberbayrische Restaurant, express his candid views as to the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, the rest of the royal and imperial family, the German army, and the whole administration of the Empire. His words come hot and pungent like a cataract of tabasco sauce. If any one else should utter half a dozen sentences such as these of Bob's, he would be swiftly haled before some bedizened functionary and then laid by the heels in a dungeon for the crime of *Majestätsbeleidigung*. But Bob keeps right on, precisely as though he were in Brooklyn, and no one even warns him. It is just Bob's luck.

Well, one evening, rather late, we are

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roaming in a somewhat lonely and ill-lighted section of the Alt-Moabit, when down the pavement comes, very haughtily, a young Herr Lieutenant of his Majesty's Brandenburgers. He is very blond and very trig, much pinched as to his waist, and padded as to his shoulders, and his strut makes it apparent even from afar that the earth and the fulness thereof are all his. I can feel Bob fairly bristle as this young warrior heaves in sight. The sidewalk is reasonably wide and we give a full half of it to the Herr Lieutenant. But he has already set his course, and to swerve from it for the sake of two contemptible civilians would be absurd and ignominious. The result is that he comes into violent collision with Bob. Now Bob had instantaneously perceived just what was going to happen and had braced himself for the impact of the Herr Lieutenant. Therefore, the Herr Lieutenant reels violently and almost falls into the roadway, his cap half shaken from his head, and his sword getting awkwardly mixed up with his sky-blue legs. He pulls himself together fiercely.

"Du! Lump!" snarls the Herr Lieutenant.

"Schweinehund!" flashes back Bob, like a rapid-fire gun.

Now to call any German a pig-dog is a very serious matter. But to apply that name to an officer in uniform, especially after you have knocked him all over the place, is an insult that can be washed out by blood alone. According to the unwritten code of his Majesty's army, the Herr Lieutenant must instantly draw and run Bob through the body. His hand goes swiftly to his sword-hilt. But Bob is by no means slow. With the agility of a cat he leaps aside, and catches up what an American rustic would call a "rock." It is a fine, smooth, round cobblestone of about two pounds in weight, and Bob poises it deftly in his ready hand.

"You slab-sided, spindle-shanked, waffle-jawed, pop-eyed son of a pink porcupine!" cries Bob. "If you pull that tin sword of yours, I'll smash your face into *Blutwurst!*"

It may have been the effect of the moonlight, but I notice that the roseate cheeks of the Herr Lieutenant have suddenly turned to chalk. Perhaps he is appalled to find that the American language contains so many compound words. Doubtless on the field of battle, with his fellow-Brandenburgers, he would cheerfully rush forward to certain death amid the cannon-thunder. But up here in a dim corner of the Alt-Moabit, to have his face, his beautiful face, converted into *Blutwurst* by a "rock" at the hands of a foreign savage—there is no glory in it. And Bob has a very wicked look as he balances the cobblestone in his nervous, muscular hand.

There is a poignant silence for about two seconds. Then the Herr Lieutenant adjusts his cap, endeavours to assume an air of high disdain, and stalks stiffly off into the night with muttered words, among which I can distinguish only "Barbarians!"

Bob and I make our way to the hospitable shelter of the Herculesgarten, and there celebrate together, with many a stein, this signal victory of the United States over the German army.

I wonder whether it is because the military caste is so exalted that the proletariat is so sordid and unpleasant. One extreme is usually balanced by the other. At any rate, the rabble of Berlin is grosser and more offensive than that of any other northern capital—than in Paris or in London, for example, or in cosmopolitan New York. Intense poverty cannot rob the French of a certain artistic feeling, nor the English of a certain rough *bonhomie,* nor the American of a certain self-respect and orderliness. But a German crowd is like a herd of animals—coarse, rude, unmannerly, and yet quite servile in the presence of a uniform. To see them in their free moments, I take a little steamer which plies along the Spree from the Jannowitz Brücke in Berlin to Stralau and other pseudo-rustic places by the river—the German equivalent of Coney Island and Pleasure Bay and Nantasket.

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The boat is packed with puff-faced men and blowsy women and squalling children. On the little deck before the wheel-house I observe two girls, not ill-looking, and doubtless servant-maids out for a holiday. They lean over the railing. Beneath them is the lower deck jammed with perspiring humanity, so close that not one can move from where he stands. A slow Teutonic smile begins to spread itself over the broad faces of the girls. Then they lean forward and begin, quite pleasantly, to spit down upon the passengers below them. They grin when the marksmanship is particularly good. Their human targets cannot possibly escape them. In any other country there would be a riot on the boat; but this is Germany, and the lower deck is much amused by the rich humour of the two *Dienstmädchen*. There are little squeals and there is much dodging, but no one seems to feel disgust.

As you glide along the river you see, on either bank, beer-gardens, open-air restaurants, grotesque little hotels, and also open spaces where excursionists may sit and eat and drink what they have brought with them in bottles and pails and baskets. It is not a holiday, yet it seems as though the entire population of Berlin were already swarming in the *Umgebungen* of the capital. Heavens! What shoals of sardellen, what heaps of herring, what hills of hams, what mountains of sausages, and what continents of smoked goose, cheese, sauerkraut, and pork, are being washed down with seas of beer and glühwein and other fearsome brews! Surely Gargantua must have been a German. And when you reach Stralau, you simply attain a climax; for while here are tents containing sword-swallowers and bearded ladies and Circassian beauties (from Sanct Pauli at Hamburg) and a "Reptilien Ausstellung" you can scarcely notice them because you are distracted by the extraordinary capacity for guzzling which you see illustrated all about you. I used to think that the piles of "hot dogs" which disappear at Coney Island of a summer afternoon were staggering; but Stralau would engulf them in an hour, and then bellow for still more. There are also seventeen different kinds of music rending the atmosphere, and, oddly enough, most of it is in a minor key. If the English take their pleasures sadly, the Germans surely take it dismally—one might say morbidly. For what is the ballad that is being sung by yonder red-bearded baritone, and most approved by those who stop between two bites of *Wurst* to listen? You may buy the words from the songster himself for the sum of two pfennig. "Schreckliches Ende Einer Kindermörderin." Fancy—eating, drinking, on pleasure bent in the open air and sunshine, and then topping off with a gruesome ditty which describes the shocking end of a child-murderess!

Take a train through the lovely Thiergarten and visit Charlottenburg. Again, you will see very much the same sort of crowd. Most of them will not visit the pretty palace there, but will make straight for the mausoleum. When it is opened by the attendant, in rush the *Volk*. This is the final resting place of kings, a place where Prussian sovereigns lie in the dignity of death. I have watched American crowds at the tomb of Washington and the sepulchre of General Grant, but never in either place have I seen a man who did not bare his head and speak in lowered tones and move about with evident respect. Yet many call us the most irreverent of peoples! Watch these Germans squeezing, grunting, and snorting like so many swine around the royal tombs. If they were allowed to do so, they would camp upon the coffins and devour cheese and sausages in the very presence of the dead.

No, the ruling military caste and the porcine populace are the upper and nether millstone between which the great body of the German people are held fast. The men of intellectual power, the men of affairs, the men who are the mainstay of the race must let the heel of militarism press their necks a little longer. They are upright, honourable, courteous and altogether right; but they must still bow low to degenerates like Kuno von

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Moltke, for example, just as the peasants and the very poor must sweat to pay the sums which a military State demands. And these last pay in blood and self-respect as well as in hard coin. Their women cannot be virtuous and still earn a living. During the Franco-Prussian War, how the American and English pulpits rang with moral lessons! The French were worshippers of the great goddess Lubricity, and therefore they were humbled. The Prussians were God-fearing, temperate, and pure, and so they were exalted. I should like to have these sermonisers walk with me through the most respectable quarters of Berlin. In Paris, vice is kept strictly within bounds by the *agents des mœurs*. The smaller French cities are not merely decorous but dull. While Berlin—! Stroll through the beautiful arcade, the *Passage* which runs from the Linden to the Friedrich-strasse, and you will see effigies and pictures and mechanical toys such as might have been designed for Elagabalus. There they are, exposed to everybody's view as openly as though they were Teddy-bears or Noah's arks. One cannot venture to describe them. They surpass the worst things in that Neapolitan collection to which no priest or woman is admitted. And what is supremely detestable in German pruriency is its utter grossness. The Frenchman at his lowest lets his wit play around the lupanar. The German at his lowest draws his inspiration from the latrine and the sewer.

Berlin boasts that it has no *maisons tolérées*. What need, when almost every *Wirstsshaus,* almost every *Lokal,* and almost every café, swarm with women who thrust themselves upon you with the slow smile that all over the world has but a single meaning? Crude printed handbills in red or blue announce the *Tingel-tangel* or the *Schwalben-Nest* or what you please, as being a *Strohwittwer Heim* with *Fesche Bedienung* or *Internationale Bedienung*. The whole city teems with meretricious lures. It is the garrison taint, the inevitable concomitant of that social order under which marriage is made impossible by the obligations of military service. Napoleon's armies shook German feudalism to pieces; for even in Napoleon's despite, they spread everywhere a love of nationality and a knowledge of the rights of man. The restless days of 1848 gave to Prussia the semblance of constitutionalism. But Bismarck's three successful wars, while they did create an Empire, made it an Empire of brute force and of brutal rule. Only a great military disaster can now hurl this down and leave the true German people free to build again, and at last have a country that is not a camp.

Some day, if God is very good to me, I shall be sitting at my window in the Pariser Platz and looking out across the Thiergarten toward Charlottenburg. But there will be no Uhlans and no bugle calls. A strange hush will have fallen on Berlin. Shutters will be closed and curtains drawn along the Linden, and the whole great avenue will be as still as death. At the Brandenburger Thor a few mounted officers of the police in their dark uniforms will be sitting their horses, immobile and gloomy.

As I gaze with intense expectancy across the sea of green, there comes an impalpably faint murmur, like the far-away sound of surf upon the shore. It grows and swells, and then it deepens into a sort of muffled thunder pierced by the roll of distant drums. The murmur becomes a surging symphony. The clear call of trumpets cuts it with a shrilling blare of triumph. Now I can see the glint of sun on steel. Down one of the board *allées* there gallop half a hundred horsemen who draw rein beside the Brandenburger Thor. Then, of a sudden, comes a great flood of splendid cavalry, with glittering corselets, regiment upon regiment of cuirassiers, who have at last avenged the red ruin of their glorious *débâcle* at Gravelotte. On they ride, not with the stolid, surly mien of Prussians, nor with the mechnical perfection of the toy soldiers of the Tempelhoferfeld, but swinging lightly in their saddles, their faces radiant with that joy-

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ous daring which belongs to the most war-loving nation in the world.

But now they have massed themselves about the Thor. Far as the eye can reach are regiments of sturdy infantry filling the whole vast area of the Thiergarten. Before them, surrounded by a brilliant staff, rides a general whose name is now perhaps unknown to Europe and the world, but who on that day will be the greatest man on earth. As he nears the Thor, the glorious tricolour is unfurled, surmounted it may be—for who can tell?—by the Napoleonic eagle. And then, following the rising thunder of a thousand drums—thrilling, maddening, divine. I *feel* the words that are behind:

Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs—
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes defenseurs!
Sous nos drapeux que la Victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents;
Que nos ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire
Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

And as the music swells and billows into a tempest of martial melody, rolling up the Linden and flooding it with a glorious sea of sound, I, at my window, shall lean far out and cry aloud with an infinite exultation—

"Vive la France!"

WAR CARTOONS OF 1870

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

When Count Otto von Bismarck made the change in the Ems telegraph that precipitated the Franco-Prussian conflict of 1870, French political caricature had been for a long time non-existant. The men capable of doing the work were there, the same men whose vitriolic caricatures had harried King Louis Phillipe to distraction, but since the *coup d'état* which had raised Louis Napoleon to the Imperial throne they were obliged to confine their activities to the satirising of styles and the social foibles of the hour. The third Napoleon knew the power that lurked in the caricaturist's pencil, feared it, and through fear rigidly suppressed it. For all that, the Emperor had been since 1848 the most widely caricatured man in the world, but the caricatures were not of French origin, or at least were not printed on French soil. It was the familiar goatee that was exaggerated to give a point to most of the cartoons in which he was a figure, although during the days of his power there were countless caricatures which drew suggestions from the misadventures of his early life, his alleged experiences as a waiter in New York and a policeman in London, his escape from prison in the clothes of the workman Badinguet (a name which his political enemies applied to him very freely), and the fiasco at Strassburg. It was the goatee that the cartoonists of England, Germany, Austria and Italy relied upon for their points, just as the pear like head of Louis Phillipe had been used by Daumier and Phillipon, and as our own caricaturists in the War of Secession had exaggerated the long, gaunt figure and the scraggy beard of President Lincoln, and the cigar of General Grant.

After Napoleon III, in the years between the close of the Civil War and the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, the two dominant personages in European political caricature were Prince Bismarck and Benjamin Disraeli. Sadowa and the resulting aggrandizement of Prussia in territory and in influence at the expense

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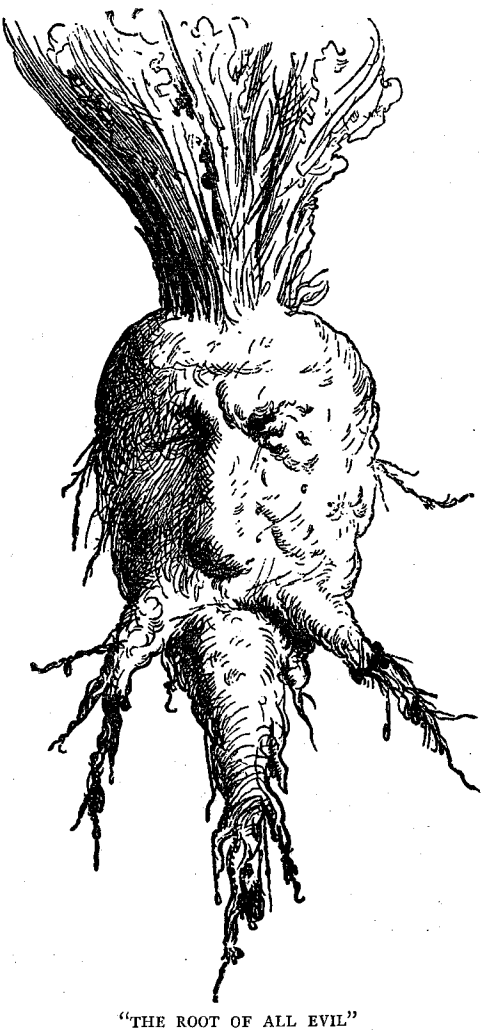
RIVAL ARBITERS

Napoleon and Bismarck at the time of the Austro-Prussian War.

By Tenniel in "Punch"

of Austria had raised Bismarck, as the pilot of the Prussian ship of state, to an importance second only to Napoleon himself. The German king was in the background. After the war of 1866 it is Bismarck who stands out in caricature as the embodiment of the kingdom of Prussia, and prophetically as the embodiment of the German Empire that was to come. The caricature of which Disraeli was the subject was necessarily much narrower in its scope and confined to a great extent to England.

To the pages of London *Punch* one turns first of all for any kind of a chronological study in caricature of the events from the first sounds of impending conflict until the conclusion of peace. The growing spirit of discontent in France was apparent, for just a year before the war, in July, 1869, there appeared the *Punch* cartoon entitled "Easing the Curb." In this France is depicted as a horse drawing the imperial carriage. Within are the Empress and the Prince Imperial, looking apprehensive. Napoleon is standing at the horse's head, calling out: "Have no fear, my dears, I shall just drop the curb a little." The allusion is to the announcement of the Emperor that it was his intention to grant to the French Chamber a considerable extension of power. In another cartoon a few months later, *Punch* showed Napoleon III wearing the crown of King John, and surrounded by a group of persistent barons, signing a magna charta for France.



"THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL"

From the "Fliegende Blätter" in 1871

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THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR—A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS

The whole spirit of these pictures, which appeared in the *Fliegende Blätter* after the Napoleonic downfall in 1871, is a travesty on the splendid lines of Schiller in the "Maid of Orleans" (Jungfrau von Orleans).

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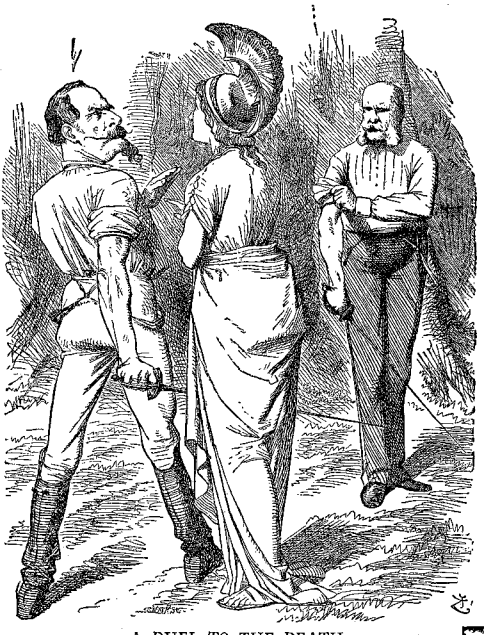

A DUEL TO THE DEATH
By Tenniel in "Punch"

The first of the *Punch* cartoons dealing properly with the war of 1870 was published just before the declaration of hostilities and is entitled "A Duel to the Death." In it the King of Prussia and the French Emperor are shown as duelists, while Britannia is endeavouring to act as mediator. "Pray stand back, Madam," says Napoleon. "You mean well, but this is an old family quarrel and we must fight it out." *Punch* seemed to have an early premonition of what the result of the war would be, for before any decisive battle had been fought it published a striking cartoon entitled "A Vision on the Way," representing the shade of the great Napoleon confronting the Emperor and his son on the war path and bidding them "Beware!" The Prince Imperial's departure for the front furnished *Punch* with the idea of the pathetic cartoon called "Two Mothers." It showed the Empress saying farewell to her son, while France as another weeping mother is saying: "Ah, madame, a sure happiness for *you*, sooner or later; but there are dear sons of *mine* whom I shall never see again." There was the unimportant engagement at Saarbrück, and then disaster began falling thick and fast on the French arms. The duel idea seemed to cling persistently in the minds of the *Punch* men. By this time there was little doubt left as to the result of the encounter, and in one cartoon Louis Napoleon, severely wounded and with broken sword, is leaning against a tree. "You have fought gallantly, sir," says the King. "May I not hear you say you have had enough?" To which the Emperor replies: "I have been deceived about my strength. I have no choice."

With the downfall of the Empire a swift change came over the spirit of the caricature dealing with the struggle. France ceased to be typified by the Napoleonic goatee. Henceforth she became an angry, blazing eyed woman, calling upon her sons to rise and repel the advance of the invader. The *Punch* cartoon commemorating September 4, 1870, when the Emperor was formally deposed

HER BAPTISM OF FIRE
By Tenniel in "Punch"

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and a Provisional Government of National Defence established under the Presidency of General Trochu, with Gambetta, Fabre, and Jules Ferry among its leading members, shows her standing erect by the side of a cannon, the Imperial insignia trampled beneath her feet, waving high the flag of the Republic and shouting from the "Marseillaise":

Aux armes, citoyens,
Formez vos bataillons!

The Siege of Paris began, the German Royal headquarters were established in Versailles, and the Prussian King was sheltered in the palace of Louis XIV. The situation drew from Tenniel the cartoon showing the German monarch seated at his table in the palace studying the map of Paris while in the background are the shades of Louis XIV and the great Napoleon. The ghost of the Grand Monarque is asking sadly: "Is this the end of 'all the glories'?" The hardships endured by the Parisians while the city was encompassed by the German

GERMANY: "Farewell, Madame, and if——"
FRANCE: "Ha! We shall meet again!"

FRANCE, SEPTEMBER 4, 1870
"Aux armes, citoyens,
Formez vos bataillons."

line of steel suggested to *Punch* the cartoon entitled "Germany's Ally," in the figure of famine is laying its cold, gaunt hand on the head of the unhappy woman typifying the stricken capital. The first gun of the bombardment was commemorated in a cartoon entitled "Her baptism of fire." Before the war and until Sedan the tone of *Punch* had been inimical to the Emperor. It now changed, indicating the English feeling that Germany, guided by the ruthless hand of Bismarck, was exacting a cruel and unjust penalty entirely out of proportion. This belief that the terms demanded by the Germans were harsh is shown in the *Punch* cartoon "Excessive bail," where Justice, after listening to Bismarck's argument, says that she cannot sanction a demand for exorbitant securities.

With the overthrow of the Empire the former strict censorship of the French press was relaxed and the floodgates were suddenly opened for a veritable inundation of cartoons. Under the leadership of the veteran Daumier a small group of artists infusing their genius into the

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weekly pages of Charivari, made the tragic months of the siege and the Commune one of the most famous periods in the annals of French caricature. Daumier had able lieutenants in the famous "Cham," in André Gill, in Hadol, in Faustin, in Draner, and a number of others. But it was Daumier who was the unquestioned leader. Of Daumier at this period there was printed the following paragraph in *The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature* writ-

ENTRÉE SOLENNELLE DE L'EMPEREUR D'ALLEMAGNE A PARIS

(Caricature de Félix Régamey.)

WILLIAM THE FIRST ENTERS PARIS

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ten eleven years ago in collaboration by Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper and the writer of this paper.

Yet to those whose sympathies were with France during the struggle of 1870-71 there is a distinct pathos in the change that is seen in the later work of Daumier—not a personal pathos, but a pathos due to the changed condition of the country which it reflects. The old dauntless audacity, the trenchant sarcasm, the mocking, light-hearted laughter, is gone. In its place is the haunting bitterness of an old man, under the burden of an impotent wrath—a man who, for all that he *dips his pencil in pure vitriol, cannot do* justice to the nightmare visions that beset him. There is no better commentary upon the pervading feeling of helpless anger and outraged national pride of this epoch than in these haunting designs of Daumier's. They are the work of a man tremulous with feverish indignation, weird and ghastly conceptions, such as might have emanated from the cauldron of Macbeth's witches. The backgrounds are filled in with solid black, like a funeral pall; and from out of the darkness the features of Bismarck, of Von Moltke, of William I, leer malevolently, distorted into hideous, ghoulish figures, vampires feasting upon the ruin they have wrought. French liberty in the guise of a wan, emaciated, despairing figure, the personification of wronged and outraged womanhood, haunts Daumier's pages. At one time she is standing bound and gagged, between the gaping muzzles of two cannon marked, respectively, "Paris, 1851," and "Sedan, 1870," and underneath the laconic legend, "Histoire d'un Règne."

PRUSSIA ANNEXES ALSACE
By Cham in "Charivari"

"Adieu!"
"No, 'au revoir.' Visits must be returned."
By Cham

Of Daumier's young lieutenants none is more closely connected with the events of the "Terrible Year" than "Cham," the Comte de Noë. He was one of the most rapid and industrious of workers, and found in the months following Sedan the inspiration of a vast number of cartoons. The looting propensities of the Prussians were satirised in a sketch showing two Prussian officers looking greedily at a clock on the matelpiece in a French château. "Let us take the clock." "But peace has already been signed." "No matter, don't you see the clock is slow?" The German acquisition of the Rhenish

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"POOR FRANCE! THE BRANCHES ARE BROKEN, BUT THE TRUNK STILL HOLDS"

By Daumier in "Charivari"

Provinces is summed up in a picture which shows a German officer attaching to his leg a chain, at the end of which is a huge ball marked Alsace. The siege having turned every Parisian into a nominal soldier, this condition of affairs is hit off by "Cham" in a cartoon underneath which is written: "Everybody being soldiers, the officers will have the right to put through the paces any one whom they meet in the streets." The sketch shows a cook in the usual culinary costume, and bearing on his head a flat basket filled with kettles and pans, marking time at the command of an officer. André Gill excelled in his caricatures of individual men rather than in the caricature of events of groups. Thiers, Gambetta, Louis Blanc, all the men of the time were hit off by his pencil. In most cases his message consisted of the grotesque exaggeration of the subject's head at the expense of the body. He was especially happy in his cartoon of Thiers, whose diminutive size made him a favourite target.

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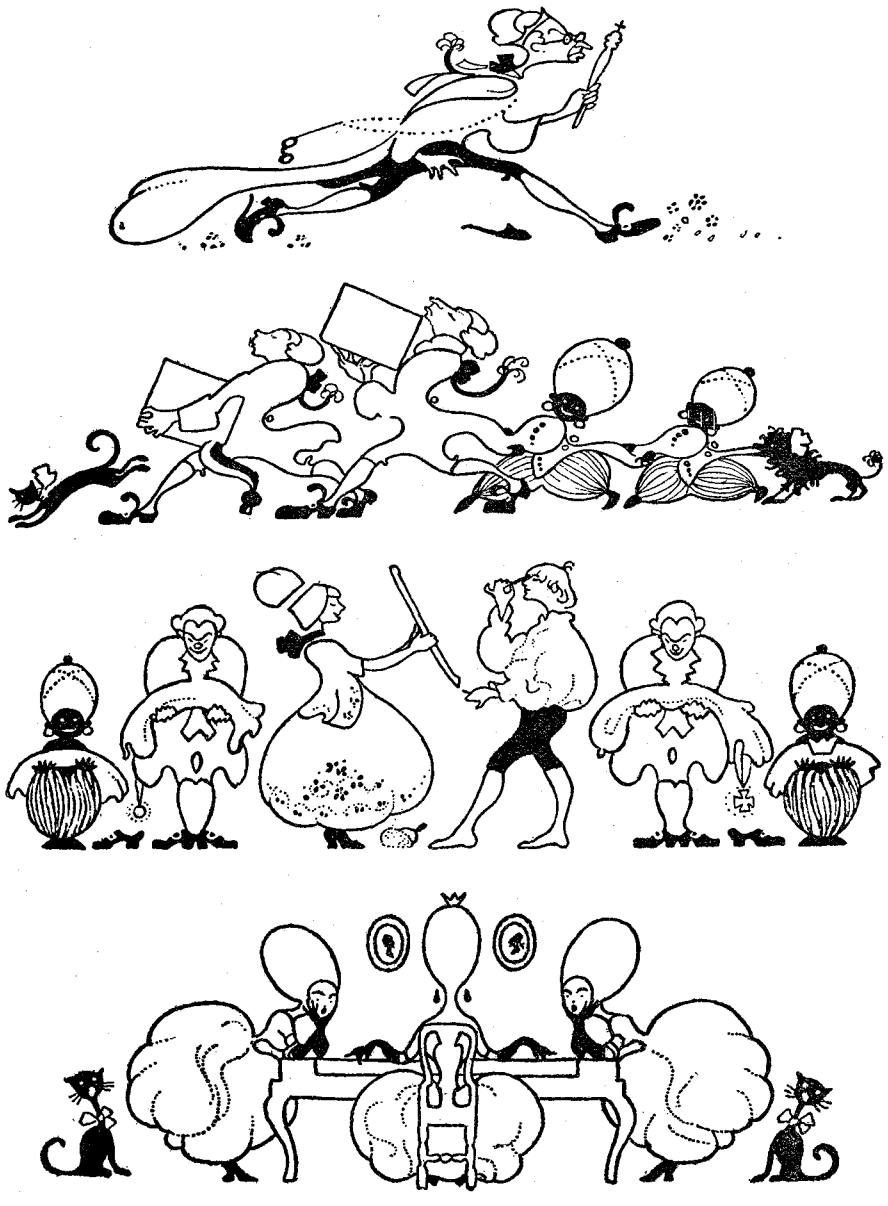

HEADPIECES **BY** EINAR NERMAN FOR HANS ANDERSEN'S "PER SVINAHERDE"
From "The Art of the Book"

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WAR AND MR. WELLS

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON

In a recent dispatch to the New York *Times,* H. G. Wells makes the prediction that within three months the French tricolour will be over the Rhine.

"The victory of Germany will mean the permanent enthronement of the war god over all human affairs. The defeat of Germany may open the way to disarmament and peace throughout the earth. To those who love peace there can be no other hope in the present conflict than her defeat, the utter discrediting of the German legend—ending it for good and all—of blood and iron, the superstition of Krupp, flag-wagging, Teutonic Kiplingism, and all that criminal sham efficiency that centres in Berlin."

It is natural that a newspaper should cable the novelist for his views on the present struggle, since no one of the English novelists has been so given to prophecy. Indeed, Mr. Wells alternates penetrating pictures of contemporary life with anticipations of what may be; he is never satisfied with depicting the changing era about us; he must needs reach into the future and paint the inevitable consequences, as he sees them, of the things that are. In these imaginative flights he uses the raw materials of realism and carries them to the *n*th power of romance. Besides, the future is a safe place in which to speculate: time alone can contradict predictions, as it already has one of his statements in *The War in the Air* (published only six years ago), that "no flying machine would ever go above fifteen thousand feet." Yet there are in his pages interesting prophecies which more or less touch upon the cataclysmic war in Europe, though most of his reading of the future deals with social and economic possibilities.

In *The War in the Air* and *The World Set Free,* there is a general war—and in each novel Germany is the aggressor. In fact this finds vivid phrase in his own young hero, Bert Smallways, that d'Artagnan of the air:

"I've been thinking you over, you and your empire and all the rot of it. Rot of it! It's you Germans made all the trouble in Europe first and last. And all for nothing. Jest silly prancing. Jest because you've got the uniforms and flag!"

Whether this statement was prompted by English prejudice or historical acumen is unimportant before the fact. In both novels, too, the fate of the war was decided by the perfection of air machines. Time, of course, has not carried out the novelist's predictions here; nor have we invented as yet his marvellous radio-atomic bombs with their recurrent power of destruction. But what secrets may yet remain to be let forth, as the war progresses? As it is, the aeroplane is doing some of the things predicted for it. Already the indomitable Garros has shot his machine into the huge German air leviathan—in a scene worthy of Kipling's best manner. Nothing as fantastic as Wells's imaginings can happen, but what may not the dirigibles do to Paris or London—once they are unleashed? Might not there be an approximation to that scene in *The War in the Air,* where airships capture New York City? In this novel, too, it is curious to note that he predicted Germany would first attack the United States owing to the Monroe Doctrine; though in *The World Set Free* he comes nearer the truth, since England, France and Italy attack Germany for outrages committed upon Swiss neutrality. And this, too, after a threat of the "Central European Power," obviously Germany, to attack the Slav confederacy, with France and England

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ready for the defense. Will Holland also flood its lands again, as predicted by Wells?

Of course, one might go through these novels drawing analogies; but that would be taking them too seriously. There is, however, one fact which stands out. Mr. Wells has never possessed the common illusion that peace would come of its own accord. He has previsioned just such a war as is now upon us. Indeed, he has repeatedly shown that only when the horrors of modern warfare are fully realised in a world-wide way, that only when modern science has said the last word in inventions which will make war only organised butchery, can there come any hope that universal arbitration will be *un fait accompli*. And it is significant how the man in the street is echoing this same sentiment and is praying that this may be the last great war—so terrible and hideous does it appear. Militarism seems to have come to a head. It had to break, as Wells points out. Will the readjustments which are bound to follow be in line with the novelist's prediction? Will his vision of a socialised state be realised? Is this world-wide war to be the *accoucheur* for new democracy?

"War's a silly game. It's a silly game. We common people—we were fools. We thought these big fellows knew what they were up to—and they didn't. Look at that chap. 'E 'ad all Germany be'ind 'im, and what's 'e made of it? Smeshin' and blunderin' and destroyin' and there 'e is."

IN FRANCE'S AFRICAN EMPIRE

BY ARTHUR M. CHASE

"North Africa and the Desert"*

Wisely, the publishers have issued this book without illustrations. For no half-tone reproductions of photographs; no colour process plates; no photogravures, nor rotagravures, nor any of the processes of illustration known to the mind of book-making man could have illustrated this book. It is an example of word painting—impressionistic word painting so suggestive, so masterly, so hauntingly beautiful that the addition of pictures would be merely an obtrusion.

Take this bit of description:

I was fortunate in my first landfall at Tunis. It was a fine sea picture framed in that chill November dawn. On my left, over the rippling watery gold to the few pink clouds eastward, lay the great blue mountain headland, stretching far behind. In front, a little to the right, was Goletta, the port, hard by; and ranging off northward the line of the ocean beach ran stern and solemn, with the lighthouse above. That rise, there, was the hill of Carthage. Westward over the hollow space of waters swept the crescent horizon inland, low and misty, centred a little to the south by the obscure white of far Tunis. Carthage is the first thought of the traveller; his instant memory is of Phœnician ships, and his imagination is of Scipio and Regulus—these are the sights they saw.

And this:

The wharf was thickly lined with the strange-looking boats of the sponge-fishers, their Greek flags at half-mast in honour of Good Friday, their sailors in Albanian costumes, their gear heaping the open spaces with ropes and nets and endless tackle. It was all charming, one of the vignettes of travel that will haunt the memory for years—the odours, the little tasks, the look of the toil of the sea, the sponges in dark heaps, the blue, limpid morning air crossed with strange spars and ropes, and the host of fluttering flags.

*North Africa and the Desert. By George E. Woodberry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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And this, in tenser tone:

There before my eyes was the sight I had longed to see . . . the leap of the red dunes up the defile, fierce as a sword thrust of the far desert through the mountains. That was Africa—the untamed wild, the bastion of nature in her barbarity, the savage citadel of her splendid forces to which man is negligible and human things unknown. The dunes are golden-red, tossed like a stormy, bellowing sea; they charge, they leap, they impend—petrified in air; an ocean surf of red sand, touched with golden lights, frozen in the act of the wild wind. They are magnificent in their lines of motion, in their angers of colour; but the spirit of them is their *élan,* their drive, flung forward as if to ram and overwhelm the pass with a wide sandy sea.

Whoever loves wide views, far horizons, the vast sky of the sea or the plains, and the sensations which come in the midst of great, lonely spaces, will appreciate this:

It was a glorious day, cloudless and blue, and drenched with sunshine and radiance and warmth pouring on vast spaces. . . . The solitude began to make itself felt, the silence of the heat, the encompassment of the rolling distances, the splendour of the sky. . . . Then the Sahara began to give up its bliss—the unspeakable thing—the inner calm, the sense of repose, of relief, the feeling of separation from life, the falling away of the burden, the freedom from it all in the freedom of those blue and silent distances over sandy and rock-paved tracts, full of the sun. How quiet it was, how large, and what a sense of effortless, elemental power—of nature in her pure and lifeless being.

Needless to ask if the author loved the desert. Every phase of it, the slightest details, called forth his wonder and delight.

Every line and tracery of the wind was visible on the sand. The surface of the dunes was beautiful—light and full of the spirit of fantasy; the modulation was exquisite, ribbed and fretted, furrowed in lines and touched all over with little disks and curves, like the imprint of small shells; and their mottled and wavy surfaces broke the monotony of the vast slopes and dunes like an infinite enamelling of nature.

The North Africa that the author visited was for the most part Tunis and Algiers—French dominions—and for the domination of the French he has nothing but praise. That adaptability toward alien and subject races, which is a Gallic characteristic, that rule which while it is firm enough develops a spirit of *cameraderie* between rulers and subjects which we Anglo-Saxons have never attained, wins his admiration. He has nothing to say but good of the security and tranquillity of the "French peace" in that once war-worn and turbulent land, and calls the "vitalising and beneficent power of French civilisation" in restoring a "great and almost forsaken tract of the earth" one of the glories of France and one of the greatest colonising feats of present times.

Apropos of the French there is a description of the famous Foreign Legion, so striking that the reviewer cannot omit it:

It was the men who held my eyes. The room was packed with soldiers of the Legion; . . . there was no place left to stand even; and I looked full on their serried faces. My first thought was that I had never seen soldiers before. I never saw such faces—mature, grave, settled, with the look of habitual self-possession of men who command and obey; resolute mouths, immobile features; . . . no detail can give the human depth of the impression I felt at the sight—faces into which life had fused all its iron. And there was, too, in the whole mass the sense of physical life, of hardship and hardihood, and of bodily power to do and bear and withstand—the fruit of the desert air, long marches, terrible campaigns in the sands. It was a sight I shall always remember as, humanly, one of the most remarkable I ever looked on.

The natives—Arabs, Berbers, Moors—the author studied in that appreciative, approachable spirit which is the best attitude to adopt when one is observing

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humankind. All his guides seem to have become his warm personal friends. He visited native homes, ate their food and liked it, was entertained by sheiks and a saint, made himself at home with a Bedouin family in their tent, and found the good in these strangers of an alien civilisation. He relates a charming incident of a young Arab shepherd boy with whom he held friendly intercourse, chiefly by smiles and glances, who, when he was leaving, improvised a song just for love of him. He spent happy hours in the shop of an old perfume-seller, where, he says "it is sweet to be, to have peace, and gentleness, and courtesy, young trust and brave respect, and breeding; it is balm." He could be with the Arabs as quiet and contemplative as they. He visited their mosques, which he confesses seemed to him more impressive than cathedrals, in the appreciative, sympathetic spirit which is the keynote of his book and the reason for its success. Mohammedanism appealed to him as nearest of all religions to the stern and simple Puritanism of his forefathers. And in the chapter called "On the Mat" he has written an exposition of the religion of the Prophet which only those who are very bigoted or indifferent can read without profit and food for serious thought.

There are many sides to this many-sided book which cannot be touched in a brief review. The description of Djerba, land of the lotus-eaters, is so exquisitely done that as one reads dreamy visions of the old, forgotten, dreaming land arise until one is half ready to believe that he himself has vague, half obliterated recollections of it. And there are many, many other passages which the reader enjoys with a slow delight, rolling them under the tongue as it were, and remembers, and looks forward to reading again.

UNTER DEN LINDEN—1890*

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

THE rays of waning sunlight steal
Along the overhanging eaves;
The awnings droop and scarcely feel
The wind that stirs the linden leaves;
And here the curious strangers try
To wile away an idle hour,
And watch the crowd that surges by
All day before the Café Bauer.

Not all unmoved can one abide
And with a careless heart survey
This city of imperial pride,
Where men make history to-day;
Here is no idle pleasure-mart
To witch the fancy of an hour,
Here throbs a nation's living heart,
Here beats the pulse of conscious power.

*From "Greystone and Porphyry."

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On every side, displayed afar,
Flung out with martial blazonry,
Are symbols of successful war,
While he who looks can ever see
Behind the veil that Peace has spread,
The banners of a mighty camp,
Can hear above the hum of trade,
The gathering armies' ceaseless tramp.

And suddenly, with naught to show
What stilled the tongue and checked the feet,
As when a wind has ceased to blow,
A hush comes o'er the busy street;
A bugle sounds; and in reply
Rolls forth a distant storm of drums;
Then down the Linden runs the cry:
"The Kaiser comes! The Kaiser comes!"

Cold eyes, set lips, a restless glance
That wanders in uneasy quest,
With looks that like a living lance
Blaze from beneath the helmet-crest;
Upon that face as on a page
Has nature stamped with cruel truth
The heartlessness of cynic age,
The reckless insolence of youth.

What morbid motive half defined,
What oestrus-thought that stings and stays,
Goads on his restless, brooding mind—
This sceptred Sphinx of modern days?
Is it ambition's poisoned wine—
The throb, perchance, of ceaseless pain—
The spark of genius half divine—
The burning of a madman's brain?

And this is he whose sword and pen
All Europe eyes with bated breath,
Whose word can arm a million men,
Whose nod can hurl them on to death:
A nation's life, a nation's ease,
The honour of a nation's name,
The awful fates of war and peace,
All centred in a single frame.

A type of all the dreadful past
When birth made brutes the lords of brain!
When Hope stood naked to the blast,
And cowering Freedom clanked her chain!

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Thou art the last of all the line
Of them that set with lordly beck
The ruthless heel of right divine
Forever on a nation's neck!

Yet thus, perchance, must victors pay
The price that War has sternly set;
The while, ere Peace returns to stay,
There looms a conflict mightier yet
Than that which burst in years before
When German unity awoke
Saluted by the cannon's roar
Amid the mists of battle-smoke.

To scourge the land with sword and flame
The northern Cossack grimly waits;
The Dane remembers Düppel's shame,
The Austrian broods o'er Königgrätz;
While on the hills of fair Lorraine
That front the slopes of Vendenheim—
A tiger with a slender chain—
The Gallic foeman bides his time.

Stout-hearted sons of Fatherland!
Who kneel to God but face the foe,
And side by side together stand
To sing the song of long ago
That, rising from a myriad throats,
A nation's battle-hymn divine,
Thrills on the ear like bugle notes:
"Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!"

Such thoughts the musing fancy weaves
Throughout the drowsy summer day,
While glints the sunlight on the eaves
Along the Linden's stately way
Where still the curious strangers try
To wile away an idle hour,
And watch the crowd that surges by
All day before the Café Bauer.

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NEEDED: A LITERARY PAWN SHOP

BY NORMAN BRYCE

We have heard a good deal in recent years about the commercialisation of authorship, and the breaking down of the distinction between the book which is literature and the book which is frankly merchandise. But it does not seem hitherto to have occurred to anybody that there is one final step yet to be taken, one last institution to be established before the type-written manuscript may receive that final certificate of marketable value which is now the privilege of a watch, a cuff-button or a pair of socks: namely, the pawn ticket. And such an institution, in default of better term, we may call the Literary Pawn Shop.

Think what a vista of interesting possibilities the mere suggestion of such a scheme at once opens up. One's first thought is of the boon that it would prove, to the struggling beginner, whose heroic industry is often represented by untold reams of blackened paper, but whose persistent failure to carry conviction to editors threatens to leave him destitute of type-ribbons. Now, with the aid of the Literary Pawn Shop he could at least count upon keeping his stationer's bill liquidated, at least until such time as his own unredeemed pledges had glutted the market.

But the question of the novice in literature is negligible in comparison with the advantages opened up to the professional writer of every type, age and rank. Think of the new freedom and independence it would give them to know that, no matter how long the intervals between cheques, no matter how tedious the delay of the magazines who "pay on publication," and not always then, all that is necessary is to ransack desk, and drawer and cupboard for all the old, forgotten indiscretions of past years, worn shabby by frequent submitting, and turn them at once into available cash, sufficient at least to stave off the butcher and grocer, and at best possibly to pay the expenses of the summer vacation. And, naturally, the more distinguished the author is, the higher rates his fourth-rate stuff would bring, since it would be almost certain to be redeemed. For otherwise it must eventually find lodgment in some tawdry little periodical such as would surely spring up to serve as an outlet for the literary pawn sales!

To-day, as is well known, the maker of popular fiction is especially hampered. He dares not yield to the mood of his environment, or the festivities of the season, for he cannot afford the cost of the consequent delay in payment. He must not write of foot-ball in November, nor of the college regattas in June, for no editor is buying at those dates, and the stories would have to go into cold storage for six months. The Fourth of July tale is probably written in the midst of a winter blizzard, with the numb author huddled close to his luke-warm radiator. The tale of Christmas cheer, with its yule-log, mistletoe and holly berries, is a product of the dog-days, evolved with the aid of a wet towel and a whirring electric fan. Now, the Literary Pawn Shop would revolutionise all this. Two Christmas stories, under congenial conditions, could be evolved with the ease of one under the old method, pledged for a fair percentage of their value, and redeemed later by aid of the cheque for last year's yarn of a "noiseless Fourth," on much the same principle that the winter overcoat goes to Uncle Silberkranz as the outing flannels come back.

Then think of the domestic friction that would be saved, the burden of anxiety that would be lifted from the shoulder of the harassed partner of your home and hearth, by this same beneficent institution of the Literary Pawn Shop.

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Can you not anticipate in imagination her gentle Saturday night reminder: "John, dear, I am afraid we shall have to pawn those manuscripts over Sunday again. The delicatessen man said he couldn't let me charge any more till we paid for those last frankfurters. Let me go for you, dear; they gave me $1.75 last time for your *Ode on Prosperity* and your comedy, *Unlimited Credit!*" Who knows how much married infelicity might be averted by this simple expedient of the Literary Pawn Shop? Who knows, indeed, how many tragedies in the past might be directly attributed to the lack of such an academic Mont de Piete? Perhaps even Shakespeare himself would have had a different tale to tell, had Anne had the pleasant assurance that *Measure for Measure* or *As You Like It* could always be pledged for a couple of shillings.

But, of course, like all innovations, the Literary Pawn Shop would raise at first some puzzling ethical questions. For instance, while the author would possess his inalienable right to dispose of his pawn ticket for what price he could get, would he be justified in submitting a carbon copy of his pledged manuscript together with the ticket? However expert the professional reader may be, he could hardly be expected to pass on the merits of a manuscript from inspection of the bare ticket. Yet the retention of a copy of the pledged article would certainly leave the pawn-broker unprotected and lay the author open to a charge of fraud. Obviously, some very special legislation will be found necessary to bring such difficult questions to a satisfactory issue.

Finally, the success of the Literary Pawn Shop would depend upon the tact, discretion and literary judgment of the person in charge. A great opportunity would be opened up to him to make discoveries of future geniuses, and the very fact that he was willing to back his opinion by an advance of fifty dollars for a story by an unknown writer might come to be as convincing an evidence of commercial value as the same amount is today on a diamond ring. But tact and forebearance are also to be required of those who seek to pledge the products of their brain. They must not take umbrage if their favourite sonnets bring only the value of a postage stamp, nor feel surprise if articles on *The Iniquities of Loan Sharks* and *The Crime of Usury* are refused altogether.

AMERICAN WAR CORRESPONDENTS AT THE FRONT

BY GREGORY MASON

When the news came that Europe was going to war, that the prophecies of military theorists and the dreams of alarmist jingoes were about to become facts, that, in short, the biggest story since the flood was about to break, the clan of men who write about wars began to gather from the ends of the earth. Some had been looking for trouble in the Far East, others had been hovering about Ecuador and Haiti where for some time there has been a faint but encouragingly persistent smell of powder; more were still waiting on events in Mexico, and more yet were devoting their pens to the events of peace.

Every new war brings together a good many old members of the fraternity of war correspondents and a constantly increasing number of new men destined to break into the brotherhood of the press agents of Mars. In America, however, where the Great God Reputation holds in thrall most of the tribe of editors, few

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reporters are sent to the front unless they are glib in mention of the deeds of '98, 1904-05, or other years of bloodshed. A war is a sort of convention for these men. When they meet in hotels or in liners they slap each other on the back and at once unlimber the artillery of reminiscences as freely as a group of college graduates back on a class reunion.

As soon as it became known that the arrogance of three rulers was to plunge a continent into the greatest war of history practically every American writer of prominence whose name is associated with things martial dropped his business, got into communication with some friendly managing editor and after strapping about his waist a belt filled with the gold of the editor and weighting his hip with a piece of military hardware, to be used in case he should be forced by circumstances to relinquish the rôle of bystander for that of combattant, got upon the next boat for Europe.

Frederick Palmer was hobnobbing in Monterrey with the Carranzistas in the interest of *Everybody's Magazine* when the call to arms came. The problems of Mexico suddenly seemed stale and flat to Palmer, who hot-footed it to New York, throwing off an article of analysis and prognostication on the European conflict during his thirty-six hours' stay in the metropolis before hastening across the Atlantic. Arthur Ruhl, Cincinnatus like, dropped the plough on the parental farm in Illinois to see that *Collier's* was not beaten on this story of stories, while Richard Harding Davis, with whom wars have become a habit, swung aboard the *Lusitania* at the head of a small army of writers whose expenses are guaranteed by the New York *Tribune*.

From the west came John Reed of the *Metropolitan,* lately of Pancho Villa's Army of the North, while Will Irwin ceased dabbling in Scituate sand to go abroad for *Collier's* and the *American Magazine*. Irvin Cobb, of the New York *World* and the *Saturday Evening Post;* Samuel G. Blythe, of the *Post;* W. G. Shepherd, of the United Press Associations; the veteran James Barnes, John McCutcheon and André Tridon who are two of the many who went over to "free lance"; Henry Reuterdahl, of *Everybody's;* Robert Dunn, of the New York *Evening Post;* Arno Dosch, of *World's Work;* and Gerald Morgan, of the New York *Tribune,* are other American correspondents in Europe whose names the public knows.

A war is an important assignment, and for the most part the American correspondents have been given *carte blanche* by their editors, to go where they please and spend what they please. As far as the former privilege is concerned, our correspondents are finding it comparatively easy to go anywhere, except to the front. Never was there a war in which the movements of the newspaper men were so restricted as this. The lid was clamped down tightly at the beginning, and if anything it has been screwed tighter since the opening of hostilities.

Each of the armies in the field has a set of regulations carefully drawn up with an eye to preventing war correspondents getting any real war news at all. If a man is with the Germans he must get a permit each time he wishes to leave the immediate vicinity of his tent and he is never allowed to get within eye-shot of the line of battle. The Germans have a number of officers who speak foreign tongues and whose particular mission it is to see that the war reporters are well entertained—far from the source of news.

No correspondent is allowed to travel with the French army unless he is a citizen of France or of one of the countries allied with France in this struggle, a rule that nominally, at least, cuts out Americans at once. Then each correspondent is obliged to submit certificates of character and physical fitness to take the field, with three photographs to be kept by the military authorities, and he must also pledge himself to abide by all the regulations.

A white armlet is provided by the French for each correspondent on which is inscribed his name, nationality and the name of his newspaper. He must

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not leave his quarters without a permit, which is not issued at advance posts, and he is not allowed to wander about in the war zone unless accompanied by a specially detailed officer. The French Government pays the living expenses of all journalists with its troops and gives them free medical service, but it enforces the rule which the American army has recently adopted that each newspaper is entitled to only one representative with the army, and it demands that all newspapers who have men at the front send copies each day to the Minister of War for his inspection.

If, in the face of these almost insuperable difficulties, a man gets his hand on a bundle of news, he then faces the problem of sending it out. In other words, he finds himself up against that bugaboo of war correspondents, the censor.

Practically all the war news that has been coming from Europe has been coming either from England or from France. Germany and Russia have been sewed up. Under the censorships of both France and England the use of code in the body of messages is forbidden, and all references to military movements, such as the whereabouts and plans of armies, and all accounts of losses and defeats are strictly banned. Before the war was much more than a week old the French Cable Company served notice that messages were subject to a minimum delay of forty-eight hours, and in England, where the censorship is more severe, the delay has often been greater. The feelings of a war correspondent with a big piece of news

WAR CORRESPONDENTS MARKING TIME IN TAMPA DURING THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR. THE THREE ON THE LEFT (READING DOWN) ARE FREDERIC REMINGTON, CASPAR WHITNEY AND GROVER FLINT; ON THE RIGHT, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS AND CAPTAIN ARTHUR LEE

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to send home in the face of this state of affairs may well be imagined.

In messages sent from England the use of code even in the address is forbidden, and no message will be transmitted unless carrying the full address of the addressee even to his street number and unless signed by the full name of the sender. Thus it will not do to send a cable to "The *Sun,* New York." *Sun* correspondents must address their cable news to "The New York *Sun,* 170 Nassau Street, New York, U. S. A." Thus, too, if correspondent William Theophilus Smith wishes to advise his fond mother that he has not been bullet-struck or disease-smitten he may not sign his message with the usual "Bill," but must sign in full, "William Theophilus Smith." The result is that messages from England have averaged twice their usual length and the service has been fully fifty per cent. slower than it would have been had not this unnecessary rule been adopted.

The most maddening feature of the cable service from England has been the fact that owing to an insufficient supply of censors correspondents are frequently forced to experience the anguish of knowing that important despatches are being held up for hours until the overworked censor can get through the pile of cables ahead of them. This is enough to drive any newspaper man to drink.

The Japanese were the first to show that they had fully learned the lesson of the Franco-Prussian War, in which the defeats of the French were in no inconsiderable degree due to the fact that the Germans were able to gain from French and neutral newspapers advance knowledge of the movements of their enemies. The first great land fight of the Russian-Japanese War, the battle of the Yalu River, brought to the attention of an astonished world a new policy of a warring nation toward the hirelings of the newspapers of neutral countries. The Japanese allowed no cable to go out which contained any information on the position of their armies, or on the extent of their losses, or their plans for the future. Written matter, even when containing most caustic criticism of the Japanese, was smilingly viséd by the censors of the Mikado, who well realised that it could not be published within thirty days of the date of its transmission, by which time the entire military situation would be changed.

The wisdom of the Japanese was in striking contrast to the stupid policy of Lord Stanley, the British Chief Censor in the Boer War. A reporter with the English forces might cable all he pleased of casualty lists and military movements, but let him breathe a word of criticism of the tactical wisdom of the British commanders, and he at once found himself *persona non grata.*

Under the present air-tight and iron-bound censorship the only way of getting an important and essentially complete piece of news to America by cable, aside from sheer luck or carelessness on the part of the censor, is through the use of some extremely simple and practically "invisible" code pre-arranged between correspondent and editor such as that by which William G. Shepherd of the United Press Associations scored a complete "beat" over his fellow correspondents on the occupation of Vera Cruz by American marines and bluejackets.

As soon as the American forces began to come ashore Shepherd got the following innocent looking message past the Mexican censor:

"Films forwarded in Vera Cruz."

This meant to Shepherd's New York office, "American marines landed in Vera Cruz."

The next message from the American correspondent was:

"Lawrence is in Vera Cruz. He will send cable despatches from there. Haggerty probably leaving there for Mexico City. All quiet, two o'clock." This meant, "American forces are in Vera Cruz and will cable the report of their landing from there. The Mexican defenders of Vera Cruz are falling back toward Mexico City. All is quiet here at two o'clock."

In talking about this *coup* after his re-

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turn to the United States, Shepherd made some remarks which bring out the necessity of the closest co-operation between correspondent and managing editor and the necessity of ability on the part of the latter to read between the lines of cryptic cable despatches.

"After the message had cleared," said Shepherd, "I realised that if I did put over a beat and any one in the New York office was so thoughtless as to send me a wire of congratulation, it would turn the censor's suspicions into conviction and convert me from a correspondent into a prisoner in one of Mr. Huerta's privately conducted jails. I did not enjoy figuring what would happen to me in such a situation. The more I thought of it, however, the more certain I was that the New York office would appreciate the situation, and my confidence proved well grounded."

After all, the Japanese conception of the war correspondent's position is correct. It is hard on the war-crazed public, eager for a shred of news from the front, and hard on the men who for adventure and money go to wars for newspapers that the reporters are not allowed to roam about at will, jumping from one army to another and back again, as they were wont to do before Japan set the international fashion the other way. But when all is said and done, the war correspondent has no inalienable right to be at the front, and it is absurd for an army to maintain a publicity bureau to let the enemy know of its position and plans. Indeed, in the "good old days" when correspondents were allowed to come and go as they pleased, without showing credentials from any newspaper and without registering with the home War Office, each writer was largely dependent for success on the extent of his pull with army and navy officers and inevitably, therefore, was before all things else a personal press agent for his particular good angel.

So firmly intrenched in their traditional privileges were the correspondents who covered our early troubles in the Philippines on account of this power of "knocking" or "boosting" officers, collectively or individually, that after the newspaper men in a round robin letter protested against the imposition of a rather strict censorship the command came from Washington to "conciliate the newspaper men."

Americans who are now spectators in the theatre of war in Europe are learning that the proper function of a war correspondent to-day is mainly that of a historian who sees a small cross-section of the conflict which is valuable as a piece of history to be put together after the war with the contributions of other observers. For a magazine writer a war offers still a field fertile with "colour" and descriptive material palatable to the public. So far as the newspapers are concerned, however, they are beginning to learn that it no longer pays them to send out writers whose reputations have been made in the field of fiction, or whose only success as war correspondents was won in the old easy-going days, when a dashing manner and a feeling for theatrical values was what counted. The newspapers are coming to see that a war is much like any other assignment, and they are coming to depend more and more on members of their regular staffs, in other words, on everyday straight-ahead good out-and-out newspaper men. The successful newspaper war correspondent to-day must have a good news sense, physical endurance, organising ability, and a large expense account—especially a large expense account.

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LÈSE MAJESTÉ IN GERMANY*

BY ROBERT C. BROOKS

To the average American the desire to speak insultingly of the President of the United States presents itself rarely, if ever. Even in the midst of party conflict, the due meed of respect is freely accorded both to the man and to the great office which he clothes. No statute attempts to enforce moderation of language with regard to him; indeed no one dreams that such a statute will ever become necessary. The penalties naturally attached to what would be regarded by all right-minded men as a lamentable breach of good taste are more than sufficient. Not so in Germany, where the majesty that doth hedge a king seems insufficient of itself to keep the tongues of majesty's subjects straight. Americans were once accustomed to find a satisfactory explanation for this state of affairs in the Emperor's over-indulgence in oratory, epigram, and telegram. Being "talked at" so much, it was assumed that even the patient Teuton must feel the need at times of "talking back" in spite of all the pains and penalties therefor duly made and provided. Since we have become better acquainted with William II—or shall we be more precise and say, since the visit of Prince Henry—our own respect for the Kaiser has appreciably increased and our former theories about him have been thoroughly overhauled. Possibly also our recent sympathy for those who assailed him with insult has decreased. Still, it remains true that no feature of modern political life in Germany appeals to us as more singular than the attempt to prevent by statute and public prosecutor any irreverent utterance regarding royalty.

THE GERMAN LAW OF LÈSE MAJESTÉ

The heinous crime of insulting majesty,—pity that the German language can find no more acceptable expression for it than the ponderous compound *Majestätsbeleidigung*,—is dealt with by Section 95 of the German Imperial Criminal Code. Imprisonment or confinement in a fortress for not less than two months nor more than five years is threatened those who insult the Emperor, the sovereign of their respective States, or the sovereign of the State in which they happen to be sojourning. According to the extremely broad and elastic interpretation of the courts, to "insult" means to say or do, either in public or private, with or without intention to offend, anything deemed irreverent to the princes mentioned. Thus the person who failed to rise in response to a toast to the Emperor would come under the provisions of the law as clearly as one who spoke disrespectfully of him. In addition to the penalty prescribed above, persons found guilty under Section 95 may be punished by the loss of any public office which they hold, and by the forfeiture of any rights they possess as the result of any public election (Section 96). Thus the Social Democrat newly elected to the Reichstag whose overwhelming majority in a crowded city district should tempt him to express too candid an opinion of the Emperor might in consequence lose both his liberty and his office. By Section 97 of the Code, lighter penalties are provided for insults affecting regents, or other than reigning members of princely houses. It is, therefore, by no means politic in Germany to call even the grand-aunt of royalty an old goose, at least not without carefully considering whether the pleasure of relieving your mind in this elevated way is, after all, worth a month's imprisonment, to say nothing of

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the risk you run of receiving a sentence of three years for so harmless, and possibly so veracious, a remark. Not that the ability to prove the truth of your allegation would release you as in the case of an ordinary libel suit; indeed it would evidently have no other effect than to increase the enormity of your offence.

HOW THE LAW WORKS: MINOR INFRACTIONS

Dead letter laws are not so common in Germany as they are in certain regions considerably less remote. The statute regarding lèse majesté is no exception to this rule. Statistics collected in 1898, at the end of the first decade of the present Emperor's reign, showed that since his accession to the throne much more than one thousand years of imprisonment had been inflicted upon offenders under Section 95 of the Code. Between 1898-1904, convictions have been notoriously more numerous than before. Scarcely a week elapses without the notice in the general press of the country of three or four trials of this character. Americans can well afford to laugh over the comic-opera effects of the few cases which find their way into our foreign news columns, but to the German lèse majesté is not entirely a laughing matter. Nevertheless it remains true that no section in the whole Criminal Code of the Empire is so frequently broken.

Of course, the great majority of the infractions of the law occur under circumstances which render vain the vigilance of the officious policeman and the ambition of sycophantic prosecuting attorneys. Not all walls in Germany have ears; but the proverb regarding stolen fruit is as true in the *Vaterland* as elsewhere.

There are many Germans, even among the most loyal, who without a thought of malice are decidedly of the opinion that a good joke on the Emperor is all the better for the fact that it has to be told strictly *sub rosa*.

One favourite legend, usually related under the protection of drawn shutters and bolted doors, touches satirically upon the Kaiser's well-known propensity for travel. According to the story, part of the entertainment provided by an itinerant circus of the usual German kind consisted in a dialogue carried on by the performers somewhat after the fashion of the American minstrel show. The end-man of the troupe began by asking innocently: "What was the favourite motto of our first Emperor?" To this, the middle-man responded with William I's well-known saying: "I have no time to be tired." (*"Ich habe keine Zeit müde zu sein."*) Amid patriotic applause followed the question: "What was the favourite motto of our second Emperor?" Frederick III's pitiful note of resignation, "Learn to suffer without complaining," was the rejoinder. (*"Lerne leiden ohne zu klagen."*) Silence hung over the audience as the third question was propounded: "You have been good enough to tell us what William the Great and the beloved Frederick said; now please tell the ladies and gentlemen what is the favourite maxim of our present Emperor." "'Gusta, pack up your trunks!" came the irreverent reply in the tone of a man ordering his wife to make summary preprations for departure.

The audience which listened to this sally found it hugely amusing, less, perhaps, for its humour than because of its forbidden character. To the unfortunate middle-man, the joke may not have seemed so excruciatingly funny when the court gave him three months in which to meditate in the seclusion of a prison cell upon the dangers of misplaced levity. Apparently this punishment was not sufficient, however, for shortly before he was to be released hand-bills were spread broadcast announcing that upon his return to the circus, he would resume his former rôle. As a result of this advertising an immense crowd attended upon the occasion of the ex-prisoner's reappearance. It goes without saying that the police were likewise on hand. In Germany they usually are. All the dia-

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logue recited above was repeated without interference down to the last question; the great audience craned forward in eager and mirthful anticipation; the police took a firmer grip on their clubs, but to the pregnant query: "What is the motto of our present Emperor?" the chastened Thespian smiled idiotically, scratched his head, and finally succeeded in saying that he thought he had known the answer to that question three months before, but somehow, in the meantime, he had misplaced it. The roar of laughter that went up at this showed how well the audience knew what his former answer had been, and also how thoroughly the discomfiture of the police was appreciated. Thus were the authorities baffled of their prey, while actually, although not technically, William II. was advertised as a gadabout monarch.

No American whose relations with Germans have become confidential ever escapes the story of a fellow countryman's alleged encounter with the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law. According to this more than twice-told tale, two citizens of the United States newly arrived in Berlin fell in with each other in the crowded Café Bauer, and very indiscreetly began a conversation on the merits and demerits of the reigning Hohenzollern. One of the gentlemen, whose views of majesty in general and of William's majesty in particular, were not of the most exalted kind, finally went so far as to remark that in his opinion the Kaiser was a d—— fool. Although the words were spoken in English, they were hardly out of his mouth before a policeman stepped up and placed him under arrest. "Wh—what," gasped the astounded American, "you don't mean to say that you arrest a man in this country for saying a little thing like that?" "Ohf gourse," responded the vigilant guardian of the law, "dot's *Majestätsbeleidigung.*" There seemed nothing for it but to accompany brass buttons and spiked helmet to the station house pending an appeal to the Embassy. Suddenly an inspiration seized the offending American. "Oh, that's all right," he said airily, "I wasn't talking of your Emperor at all; I meant the Kaiser of Russia." For a moment it seemed that the ruse would succeed, but the policeman was not to be eluded so easily. "Nein, dot von't go," he said, with the emphasis of complete conviction, "dere vos only vun Kaiser dot vos a d—— fool!"

Altogether hundreds of such stories are in circulation in Germany. The narration of any one of them might be made the basis of a prosecution, yet only very seldom are they told in an insulting spirit. While, perhaps, no great harm is done by their constant repetition, it is evident that they do not tend to strengthen in the breasts of the people a proper respect for the crown and its august wearer. Of the great majority of such stories it must be said that they contain very little of the saving salt of humour, and were it not for their forbidden character would probably soon be forgotten. To this extent, then, the law of lèse majesté evidently defeats its own purpose.

EVASIONS AND VIOLATIONS OF THE LAW BY THE PRESS OF GERMANY

Far more serious than the offences of those who merely repeat disrespectful stories about the Kaiser are the constant evasions and violations of the law in the press and periodicals of Germany. Many political and journalistic opponents of the Emperor's policy are sufficiently embittered to be willing to make every effort in the way of insulting him. No doubt their determination to do so, at least so far as they deem it consistent with safety, is materially strengthened by the existence of the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law. To draw a cartoon so cleverly, or to hurl an epithet so deftly that every one knows at whom it is aimed, while at the same time no possible ground is left upon which the State's Attorney can begin proceedings, is a decided feather in the cap of the journal which accomplishes the feat. Private gain, as well as the desire for political revenge, plays a part among the motives which impel men to violate or evade Section 95 of the Code.

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Certain comic papers especially are currently reputed to owe no small part of their circulation to the confident and seldom disappointed belief of their readers that each issue can be depended upon to come as near as possible to insulting the Kaiser without directly doing so. Some of the journalistic devices called forth by necessity in the guise of the law against lèse majesté are extremely in-

Satan: Endlich weiß ich, was der Knoten bedeutet, den ich mir in den Schwanz gemacht habe: ich wollte ja den alten Fritz holen, denn „wer kein braver Christ ist, der ist kein braver Mann und auch kein braver preußischer Soldat und kann unter keinen Umständen das erfüllen, was in der preußischen Armee von einem Soldaten verlangt wird." Na, vielleicht gelingt es mir, bei einer Superrevision das Versäumte nachzuholen und die himmlischen Heerscharen von den schlechten Christen und schlechten Soldaten zu befreien.

NEWS FROM THE CAMP OF THE HEAVENLY HOSTS

Kladderadatsch's satirical comment upon the Emperor's announcement that no one could be a good soldier who was not a good Christian. This cartoon cost the editor of the offending paper three months in prison, and the confiscation of the issue containing it.

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genious, whatever one may think with regard to the veiled strictures they make upon the character or actions of the Emperor.

Probably no more brilliant achievement was ever accomplished in this field than that of the Berlin *Post*. Commenting on the Kaiser's remarkable contributions to the recent *Babel und Bibel* controversy, the editor of that paper was moved to quote from Shakespeare's *Henry V:*

"Hear him but reason in Divinity
And all admiring, with an inward wish,
You would desire the King were made a prelate."

Imagine, if you please, the state of dreadful doubt into which the guardians of the King's majesty must have been thrown by this ambiguous text! On the one hand, they were at liberty to disregard the well-known political and religious proclivities of the *Post,* and take its quotation as a delicate compliment upon the monarch's ability in the rarefied atmosphere of the higher biblical criticism. On the other, it might be construed as the expression of a covert, but none the less fervent, wish that William II should devote himself to pursuits which would keep him permanently out of political mischief. Unfortunately for the public prosecutor, however, he could hardly take the latter horn of the dilemma without exposure to the risk of being himself accused of interpreting in an insulting manner what outwardly bore the semblance of a charming and highly complimentary classical quotation bearing upon his majesty's theological gifts.

One might be tempted to pity the troubled lot of the political cartoonist in Germany consequent upon the limitations imposed by the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law. Such sympathy would be sadly wasted, however, for nowhere is the art of caricature so abundantly pursued. The only apparent effect of the law is to increase the public demand for clever pictorial flings at royalty. Among innumerable cartoons of this character may be mentioned one representing a scene in an alcove of an art gallery. Two gentlemen are standing before the portrait of a stocky personage in a rich Dutch costume of the sixteenth century. "This," remarks one of them, "is a picture of William the Silent." "I didn't know William was ever silent," responds his companion.

Another cartoon which was much laughed at and discussed at the time of its appearance dealt with the Kaiser's absurd statement that no one could be a good soldier who was not a good Christian. In the foreground of the picture is seen his Satanic majesty quizzically regarding a knot tied in his own tail. "Ah, now I remember why I tied that knot in my tail," he is saying. "It was to remind me to go after the old Fritz, since 'he who is not a good Christian is—not a good Prussian soldier, nor can he under any circumstances perform the duties demanded of a soldier in the Prussian army.'" The words of majesty thus quoted verbatim by the devil are being read with mirth and astonishment by Leonidas, Alexander, Napoleon, and Frederick the Great, whose shades appear outlined against the clouds in the background. Satan continues hopefully, "Now, perhaps I may succeed in securing a revision of St. Peter's judgment and thus be able to free the heavenly hosts from bad Christians and bad soldiers." Although the artist responsible for this masterpiece could easily have quoted almost any number of pagan or irreligious military heroes in addition to those portrayed in the cartoon, the argument was hastily dropped when the issue of the paper containing the "insult" was confiscated and its editor sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

It goes without saying that in the midst of the constantly repeated attempts of journalists and cartoonists to drive as near the edge of the precipice as possible, some of them, as in the last mentioned instance, occasionally topple over. According to the Press Law of Germany, every periodical is obliged to publish in each issue the name of some person as its responsible editor. In case anything con-

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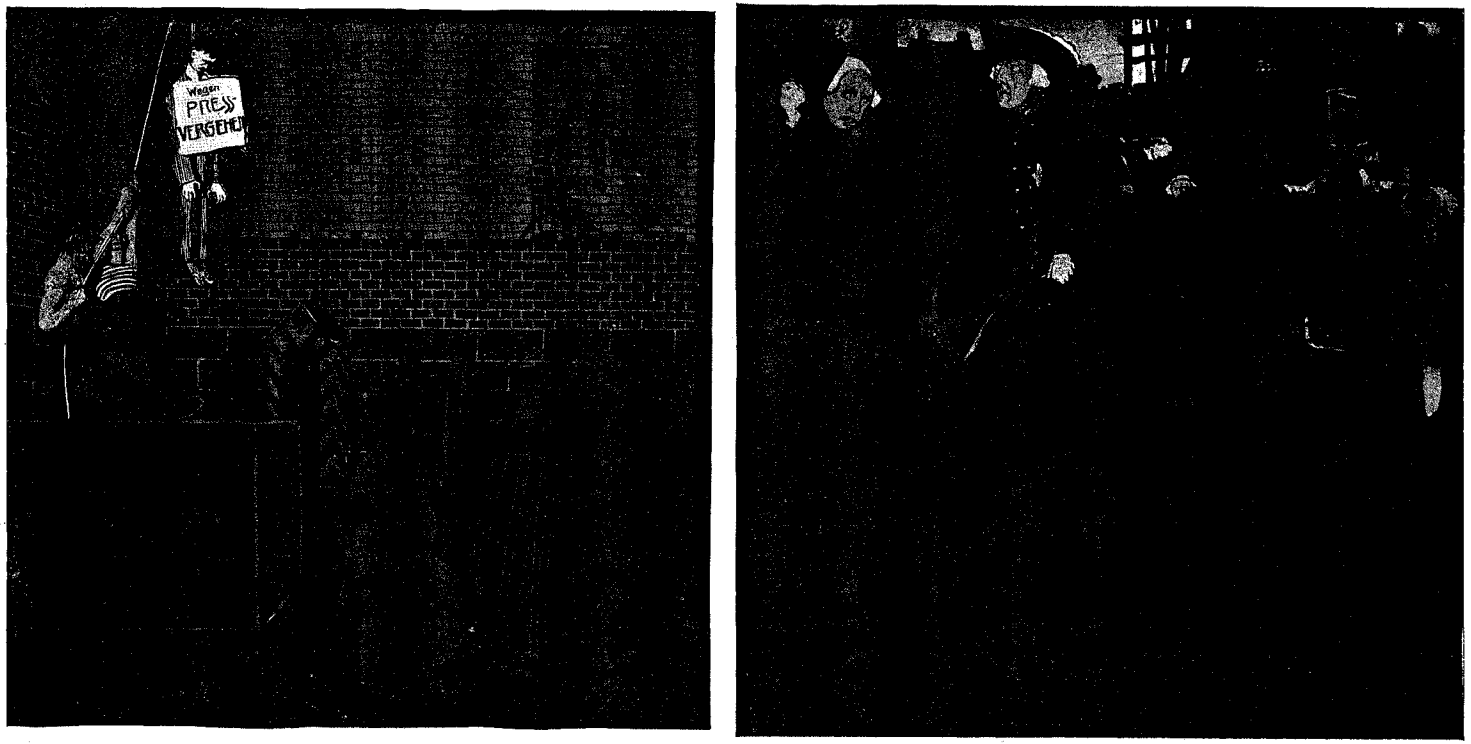

ON HANGING. PICTURES SHOWING PROGRESS MADE IN TWO CENTURIES

Frederick the Great ordered a caricature of himself to be hung lower that all might see it. In the present century the order is to hang the editor higher, while soldiers, prosecuting attorney, and ladies watch the sport. From *Simplicissimus*.

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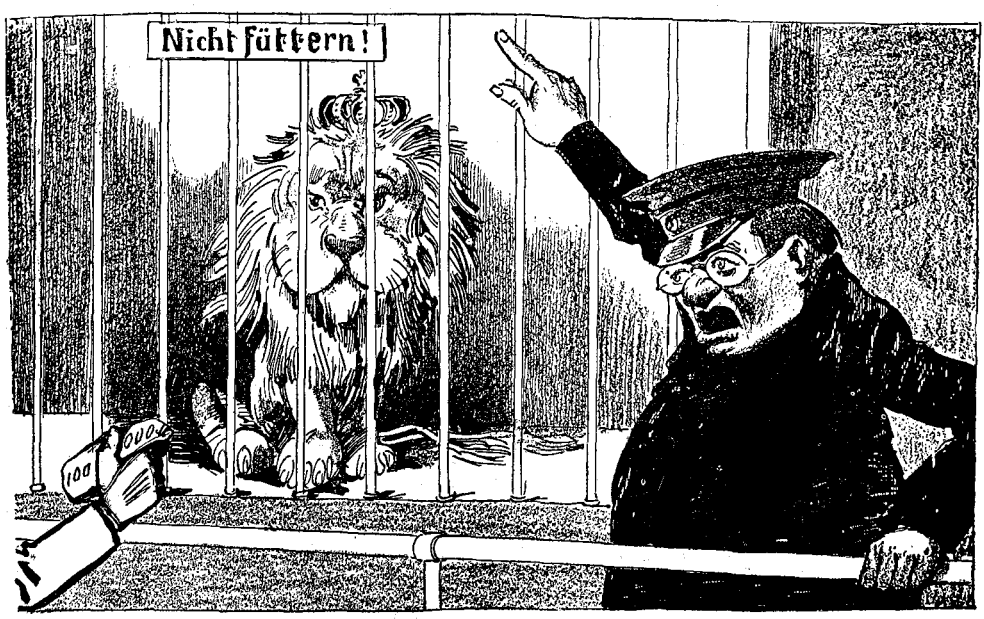
trary to law is then allowed to appear, the responsible editor is held liable for the offence. At first sight it might seem that this would afford the government so quick and secure a means of punishment that lèse majesté would rarely occur. It is asserted, however, that comic periodicals of the class that makes a business of insulting the Emperor regularly, utilise this very provision of the Press Law as a means of escaping punishment. Instead of publishing the name of the person really responsible for their management, they secure by means of liberal payments the use of the name of some utterly irresponsible party who is then gazetted as *Verantwortlicher Redakteur*. Of course, only a short time usually elapses before the paper is deprived by legal process of his valuable services, but substitutes of the same character are readily obtainable, and the paper goes merrily on. In view of this expedient, is it not time to modify somewhat our stereotyped conviction regarding the slowness and unprogressiveness of German journalism?

ONE-SIDED WAR BETWEEN EMPEROR AND SOCIALISTS

Such devices to escape punishment as have just been described are not commonly employed by the Social-democratic press of Germany. As a consequence, nearly every editor and many political leaders of that party have served one or more terms in prison for lèse majesté or offences against the Press Law. To some extent, of course, this increases their

Der bayerische Löwe!



Da der pflichteifrige Wärter beschlossen hat, das Thier knapp zu halten, geräth er über einen unbefugten Fütterungsversuch in begreifliche Aufregung.

THE BAVARIAN LION

Kladderadatsch's contribution to the Emperor's Bavarian telegram episode represents the Bavarian lion behind the bars of a cage. In defiance of the sign "Don't feed the animals," to which the Clerical keeper warningly points, a hand is seen offering 100,000 marks in bills to the royal beast. Prudential reasons explain the failure of the artist to present a full length portrait of the owner of the intruding hand.

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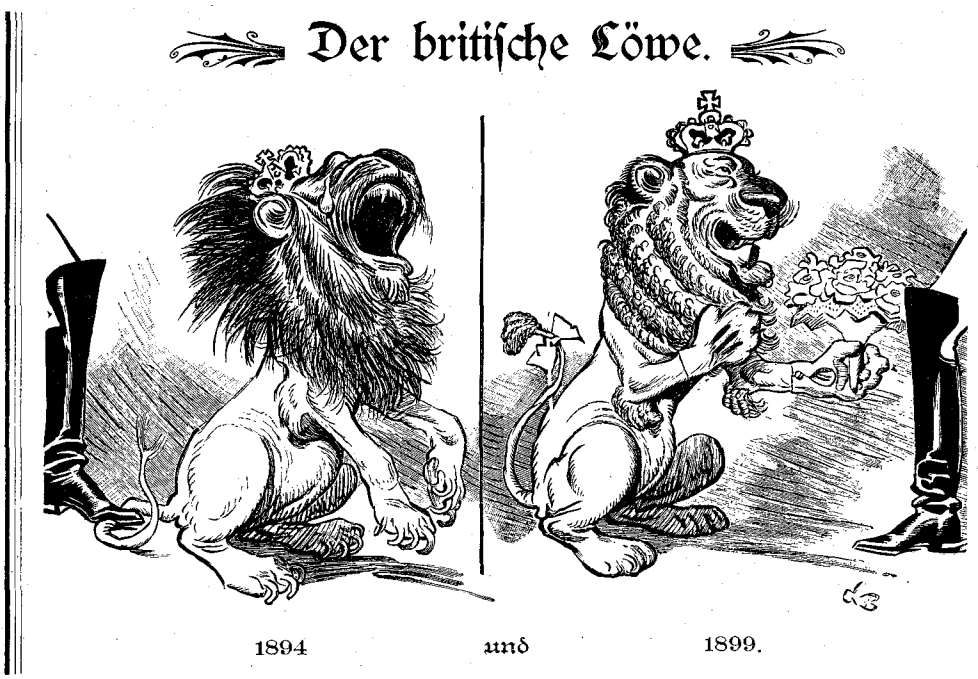
prestige in the ranks of their comrades, and consequently they are not altogether losers by their martyrdom. The real motives of the Socialists go far deeper, however. It is something more than a conflict of social theories and social classes in which they are engaged. To the struggle between the present order and the future state of which the Social Democrats dream, there has been superadded a sharp personal conflict between the crowned and consecrated incarnation of the one and the democratic tribunes of the other. The determination of the present Emperor to rule personally, to be his own Chancellor as the saying goes, has greatly intensified the situation. One of the effects of this policy has been to widen the scope of the law against insult owing to the much larger number nowadays of imperial words and deeds upon which comment is dangerous. Under the circumstances, great personal bitterness would have been inevitable even if both parties had been far more conciliatory than they actually were and are. There can be no doubt that the length to which the Emperor has frequently gone in denouncing the Social Democrats has added oil to the flames of passion. The official reports of his speeches confess to such phrases as "Agitators devoid of Patriotism," "Enemies of the Empire and of their Fatherland," etc.; and if the testimony of many of his hearers is to be believed, the heat of oratory has often carried him much farther. The Socialists would be more than human if they remained quiet under such taunts, but if they dare to reply in terms disrespectful to the Emperor's person, they must pay the penalty. In so thoroughly one-sided a conflict it is impossible not to feel a very considerable measure of sympathy



THE BRITISH LION

Emperor William's truculent telegram to Oom Paul, in 1894, led to the publication in *Klatteradatsch* of the cartoon on the left. The reversal of his former policy in favor of England during the Boer War is caricatured on the right. Noteworthy in the two pictures is the fact that only the imperial boot is allowed to appear by the artist. To have gone further would have been to court the terrors of the Lèse Majesté law.

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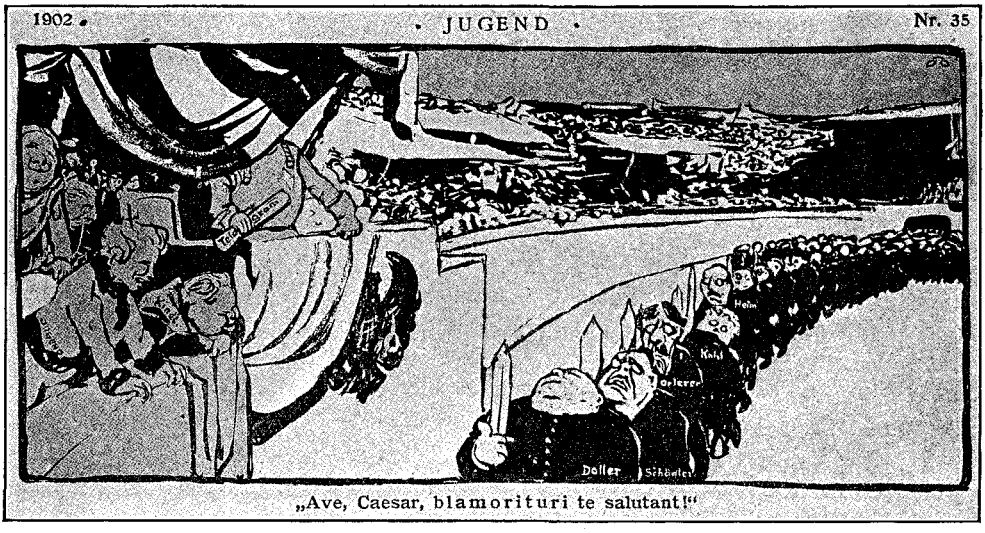

„Ave, Caesar, blamorituri te salutant!"

When in 1902, the Clerical majority in the Bavarian parliament refused to grant the government the usual annual appropriation of 100,000 marks for the purchase of works of art, Emperor William impulsively telegraphed to the Prince Regent of Bavaria offering to give the sum out of his private purse. So unwarranted an interference in the affairs of one of the federal states could not be passed over in silence by the German comic press. *Jugend* represents Emperor William holding a telegram as Jove might hold a thunderbolt, while the Clerical representatives file before him upon the dust of the arena shouting, "Hail Cæsar, those about to be *blamed* salute thee!" Fortunately for the editor, the folds of the flag conceal the Emperor's head. The features of the Imperial Chancellor, behind him and to the left, leaves no doubt, however, as to the identity of the wielder of the telegram.

for the editors and party leaders who are sent to prison for an offence morally no worse than that which the Emperor himself commits against them. He reserves the right of throwing stones at the Socialists, but they may throw nothing harder than sponges at him.

HOW WILLIAM II WAS COMPARED WITH CALIGULA

Humourists and Socialists are not the only thorns in the flesh of majesty, however. Among the many shafts that have been aimed at the German Emperor none can compare with the work of L. Quidde, a well-known German professor and historical writer. A little pamphlet which he published in 1894 under the title, *Caligula, a Study of Roman Imperial Madness,* has all the earmarks of a severely scientific bit of research. Foot-notes, copious references to Suetonius, Dio Cassius, and other Roman historians, and the general arrangement of the text all contribute to make it appear nothing more than a learned historical monograph. The only flaw which makes it ring conspicuouly false to the scholar's sense is the lack of critical discrimination shown in following some of the wilder stories of the Roman chroniclers. This, however, only heightens the colour of the picture, and enables the writer to bring out more sharply the many superficial similarities between the lives of Caligula and William II. Not that he does so except by implication; for there is not a word in the whole monograph referring directly to the present ruler of Germany. Nevertheless, the briefest summary of Quidde's work will suffice to show how irresistibly the minds of all its readers were compelled to complete the parallel of which he drew only one side.

The underlying theory illustrated in this ostensible life of Caligula is that weak-minded princes are liable to a pe-

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MINGLED EMOTIONS

Insults directed against other than reigning members of the royal house are also punishable. Prince Henry's reception in the United States as it appeared to *Kladderadatsch,* does not, therefore, represent the brother of the Emperor in such a way that he could be identified in court. The gentlemen to the left in the picture are anti-American members of the Reichstag, whom "Policeman" Buelow, the Imperial Chancellor, is striving to keep quiet during the royal visit. *Zolltarif,* the rising sun of protection, explains their desire to throw stones at Uncle Sam.

culiar form of insanity resulting from, and expressing itself in, the excesses which a knowledge of their power and the slavish adulation of their entourage lead them to commit. It is pointed out that Germanicus, the father of Caligula, was dearly beloved by the Roman people who expected freer and happier days from him. Germanicus, however, was not in favour with the old Emperor Tiberius, whose interest centred more in Caligula. The latter came to the throne while still very young, and as soon as he felt himself secure in his power began to dismiss the leading statesmen of the Empire, notably General Macro. As a consequence of his ungrateful treatment of this faithful old servant he lost a large part of his popularity. Although with this exception his reign began fairly well, before long Caligula showed that he was possessed of a feverish desire to make himself conspicuous, he rushed impatiently from one undertaking to another, and attempted everything. Fully imbued with the notion of his divine right, he indulged in extravagance and unheard-of pomp; he built for himself magnificent yachts, planned gigantic public monuments and extensive canals, evinced a passionate fondness for army manœuvres, and spoke in public on every possible occasion. Numerous details are employed to fill in this picture of

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Caligula's character, and the monograph concludes with an account of the multiplying evidences of the Emperor's later insanity,—the delusion that he was a god, his delight in fiendish cruelties, and the sickening excesses of vice to which he devoted himself without restraint.

Substitute in the above outline for Caligula, William II; for Macro, Bismarck; for Tiberius, William I; for Germanicus, Frederick III; for the Roman, the German Empire; and observe how far the parallel seems to hold. That is precisely what millions of German readers of this remarkable monograph did; nor can there be any doubt that the minds of many of them were poisoned by its misleading implications. So far is one carried along with the cur-

On the occasion of the meeting between Emperor William and the Czar of Russia at Danzig in 1901, *Jugend* was bold enough to represent the Emperor introducing his six sons to Nicholas, who, it will be remembered, was yet without a male descendant. It is not by accident that, while the Czar is portrayed with his face to the reader, only the fiercely upturned edge of the moustache serves to indicate William as the proud father of the six sturdy boys.

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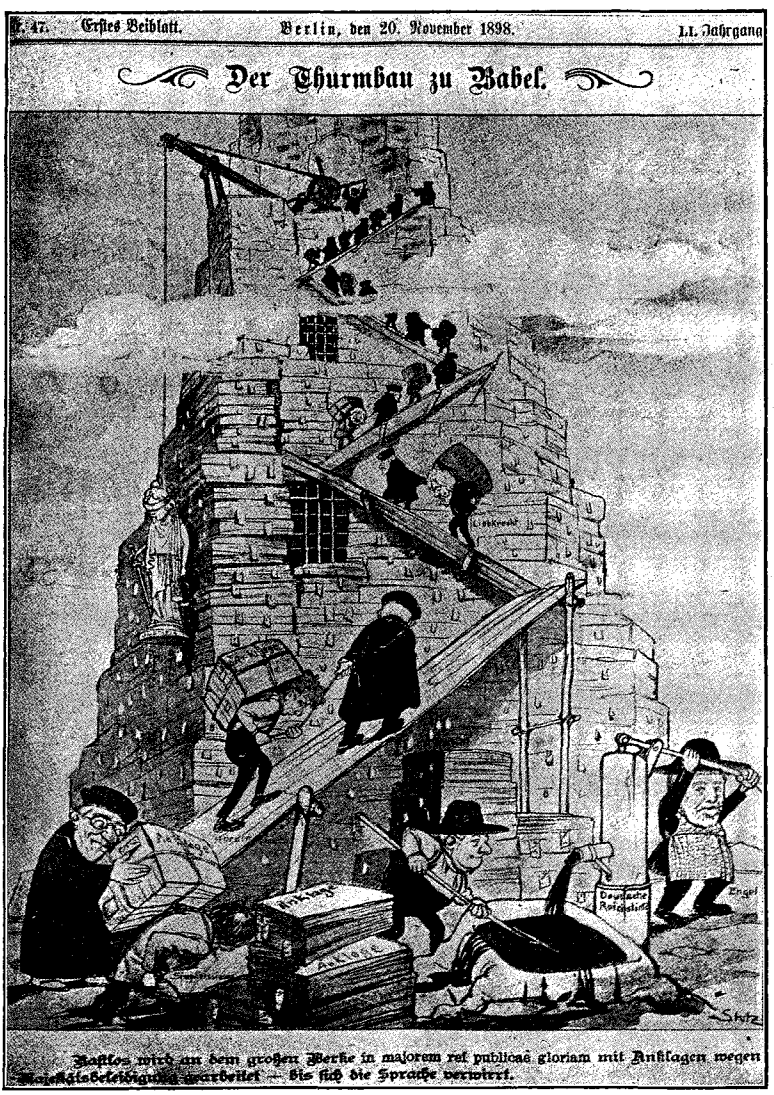
rent of superficial suggestion that it is difficult even for the critical reader to fix the exact points at which the similarity in the lives of the two men ends. Yet there can be not the slightest doubt that to attribute to William II any of the extreme vices, or even the entire list of the lesser faults of Caligula, is to do that monarch the gravest injustice.

In spite of the profound and unquestionably pernicious influence which Quidde's monograph exerted, the State was powerless to take action. He had written about Caligula, not about the



Justiz wird an dem großen Werke in majorem rei publicæ gloriam mit Anklagen wegen Majestätsbeleidigung gearbeitet — bis sich die Sprache verwirrt.

It is not Lèse Majesté to ridicule the Lèse Majesté law. *Kladderadatsch* takes advantage of this fact in a cartoon representing the Tower of Babel being constructed out of great bundles of Lèse Majesté indictments. Up the steep ascent of the structure public prosecutors drag offending editors, burdened with the weight of the accusations against them, while Justice is being hanged at the side.

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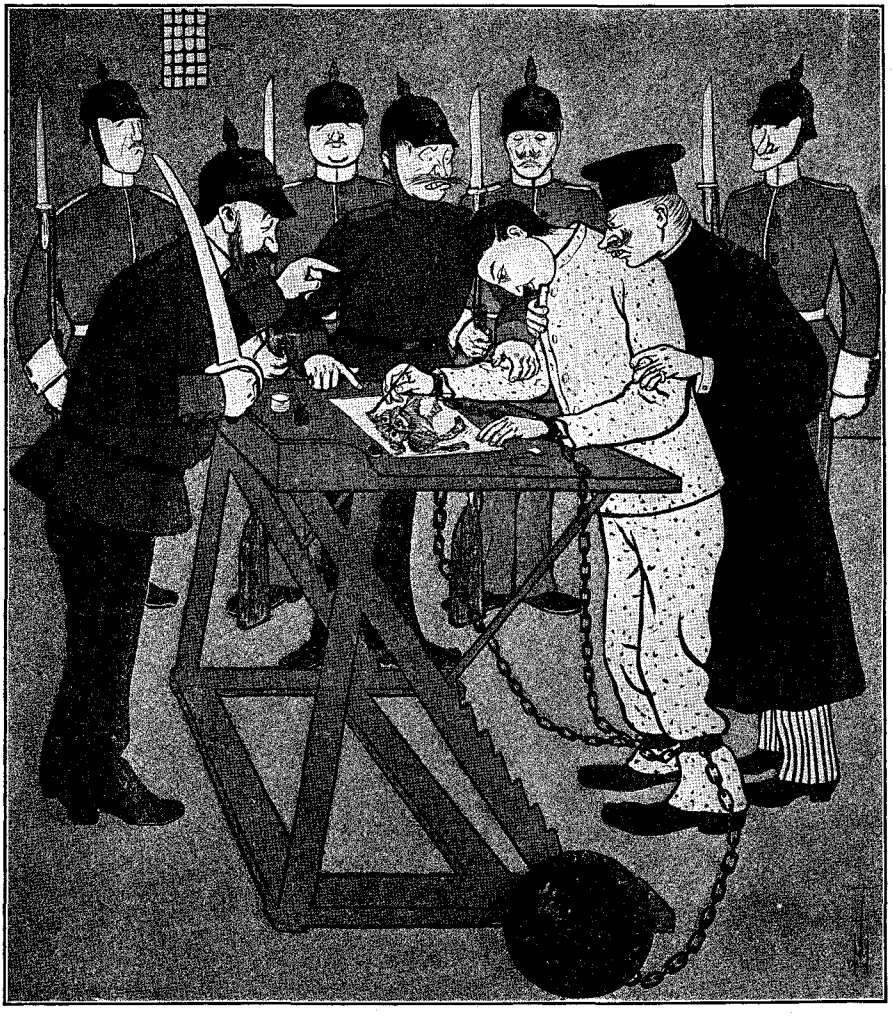
reigning Emperor. To assume that he meant to describe William II would be lèse majesté in itself, and so the hands of the public prosecutor were tied. Some newspaper editors were punished, it is true, for hinting that the account given by Quidde was as applicable to the living German as to the long dead Roman Emperor, but this served only to advertise the work further. A number of ill-advised replies to it had the same effect, although there can be no doubt that the author of *Caligula* has been made to wince more than once by the outspoken condemnation of his professional brethren. In such an emergency, the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law itself was worse than useless. It could not remedy the harm done, it could not punish, while in so far as its existence had created a craving for the literature of insult it was indirectly responsible for the wide attention which



HOW SHALL I MAKE MY NEXT DRAWING

Artist Heine of *Simplicissimus,* at the time under arrest on the charge of Lèse Majesté, portrays himself making his next drawing. Schiller's words, "Life is stern, but Art is joyous," accompany the sketch.

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the *Caligula* received. There was nothing left for the judicious but to grieve, and perhaps to hope that even such severe and exaggerated criticism as that of Quidde might have its uses in tempering the youthful impetuosity of the Emperor.

PROSTITUTION OF THE LAW OF LÈSE MAJESTÉ TO SERVE PRIVATE ENDS

Generally unsatisfactory as is the operation of the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law in political and journalistic cases, a much worse development occurs in its frequent prostitution to serve private ends. Some of the instances of this sort go far towards destroying one's faith in human nature. Examples have already been quoted of the numerous, yet on the whole innocent, witticisms regarding the Emperor which are current everywhere in Germany. The circulation of these stories affords ample opportunity to the depraved characters who for motives of revenge or profit are willing to play the part of informers. In this they are aided by one of the fundamental principles of German law which makes it obligatory upon State's attorneys to prosecute any criminal case brought to their notice. Not infrequently government officials themselves are filled with disgust at the evident motives of the tale-bearers who come before them, but they are, of course, obliged to begin proceedings without regard to their private feelings in the matter. One case, at least, is on record where a prosecuting attorney was compelled to act by an anonymous complaint published as an advertisement in a newspaper and instigated, as every one knew, by a business rival of the man accused therein. Not infrequently discharged servants seek to even matters with their former employers by denouncing them for some imprudent utterance regarding royalty. Readers of German newspapers have long since become familiar with such actual instances as the following:

In the Criminal Court at X——, Frau E—— H——, of L——, was yesterday sentenced to three months' imprisonment for lèse majesté. She was accused on the basis of a remark made in her own home during the Emperor's recent journey to the Holy Land. The conversation had turned to the alleged attempt upon the Emperor's life at Alexandria, and while she was reading the newspaper account of it some insulting utterance escaped her lips. Shortly thereafter she had occasion to discharge a sixteen-year-old stableboy named B——, who promptly informed against her. As the insulting words had also been overheard by the servant girl, T——, the court pronounced Frau H—— guilty, and she was sentenced to prison for the term stated above.

What had the poor woman said? Probably nothing worse than that ancient joke comparing the three Emperors of Germany as *ein greiser Kaiser* (William I), *ein weiser Kaiser* (Frederick II), *und ein reiser Kaiser* (William II); or to translate, which unfortunately destroys the jingle, an aged Emperor, a wise Emperor, and a gadabout Emperor. Yet for probably no more harmful an indiscretion than this the culprit, a respectable woman and the mother of a family, was sent to prison for three months!

According to the German statute of limitations, insults directed against private persons are barred after two years, whereas insults affecting sovereigns may be made the basis of prosecution at any time within five years. One of the consequences of this longer term in the case of lèse majesté is that blackmailer-informers are enabled to extort a living to much better advantage. Also, if the postponement of revenge makes revenge more sweet, in this particular the law leaves little to be desired. Five years is a long time, quite long enough to witness the transformation to vinegar of much of the wine of friendship. Incredible as it may seem, no inconsiderable proportions of the denunciations on account of lèse majesté are made by persons seeking revenge against former friends. There is one case of this sort on record where the accusation was postponed till the last day of the time allowed: for five years did this noble patriot bear in his bosom the rankling memory of the insult to his

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sovereign, for five years was his tender conscience torn with conflicting ideas of duty, but in the end loyalty to the monarch prevailed, and as a consequence his former friend was sentenced to some months' confinement in a fortress.

In the light of such happenings it is, of course, highly imprudent for any one to relate even the most innocent anecdote regarding the Emperor while on German soil. This applies to Americans travelling abroad as much as to any one else. So far as is known to the writer, no citizen of the United States has yet been convicted and imprisoned for lèse majesté, but one instance of an arrest for a rather aggravated offence is recalled in which the culprit only got off after proving that he was hopelessly intoxicated at the time the insulting utterances were made. Probably even this would not have saved him had not the American Embassy interfered in his behalf.

REFORM PROPOSITIONS

It is hard to believe that a monarch so enlightened as William II can view with complacency all the practical workings of the lèse majesté law. That he does so, however, would seem to be a fair inference from the fact that since his accession to the throne the pardoning power has never been used to the benefit of any person convicted of this offence. Moreover, with the Emperor's growing fear of revolution, the tendency is decidedly toward the multiplication of prosecutions and the lengthening of sentences. Against this tendency is arrayed not only the radical, but also the whole liberal sentiment of the nation. The Social Democrats naturally demand the abolition of the law *in toto*. Their less advanced liberal friends would be satisfied with amendments shutting out minor cases of insult, and particularly those resting upon the contemptible foundation of business rivalry or private spite. It has frequently been proposed that all denunciations should be submitted to the Minister of Justice, who could then order suits to be brought whenever in his opinion the magnitude of the offence warranted such action. This would enable the State to pursue intentional offenders as before, while petty cases could be passed over in silence. Yet even this modest measure of reform has not found favour with the ruling element, probably because it is feared that the exercise of such discretion by the Minister of Justice might be made the basis of parliamentary interpellations and criticisms. Considering the general inefficiency and harmfulness of the *Majestätsbeleidigung* law, the positive impulse which it gives to the circulation of irreverent stories; its egregious failure to prevent such monstrous, yet concealed, libels as the *Caligula;* the political bitterness which it has instigated; and the awful harvest of denunciation and hate ripening among the masses of the people under its influence;—considering all these evils in the State, it is indeed a sign of the times that some measure of relief has not yet been worked out by William II and the allied princes of the German Empire.

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AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART VI—WHEN THE SCEPTRE CAME BACK TO NEW YORK

"My first experience was as a master printer," wrote E. C. Stedman. "I edited a country paper, and we had a job-printing office, and we had a devil, and after two or three weeks I discovered that this Mephistopheles was putting on airs. He understood correcting proof better than I did. I made up my mind this would not do, and for six or eight months I worked learning to stick type, until I could give points to the 'devil,' who may have been Sam Clemens disguised."

In 1860 Scribner accepted Stedman's first book, and the young author wrote, "He is a slow publisher and won't advertise, but I am grateful." Years later he said, "I was very anxious to bring out my first book in New York in Boston style, having a reverence for Boston, which I continue to have. I wished to have a 16mo, which I thought was the proper shape for books. There was not a printer who could set up a 16mo, and I went to Mr. Scribner's premises, son of a publisher of blessed memory, who put himself to some expense to indulge me in the whim, and we went to Mr. Craighead's in Centre Street, and I stood over his forms, and there was trouble in locking up, cutting rules and leads. But I brought out the first 16mo ever produced in New York. Since that time I have printed books at the Riverside Press, University Press, and I have had Mr. De Vinne's edition of a book on Japanese paper, and no more beautiful work, so far as beautiful typography is concerned, ever came from the American press."

MARK TWAIN AS AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER

"My experiences as author began early in 1867 in New York City," Mark Twain says somewhere. "I went to Carleton's private office. Discouragements and difficulties followed, but after awhile I got by the frontier and entered the holy of holies. I reminded him that I was there by appointment to offer him my book (of sketches) for publication. He began to swell and went on swelling and swelling and swelling until he had reached the dimensions of a god of about the second or third degree. Then the fountains of his great deep were broken up, and for two or three minutes I couldn't see him for the rain. It was words, only words, but they fell so densely they darkened the atmosphere. Twenty-one years elapsed before I saw Carleton again. He called on me, shook hands cordially, and said without any preliminaries, 'I am substantially an obscure person, but I have at least one distinction to my credit of such colossal proportions that it entitles me to immortality. I refused a book of yours, and for this I stand without competitor as the prize ass of the nineteenth century.' I reported my adventure to Webb, and he bravely said that not all the Carletons in the universe should defeat the book; he would publish it himself on a ten per cent. royalty. And he did. He made the plates and printed and bound the book through a job-printing house, and published it through the American News Company."

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The printers of this book were Gray and Green, for whom Twain had set type thirteen years before. So says Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, from whose admirable biography the following account of Mark's experiences with his publishers is gathered. That was the year the innocents went abroad. The next year he was writing to his mother and sisters: "This great American Publishing Company kept on trying to bargain with me for a book till I thought I would cut the matter short by coming up for a *talk*. I met Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn, and in his usual whole-souled way he said, 'I'll tell you what to do and how to do it.' And he did. I listened well and came up here and made a splendid contract for a *Quaker City* book of five or six hundred pages with illustrations. My percentage is to be a fourth more than they ever paid any author except Greeley. Beecher will be surprised, I guess, when he hears this." Elisha Bliss, Jr. of the American Publishing Company of Hartford, says Mr. Paine, had been somewhat alarming its conservative directorate by publishing books that furnished entertainment to the reader as well as moral instruction, and only his success in paying dividends justified his heresy and averted his downfall. Bliss having made him on his return from abroad an offer for a book, Twain submitted the fifty-two letters he had written during his trip for the San Francisco *Alta California*. This marked the beginning of one of the most notable publishing connections in American literary history.

It turned out that the *Alta* had copyrighted the letters and intended to publish in book form themselves, but matters were settled in a friendly spirit. The title Twain selected for the book, The New Pilgrim's Progress, so shocked the directors that they urged Bliss to relieve the company of so blasphemous a connection. But Bliss declared he would resign and publish the book himself, and this silenced objections. *The Innocents Abroad* proved a success from the start, and naturally made the thrifty Bliss anxious for another. But Mark was very slow, and other publishers were besieging him. In after years he had bitterness and resentment about what he considered a delay in the publication of *The Innocents Abroad,* and for the contract of the next book. But both were unwarranted, as Mr. Paine's figures show, and were only instances of his remembering—as he himself once put it—"the thing that didn't happen." At the time he had written, "I suppose I am to get the biggest copyright ever paid on a subscription book in this country." But it required ten years for *Roughing It* to reach the one-hundred-thousand mark, which *The Innocents* reached in three; and Mark, with his confused notion of business details, says Mr. Paine, somehow felt it was his publisher's fault. The arrangement for *A Tramp Abroad* was on a basis of half profits. When Bliss died, his growing dissatisfaction over the earlier contracts induced him to listen to the eager offers of other publishers; especially as the half-profit returns from *A Tramp Abroad* had convinced him that his former arrangements had cheated him of a great deal. He wrote to his brother that if Bliss had lived he would have remained with the company and made it reimburse him for his losses; but now he was going to sever the connection. Mr. Paine says that Mark was a Colonel Sellers and always imagined himself a business man. He forgot that it was the business of his publisher to make as good a contract as he could, and forgot also that Bliss had always been perfectly square in his dealings.

Osgood got the next book and the one after that. His costly experience with the latter decided him to go into the publishing business on his own account. For this second book he had already installed Webster as Osgood's New York subscription manager; and the combination of Webster's energy and his own output plus his financial backing seemed a strong one. So the firm of Charles L. Webster and Company was formed. *Huckleberry Finn,* in 1884, was his first book to bear the imprint; and Twain felt that its

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success demonstrated that he could dispense with any outside publisher. The book was so successful, indeed, that it prepared the way for a monumental undertaking—*The Memoirs of General Grant.* Competing with the Century Company, to which Grant had practically promised the book, Twain offered the General ten thousand dollars cash and a twenty per cent. royalty. No publishing enterprise of such vastness had ever been undertaken as by this beginner in the business. Grant and Twain together constituted an event of unequalled magnitude, and in 1885 Webster's became all at once the most conspicuous publishing firm in the world. Within two months orders for sixty thousand sets came in. Grant, dying with cancer, discussed his writing day after day with his publisher. "It is curious and dreadful," wrote Mark, "to sit up in this way and talk cheerful nonsense to General Grant and he under sentence of death. He told me once that in my Missouri campaign and his, in 1861, he surprised an empty camp which I had been occupying a day or two before. How near he came to playing the devil with his future publisher!" Reports were circulated of estrangements between the Century Company, with General Grant and with Twain as a result of their decision to get together on the book; and the newspapers naturally exploited and magnified these rumours. Some went so far as to accuse Twain with seeking to obtain a vast fortune for himself at the expense of the General and his family. But as a matter of fact, says Mr. Paine, they were all working together in entire and cordial harmony. In the end, more than three hundred thousand sets of two volumes were sold and about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars paid to Mrs. Grant. The first cheque of two hundred thousand remains the largest single royalty cheque in history. Mark Twain's prophecy, visional as he had always been, had been realised—as a publisher he was now the most important in the world. Three other war books were arranged for, and then the *Life of Pope Leo XIII.* The aggregate sale of this last book, which Twain supposed would be a record-breaker, fell far short of expectation. But all of them paid. Success seemed still assured. Losses began to come, however, and Webster's health was failing. By 1891 Mark's finances—after his meteoric flight—were in a critical condition, though the business was still profitable. At last, his adventure with the new type-setting machine crippled him so that for the first time in twenty years he found himself altogether dependent on writing. The liabilities at the failure in 1894 were one hundred thousand besides Mrs. Clemens's claim of sixty thousand.

But though Mark Twain's life as a publisher had been unprecedentedly illustrious, nothing in it more became him than his manner of leaving it. The firm was bankrupt and his legal responsibility at an end. "I am not a business man," said he (for the first time owning up), "and honour is a harder master than the law. I cannot compromise for less than a hundred cents on the dollar." In the latter part of 1895 he started out on a tour of the English-speaking countries of the world to give lectures and readings from his own works. It took him but two years and a half to wipe off the debt. He returned home in 1900, and at his formal welcome by the Lotus Club said, "Your president has referred to certain burdens which I was weighted with. I am glad he did, as it gives me an opportunity which I wanted. No one has said a word about those creditors. There were ninety-six creditors in all; and not by a finger's weight did ninety-five out of the ninety-six add to the burdens of that time. They treated me well; they treated me handsomely. I never knew I owed them anything; not a sign came from them." He had discharged his obligation as gracefully as he had assumed it, honourably and generously.

Publishers have much to say of the inability or the disinclination of authors to appreciate the details of their business. Certainly the careers of the two great

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author-publishers, or at least authors who hired managers, demonstrate the one and the other. But Twain and Scott are just as certainly the greatest ornaments of the publishing world.

Just before he sailed he wrote to Mr. Harper, "I hope you will put my name to the *Joan of Arc* now, for all that I wanted to accomplish by withholding it has been accomplished. I wish to be appearing in print periodically during my trip around the world, for I shall return and make a wide lecture tour in America next year, and all the advertising I can get will help that enterprise. I can't expect to pay off all the Webster debts in a single lecturing-bout, but I think I can come pretty near it if my name is kept alive." What he wanted to accomplish by withholding it was to be listened to apart from his reputation. "I suppose some of you would call me funny if I were up here in my coffin," said he indignantly to an audience on one occasion when he was making a most earnest plea for the righting of some wrong, and the audience—as was to be expected—rocked with laughter. "Clemens once told me," wrote Mr. J. Henry Harper in the *House of Harper,* "that he made the mistake of his life when he neglected in the early stages of his authorship to assume two *noms de plume*—one for his humourous stories and one for his more serious work, of which he was especially proud in his declining years. "I longed to be the author of a book that the critics would call more than mere humour," he wrote, when smarting over their treatment of *The Prince and the Pauper,* which they would insist on calling funny. "Throughout all the months I was engaged on *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* I was filled with the one thought—it was to be the means of winning me a new place in the world of letters. Before the Harpers began the serial publication of the story an idea struck me hard—the name Mark Twain was the trouble. Convinced of this I called on the Harpers and gave them my views of the case. We wrangled over it for hours, but in the end I had my way, and they consented reluctantly to publish the story anonymously. Well, pretty much everybody is familiar with what followed. I got the verdict. The critics nearly worried themselves into nervous prostration, and maybe I didn't get my revenge!"

THE HARPERS

George Cary Eggleston says that when he presided many years ago at a banquet given by the Authors Club to Mr. Howells it occurred to him, in the course of the casual speeches, that it would be a good idea to hear from some publisher. "Accordingly I called upon Mr. J. Henry Harper—Harry Harper, we who knew and loved him called him. His embarrassment was positively painful to behold. He made no attempt whatever to respond, but appealed to me to excuse him. At this point Mark Twain came to the rescue. 'I'm a publisher myself,' he explained amid a roar of laughter, 'and I'll speak for the publishers.'"

When George William Curtis returned from his Eastern trip he brought back—as Bayard Taylor had set so many travellers to doing—the story of his journey, and submitted it to John Harper. Harper said they had just published a book on Syria. Curtis turned to go. "Not so fast," Harper stopped him. "We never ought to turn a young author away without giving his book a fair consideration. This manuscript may be the finest work ever written—perhaps you and I think so. But you must remember that to a merchant the commodity he deals in is always merchandise." Curtis used to tell this story in after years, and say that if all publishers had acted in this manner there would have been very little trouble between the two factions. Fletcher Harper had long been a trusted and intimate friend when Curtis took the political editorship of *Harper's Weekly* in 1863. "The four well-known brothers," he wrote, "have together left a memorable mark upon the history of business enterprise in New York."

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"How well I remember the homeliness, friendliness, and old-fashioned sweetness of that publishing house a generation ago," says Margaret Sangster in *From My Youth Up*. "The members of the firm as it then existed have been compared to the Cherryble brothers in *Nicholas Nickleby*. No guard on picket duty fenced these gentlemen from intrusion. As the visitor climbed the wide flight of steps from the sidewalk to the counting room, he turned to the right at the top, took a step or two, and there behind a railing in full view, each occupied at his own desk, sat the several men who bore the name of Harper. Four brothers had founded the house, and their pictures framed together adorned the wall of the *Bazar* office. Their sons and grandsons bore a strong resemblance to this honoured quartette, and the resemblance was not in externals only. The look of honesty, sincerity, of kindness and goodness that characterised the countenances of the original four distinguished the faces and the bearing of their descendants. Each had his own department, and the stranger from South Australia or Nebraska, the explorer from Africa, or the young author from Massachusetts might walk in, introduce himself, and be pleasantly greeted by the man with whom he desired to have converse. In summer the entire house, from the heads of the firm to the errand boy, took off its coat in those days. No apology was made for shirt-sleeves. Also in summer one of the firm who, living out of town, possessed a magnificent rose-garden, would encumber himself with a burden of fragrant flowers and send them here and there about the building for the pleasure of the workers with homes in the city and gardens in back yards. In winter many an act of unobtrusive kindness brightened the lives of those who might have been supposed beneath the notice of the august heads of a great publishing house."

For the *House of Harper* Mr. Howells wrote an introduction, from which the following is taken:

By and by Osgood failed in business and I was brought into the relation with Harper and Brothers which has existed, with a few years interval at one time, for twenty-five years in practically the same form. I agreed for a certain salary to write at least one short novel every year, with at least one farce, and as much more as I could or liked on the various kinds of work I was a supposed expert in. Then he made a set at me for something I had hitherto absolutely refused to do: which was to write a department in the magazine every month, covering the whole ground of reviewing and book noticing. I had distinctly objected to it as forming a break in my fictioning. I still think I was right, and that turning aside to critical essaying at that period of my career had the effect I feared. But in vain I urged my reasons against the insistence of the amiable chief who went and came, after the manner of his talk, until I gave way. The house left me free to say what I pleased on whatever topic I chose to talk about. When six years later I gave up "The Study," it was not only because I had grown increasingly restive under the recurrent drain of that essaying, but because it had become more and more difficult for them to place even in their several periodicals the annual novel I gave them. Still they remained my most frequent customers for serial rights, and they remained the publishers of all my subsequent books. It seemed as if this order of things were to continue forever, when I read in the New York *Tribune* that the house of Harper and Brothers had failed. It was as if I had read that the Government of the United States had failed. Apart from the anxiety I felt for my own imaginable share of the ruin, there was a genuine grief for those whom it necessarily involved. I promptly reported myself at Franklin Square, and somehow amid the chaos I contrived to arrange with the new strange powers for a book to be serialized in the *Bazar*, which I learned was under new management. It was all very bewildering. In the vast space without, where the kind Harper brotherhood and cousinhood had abounded at low desks or high, I did not see one familiar face. I grew more and more anxious for the

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future, which stared at me rather vacantly. It proved a needless fear, for during the next decade I had more work than I could do and mainly from the house. Colonel Harvey made me the offer which re-united my fortunes with Franklin Square. I was to give them so many thousand words for so much a year and I was to be a literary advisor. With the winter I came personally to Franklin Square. After I had agreed with Colonel Harvey to come with him I had to go to Mr. Dodd and tell him frankly where I stood. I said that if Colonel Harvey liked me I thought he would like my story, and if Mr. Dodd had not set his heart upon it for THE BOOKMAN it would probably be an advantage to me if I could put it in the hands of Harper and Brothers. In business, which the ignorant think altogether sordid, many delicate and generous things are done, and I could never forget the terms of this eminent publisher's compliance with my suggestion or the wish for my profit and pleasure in the renewal of my old relations with Franklin Square which he so cordially expressed. Since then I have remained attached to the house of Harper and Brothers, with no desire for any other business relations. As there is some superstition to the contrary, and authors and publishers are supposed to be natural enemies, I think I may properly testify here to the friendship which has always existed between my publishers and myself. I do not believe the instance is uncommon, at least in America.

PUTNAM AND BAYARD TAYLOR

"I have made a bargain with Wiley," wrote Bayard Taylor about *Views Afoot*. "Not as good perhaps as an established author could make, but still a fair beginning. One hundred dollars for every thousand copies sold, under the condition, of course, that it pays expenses; if not, I get nothing." The book sold six editions in the first year and twelve more in the next six years. Mr. G. H. Putnam says it was because his father and Wiley were so divergent on the subject of building up an English connection that they finally decided to dissolve the partnership. In his novel, *Hannah Thurston,* published in 1863, Taylor bore testimony to Putnam's unfailing kindness and his unselfish nature; and said that his failure to achieve lasting success was never embittered by the reproaches of his authors, to whose interests he had given himself unreservedly. Putnam, to whom the dedication came entirely as a surprise, wrote to him: "As for exemption from the ordinary share of human selfishness, I don't claim it and never have. I don't pretend to have acted at any time by you on any higher principles than mere justice and mutual benefit. In fact, antagonism between author and publisher, even outside of personal relations, has always seemed to me impolitic and absurd."

Scudder says in his biography of Lowell that Putnam had that indefinable quality which makes a publisher if not an author himself, a genuine appreciator of good literature, and a man whose friendship with authors rested on a basis which was social as well as commercial. Of this aspect of his vocation, Mr. G. H. Putnam writes as follows: "I will not say that it was the theory of his publishing policy, but rather was it the necessity of his nature that people in coming into business relations with him as their publisher came almost of a necessity into the circle of his personal friends. A publisher should, perhaps, never consciously mark out for himself as a wise business policy the desirability of establishing and maintaining with authors personal relations developing into friendship; while it is probable also that if such a course were pursued simply as a matter of business policy, the relations would at best become formal instead of friendly. When, however, the personal interest was natural, the relations thus established became with my father an important factor in the development of a business based upon literature. For this reason and others, the circle that came into my father's house was distinctive."

Taylor wrote to a friend in 1865 the following letter in answer to one desir-

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ing his advice on a question of publishing:

I have often wished that there could be a general understanding among American authors in regard to the value of copyright and the amount of percentage proper to be paid by publishers. As it is, each one must now make the best terms he can. The publishers seem to consider ten per cent. on the retail price as a sort of *par,* above which they only allow an author to rise when he is sufficiently popular to enforce better terms. This, of course, is considerably less than half profits, which ought to be the standard. Mr. Putnam estimated that twelve and one-half per cent. is about equivalent to half profits; and Mr. Irving and myself accepted this estimate, the publisher paying for the plates and owning them. Afterwards, when Putnam became embarrassed, we arranged to purchase the plates, and a new contract was made by which I received twenty-five cents per volume, the retail price being $1.50. Afterwards Mr. P. thinking this too high, I voluntarily reduced it to twenty cents until last summer. In July I made a new contract, when Hurd and Houghton undertook the details of publication, and the price of the volume was raised to $1.75. By this contract I get twenty-five cents on each volume. But as I own the plates, engravings, etc., it is almost equivalent to the old arrangement of twelve and one-half per cent. You do not state whether you pay for your own plates, which is a point of some importance. I think the scale of half profits is a fair one, provided the estimate is fairly made. Some publishers I know take their lowest rate of discount to the trade (forty per cent. off) as the basis of this calculation, when the usual rate is thirty-three and one-third per cent., and when, moreover, they sell hundreds or thousands of volumes at the retail price.

My experience with —— —— is similar to your own. They actually insist on reducing the copyright to seven per cent. on the retail price. This I have not submitted to, although they assure me that L——, H——, and W—— have accepted. I am not of the opinion that coffee, turpentine, and whiskey should go up and an author's copyright go down, at the same time. I believe, however, that publishers are earning less now than formerly, because they have so long delayed increasing the price of books. But that is their business, and an author should not be made to suffer for it.

THE TESTIMONY OF MRS. BARR AND LELAND

There were things about Mr. Bonner writers did not like, wrote Mrs. Amelia Barr in *All the Days of My Life,* but all appreciated his clever criticisms and prompt payments. "This story is too good for the *Ledger,*" he said to me. "Take it to Dodd Mead and Company." They gave me three hundred dollars for the work, promising to add to the sum if it sold well; and subsequently of their own free will they sent me five hundred more. So far I had not been as fortunate with my publishers as with my editors. Two had been unpleasant to deal with and one failed just as my book appeared, so that I never received a dollar from him. Publishers are as distinct a type as schoolmasters. I had sent *The Last of the MacAllisters* to a London magazine, which published it. I ought, of course, to have secured its sale in the United States, but I was yet ignorant of my right to sell both in England and America, and when Harper Brothers pirated it and sent me what they called an *honorarium* of fifty dollars, I thought it was very kind of them. I had no suspicion that I had been politely robbed, though I did notice a singular expression cross Mr. Mead's face when I told him of the circumstance. Subsequently Dodd, Mead and Company paid me one hundred dollars. "I make over to them the American rights of the book. They gave me six hundred dollars for *The Bow of Orange Ribbon,* promising to pay me more if the book sold well. I have never received any more. Another year I wrote a romance which Dodd, Mead paid five hundred dollars for; and it was printed and ready to put on the market when one of the firm read it and refused to give it to the public. He was perfectly conscientious in this decision, and as I had

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been paid for it the loss was not mine. He really believed that its publication would injure the reputation both of the firm and myself." Of her sixty-one novels at the time of writing this book, Dodd, Mead and Company had published forty-two.

But although Mrs. Barr remained all her life with one firm, she did not consider herself fortunate in some other ways. A prominent literary man, she says, once sent for her and asked her to tell him how much money she had received from *The Christian World* for the English rights to her novels. When she told him they had paid her nothing, he advised her, under the promise of the strictest secrecy as far as he was concerned, to see about it at once. She went to England and was informed that they had paid others in good faith, supposing that they were acting for her; and that hereafter arrangements would be made with her in person, but that all the other payments were, of course, lost to her. Other English houses were not so honorable with her and made no attempt either to get permission or to give payment for printing her work.

Leland had similar experiences with his exceedingly successful *Breitmann's Ballads,* and could have joined her in complaint of both American and English treatment. "When I published my Ballads (though a friend who offered to print them for me, since no publisher would accept them) an American publisher who owned a magazine asked me through his editor to write for it a long Breitmann poem. I did so, making, however, the explicit verbal arrangement that it should not be republished as a book. It was, however, immediately republished as such, with a title to the effect that it was the Breitmann Ballads. I appealed to the editor and it was withdrawn, but I know not how many were issued to my loss. I gave the English rights to Trübner, but they were stolen by Hatten. Later, I had written the first third of *Brectmann as a Politician,* which he had republished, promising the public to give them the rest before long —but this I prevented by copyrighting the remaining two-thirds in England. Being very angry at this, Hatten accused me in print of having written this conclusion expressly to disappoint and injure him!"

Even more than Mrs. Barr was E. P. Roe a testimonial for the way Dodd, Mead transacted business. He never had any other book publishers. They published his first novels from a serial, although in that form it had not attracted their attention. After its first edition the original contract was destroyed and another made on a different basis by which, says his biographer, he was largely the gainer. The sale of his books was the sensation of the last generation: in 1886 one million of his novels had been distributed in the United States alone, and he was an excellent seller in Canada and Great Britain.

PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION

Subscription books had been popular in America from Revolutionary days. The *American Publisher* calls attention to the fact that Weems's *Life of Washington,* which came out a year or two after the death of its subject, had a long and rich life. Law, medicine, and theology have always been, of course, very profitable classes of good subscription books. The Hartford method of selling publications "only by subscription" was illustrated to J. T. Trowbridge just after the war by the persistence of L. Stebbins, who offered him all expenses and a satisfactory remuneration for a description of the principal battle fields of the South and the condition of the States lately in rebellion. The persistence of the publishers of such books was more than emulated by that of their agents who scoured the country. The voluble book agent is a frequent figure in literature of twenty-five years ago. There were complaints on all sides that retailers would not take the trouble to push books vigorously, and many authors and some publishers manifested a constantly recurring tendency to market their best books by subscription—largely because they were

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thus assured of a persistent distributor. Besides there were always enough bonanzas in the business to foster rosy expectations. In 1855 Bayard Taylor had written, "I am about to make an engagement with a Cincinnati publishing house to compile a Cyclopædia of Modern Travel, which will yield me at least five thousand dollars in the course of two years." And the next year he was just as confident. "I am pretty sure of making at least $10,000 on the Cyclopædia in two years." But, alas! in spite of his great popularity in the West—the happy hunting ground of the book agent, especially the agent of a Western publisher—the book sold very poorly. General Grant, reinforced by Mark Twain—received more for his subscription book, however, than Thackeray, Carlyle, or Irving received all their lives—says the *American Publisher*—and nearly as much as Dickens obtained for all his productions. It must be owned that neither Grant or Mark Twain would have sympathised with the scruples of General Sherman, whose memoirs were the first of the personal stories of the Cival War generals. He was inexorable that the book should not be sold by subscription though he was told that the sale would probably be increased four fold. But the General knew that no class of people were more at the mercy of book agents than veterans, and he said that he was not going to have any of his old soldiers bullied into the purchase of a book because they were told their old commander would profit by it. The Appletons said that this decision cost them and the author a very large amount of money.

"At one time," wrote Mr. Howells in his delightful essay, *The Man of Letters as a Man of Business,* "there seemed a probability of the enlargement of the author's gains by subscription publication, and Mark Twain prospered fabulously that way. The percentage offered by the subscription houses was only about half as much as that paid by the trade, but the sales were so much greater that the author could very well afford to take it. But no other book of literary quality was made to go by subscription except Mark Twain's, and I think these went because the subscription public never knew what good literature they were. Some good books of travel had a reasonable success, but not at all the success that had been hoped for; and I believe now the subscription trade again publishes only compilations or such works as owe more to the skill of the editor than the art of the writer."

Archibald Gunter became his own publisher, not, as Mark Twain had done, in order to make more money, but in order to make anything at all. None of the publishers was willing to take his first novel. Mr. W. J. Bok, in a literary letter to the *Ladies' Home Journal* in 1889, says he made thirty-five thousand dollars because of it. He had the book printed by a printer at his own expense, and superintended the distributing arrangements himself. His royalty on the one hundred and eighty thousand copies he sold would have been $9,000. The books did not cost him more than this in all, and, after subtracting the expenses of distribution, the rest was clear profit. Naturally, he published his second book in the same manner, but without having offered it round. It is not probable, however, that he would have met with his previous universal discouragement. Instead of the $7,000 royalty which a publisher would have paid him on the sales of this, he made at least $28,000—the books not costing him $7,000 in all. Perhaps it is as well for publishers to take a philosophical view of the fact that authors generally fail to understand the details of publishing, rather than to be eternally censuring it. "What would happen to the saloon business," cried Tom Sharkey indignantly, at a pamphlet which taught one for the sum of ten cents how to mix drinks, "if every man really did become his own bar-tender!"

THE EXPERIENCES OF HEARN

"Lafcadio Hearn was Oriental in his imagination," says the House of Harper, "and it was quite natural for him to con-

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ceive the idea of going to Japan to write a series of articles for us and to have Weldon the artist go with him to furnish the illustrations. On their way to Japan, Hearn learned from Weldon that he was to receive a larger price a page for his drawings than he was to be paid for his writing. Now, as a rule, a page drawing costs us more than a page of letter-press, nevertheless Hearn, who was of a visionary, impractical turn of mind, a poet and a dreamer in fact, became furious and repudiated the engagement he had suggested to us, and poor Weldon found himself in the lurch after they landed in Japan. Hearn himself indignantly disavowed by return mail any arrangement he had proposed for articles on Japan, and further desired to cancel his agreements for the several books already published by the house. Yet notwithstanding his exasperation and aspersions of the house, he sent an article to the magazine, which was promptly accepted."

Harpers was obliged to make arrangements to transmit his royalties through a friend in Japan, and it was only, says Mrs. Kennard, after a lapse of several years that he could be induced to accept the money. Here is what can be gleaned of the rupture from his letters. In 1890, he wrote to Professor Chamberlain from Yokohama *after* he had landed: "I am more anxious than I could tell you to make a good book upon Japan; and the Messrs. Harper are very desirous to publish such material as I may be able to give them. But otherwise they are not aiding the venture; and the risks are all my own. If it be possible for me to obtain some employment in Japan such as English tutor, I will have no fear of failing in my undertaking." Two days later he wrote again. "I shall be able to earn a fair income from *Harper's Magazine,* if I can simply assure living expenses." In a letter dated only with the year, he wrote to Miss Bisland that he had broken with the Harpers. "I am starved out. Do you think well enough of me to try to get me employment at a regular salary somewhere in the United States? My average earnings for the last three years have been scarcely above $500 a year." As during this period Harpers had published *Chita, Youma,* and *Two Years in the French West Indies,* the first two and several chapters of the third in the magazine also—this is unbelievable. They seem, for instance, to have paid him that sum for the magazine rights of *Chita* alone, and he was writing many sketches during this period besides. Furthermore he had received $400 for his translation of *Le Crime de Silvestre Bonnard.* For in 1888 he had written to Dr. Gould: "About story-writing, dear friend, you ought to know I would like to be able to do nothing else. But even in these countries where life is so cheap [Martinique] I could not make the pot boil by story writing, unless I gain more literary success and can obtain high prices. A story takes at least ten or twelve months to write, that is, a story of the length of *Chita.* Suppose it brings only $500—it is pretty hard to live even in the tropics on that sum. I must write sketches, too." But although he must have earned more than the sum he remembered or was willing, for some reason, to admit, he had not been—even after *Chita*—very successful with the magazines. Elsewhere he writes: "I have an enormous collection of letters to publishers—199 rejections to 1 acceptance." His four subsequent books were published by Houghton Mifflin; followed by four with Little, Brown; and two with the Macmillan Company. In January, 1893, he wrote to Professor Chamberlain: "Let me talk about my book. I have written the firm *asking them to make it still larger.* What insolence! But I offered to sacrifice all commissions, payments, and even remuneration for articles. I hope I shall succeed. If not, I must try another publisher rather than cut down the book. But I don't want another publisher. They are the Macmillans of America, beautiful printers and essentially a literary firm. . . . I'll never get rich with publishers, unless I become awfully old as well as famous in literature and able to make my own terms." This letter is

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apparently of Houghton and Mifflin (and the articles he speaks of presumably written for the *Atlantic*), for *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan,* in two volumes, was the first of the Japanese series and was published by them. They appear to have agreed to the enlargement without accepting his proposed concessions, for later, in 1893, he wrote that they were the best publishers in America. But he went to Macmillan with his last two books. In 1902 he wrote: "For the time being I am with Macmillan. But I fancy really that all publishers regard authors merely as units in a calculation—excepting the great guns, who, like Kipling, can force respect. I need scarcely tell you that my books do not make me rich. In fact I have given up thinking about the business side of literature, and am quite content to obtain the privilege of having my book produced according to my notion of things." In this year he had also written: "I am convinced by long experience that I can do nothing profitable with publishers, except at such serious cost to health and to literary reputation as would be utterly prohibitive. What I have been able to do so far has been done mostly in dead opposition to publishers and their advisers; and in the few cases where I tried to do what publishers wished I have made very serious mistakes."

SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"FAITH TRESILION"

Faith Tresilion is certainly an odd sort of book to come from the pen of Eden Phillpotts, for he has so long habituated us to tales of present-day peaceful Dartmoor folk, that about the last thing we expect of him is a book that transports us back to the troubled days of the Napoleonic wars, of privateers, smugglers and the press-gang. Yet this is precisely what he has done in his new volume, and he has done it with a spirit and a zest that tell unmistakably of his own enjoyment in the task. But, though a story of war times, we see nothing of the actual strife, for the whole of the specific tale with which Mr. Phillpotts is concerned takes place in and around a certain coast town of England, and concerns the difficulties and dangers that beset one Robert Pawlet, newly appointed exciseman, whose chief aim in life is to stamp out smuggling, and whose brave intentions are sadly handicapped by the fact that the most audacious and veteran offender is Nicholas Tresilion, with whose sister, Faith, Robert has unfortunately fallen in love. The volume contains a choice assortment of rogues and villains, some violent deaths, and exciting games of blind man's buff played in deadly earnest among the caves and secret passages of the honeycombed coast. And it all works up to an apparently inevitable tragedy, since Nicholas insists upon making one more lawless trading trip to France, Robert learns of his expected return, and swears to take him dead or alive, and if he does so, Faith will never forgive him. But, although

*Faith Tresilion. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Sheep Track. By Nesta H. Webster. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Story of Duciehurst. By Charles Egbert Craddock. New York: The Macmillan Company.

My Love and I. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Crime Doctor. By E. W. Hornung. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Torch Bearer. By Reina Melcher Marquis. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Great Days. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

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Robert is too loyal an officer to spare any man for love's sake, Faith, with her woman's wit, finds a way to save his pride and his honour, and at the same time to shield her brother from detection. So the expected tragedy is turned at the last moment into farce comedy, the bold smuggler declares himself a reformed character, and wedding bells are scheduled for the near future. All of which is certainly a new departure from Mr. Phillpotts, yet one that even his warmest admirers will not find unagreeable.

"THE SHEEP TRACK"

The Sheep Track, by Nesta H. Webster, is an exasperatingly uneven volume, with here and there some admirable situations and caustic criticisms of modern social life. The significance of the title is explained by a passage from Epictetus, "Look to it that thou do nothing like a sheep, for thus hath the man perished." Yet the focus of interest in the present story happens to be, not a man but a young girl, whose unwise up-bringing has sadly handicapped her for battling single-handed with the world. Marica Fayne is the daughter of a recluse, a lonely and embittered misanthrope, whose sole hobby is archæology, and whose one scheme of education is to guard his young daughter from all knowledge of ugliness, physical, mental or moral. Her early years are spent in the peaceful shelter of the Villa Bel Riposo, on the Mediterranean shore of France; and it is not until she has reached the brink of womanhood and her father is about to accompany an exploring party into the heart of Persia that she is made aware of the existence of some aunts in England, and is handed over to their tender mercies. Now, the chief interest of this brisk, incisive, wide-awake little volume lies in the picture it gives of ultra-conservative fashionable life in England. What it tries to say, and in a measure succeeds in saying more or less convincingly, is that if you happen to be a middle-class young woman, confronted with the necessity of earning your living, modern conditions have altered vastly to your advantage in the last decade or so. But if you are well connected, if you have a social position to maintain, if your goal is marriage within the charmed circle of your own exclusive set, then the emancipation of modern woman counts for little or nothing, and has on the whole made your lot the harder, demanding a more careful discrimination in conduct and a more rigid censorship of your visiting list. "Smash the Decalogue to pieces, but stick to conventions," is one bit of advice that is given to Marica, before she is sufficiently sophisticated to profit by it, and little by little she learns to her cost what wise advice the phrase embodied. It is not surprising that a girl brought up to know only the beautiful, the joyous, the artistic side of life, should find the artificial and hypocritical standards of the three aunts, Louisa, Harriet and Charlotte, unendurable, and it is simply inevitable that Marica must break away, fling aside her chances of an advantageous marriage, and cast in her lot with a motly and shifting bohemian set, whose several and collective breaches of convention she is too innocent to realise. Anything is better, the girl feels, in her desperate revolt against the narrow smugness of London self-righteousness, than to go on treading sanctimoniously in the beaten track. Better to be a black sheep at once and break definitely with the fold, than to lose her own individuality and self-respect. Accordingly, we witness Marica's adventurous incursion into bohemia; we watch her audacious experiments as a bachelor girl, her rash friendships, her gradual awakening to a knowledge of the sordidness, the ugliness, the wickedness of life; her disillusion as to the true character of some of her closest friends, and finally, the loss of her one big chance of being socially rehabilitated, through marriage with "Tim," Lord Windlesham, who, after hovering on the brink of a definite proposal, decides finally to judge her by the company she keeps, and not trust to the apparent innocence and wholesomeness that she diffuses around her. In spite of its frequent crudeness, the book is on the whole distinctly well

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done, and the characters possess an undeniable personality.

"THE STORY OF DUCIEHURST"

This latest volume by Charles Egbert Craddock is a good illustration of what the French are fond of calling an embarrassment of riches. There is so much mystery, intrigue, legal entanglement, jealousy and malice crowded into its modest limits that the puzzled reviewer is at a loss to know at what point to make his first attack. Imagine, if you please, an old southern estate, heavily mortgaged before the war; imagine that, in the midst of hostilities, the two parties to the mortgage met for the purpose of paying it off, signing receipts, satisfaction piece, etc., and then discovered that, owing to hostilities, it would be impossible to record the papers and to get through the lines to deposit the money. Consequently, when the war was over and both the mortgagor and mortgagee were dead, the executors, knowing nothing of the payment, naturally proceeded to foreclose the mortgage and sell the estate at auction. Forty years later, the present owner of the estate, his wife, and the rightful heir at law,—who, of course, is unaware of his just claim,—all meet on a Mississippi River boat, which, as those boats have a habit of doing, becomes stalled on a sand-bank. The heir to the property happens to be the twin brother of the young wife's former suitor, whom she deliberately jilted in favour of her present husband. And, after the fashion of twin brothers, he bears so close a resemblance to the discarded lover that a protracted comedy of errors ensues, terminating at last in a tragedy of errors when the husband's misdirected jealousy takes the life of the wrong brother. Incidentally, it is the wife who, by an ironical jest of fate, brings to light a long buried treasure box containing the missing papers which effectively prove that her husband's title to the rich old plantation is invalid. And, in further proof of the rich lavishness of intrigue, mystery and sensationalism of this volume, it may be added that the clue to the hiding place of the missing papers is given by a gaunt, haggard, prematurely broken man who has escaped from forty years' imprisonment in a lunatic asylum! All of which, retold in this brief, epitomised form, gives the impression of a sustained nightmare; whereas, in point of fact, the story is told with a well-controlled sobriety of style that makes even its wildest happenings quite plausible.

"MY LOVE AND I"

A book of rare tenderness, deep pathos and wise understanding of the human heart is this new volume by Alice Brown, which incidentally reveals the fact that she and "Martin Redfield" are one and the same person. The story has a dozen different appeals: one reader will delight in its portraiture of a miscellaneous assortment of human beings in Aunt Cely's lodging-house and at the bohemian club known as the "Toasted Cheese." Others will rejoice over the graphic annals of a young man's first steps along the thorny path of authorship, and still others will appreciate the subtle understanding of that slow and difficult process of readjustment that is inevitable in the early years of marriage. But in the opinion of the present reviewer, the one unforgettable episode of the book, the one which entitles it to rank among those rare volumes of modern fiction that are justly characterised as big, is that crucial hour in which Martin discouvers the bank book made out in the name of his wife, Mildred, and suddenly realises that it is not the bank book which he himself had made out for her, and the sum recorded in it is not the modest allowance representing the extreme limit that his own small earnings make possible, but a startling, an overwhelming balance, that could have come to her from just one source,—and for the first moment, the primæval man within him awakens and his impulses are homicidal. But there are wiser ways of solving problems of sex than the old prehistoric way of bloodshed, and what makes this particular story so strong and sane and satisfying is the manner in which sober second thought comes to the

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rescue, saves the man from mad recklessness, the wife from open disgrace, and their little son from a motherless childhood and a lasting shadow of shame. There are few pages more poignant, more tolerant, more tenderly sympathetic than those closing ones in which the husband, years later, looks from the handsome, healthy, happy son, bubbling over with pride at having just been admitted to the study of algebra, to the pale, sad-faced, prematurely aged wife, and realises that, hard as life has been for them, in view of the unforgettable shadow between them, he has acted wisely; and yet that he has not wholly done his best, and that he must try still harder:

Stronger than any impulse in me that day,— . . . stronger than my satisfaction in my son's stout legs and hard cheeks and his assault on alegbra, was my sudden sorrow that Mildred was not happy. What could I bring her to call light and colour into that dull face? Not man's love for woman; my love was given away. And if it had not been, she did not want it of me. There was nothing to offer her but the tender compassion that responds to every call, the world-sorrow that wakes at the sight of the world-pain.

"Don't you think that's wonderful?" I said to her, and she looked up at me and her face quickened in an unexpected way, perhaps at the quickening of mine. "All this algebra business? Don't you think it's wonderful,—Little Mother?"

And one closes the volume, with eyes slighty dimmed, yet with a sudden feeling of unwonted optimism and an awakened confidence in the power of men and women to control their destinies, if they simply refuse to let tragedies wreck them permanently.

"THE CRIME DOCTOR"

Mr. E. W. Hornung is fortunate in the possession of a fertile imagination, which enables him at fairly regular intervals to produce new and whimsical personalities, whose chief attraction is their paradoxical ability to reverse the established order of things. In *Raffles,* for instance, he gave us the counterpart of Sherlock Holmes. The detective who never fails to catch the criminal is a familiar figure in fiction; but the criminal whom no detective can catch is a distinct innovation. And now Mr. Hornung has given us still another novelty in what he chooses to call *The Crime Doctor.* The conventional detective exists for the purpose of protecting the public by detecting and punishing the criminal; the Crime Doctor, on the contrary, devotes himself to the more difficult task of anticipating the crime, and protecting the would-be criminal against himself. The numerous adventures of Dr. Dollar, the expert in this sort of divination, are extremely varied, sometimes quite ingenius, and occasionally verge upon the borderline of farce-comedy. The whole series gets its start from the fact that Lady Vera Moyle, young, pretty, vivacious and self willed, has rashly espoused the cause of the militant suffragette. On a certain turbulant occasion, the window of a jewelry shop is smashed, and after the turmoil is over, a police officer is found dead, and a shabby looking personage, with a bad record, and a pocket full of stolen jewelry, is arrested as the murderer, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. Now, the Lady Vera has the best possible reason for wishing to save this man's life. Events had happened with bewildering swiftness; but although there is much that remains hazy in her memory, the one fact that refuses to be forgotten is that she struck the policeman with what she supposed to be a simple wooden club, unaware until too late that it was a devilish instrument of destruction, containing a hidden blade, that would spring out with deadly effectiveness at the moment of contact. Now, Lady Vera naturally had no desire to confess until she must, and accordingly her whole problem offered an ideal case for Dr. Dollar. Naturally his one hope would necessarily lie in an appeal to the Home Secretary. But the Home Secretary is not a man of easy access, especially when time is short, and a staff of well-trained assistants earn their wages by side-tracking importunate applicants. But a Crime Doctor worthy of the name has

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many resources. What, for instance, is simpler than to disguise yourself as a beggar, waylay the man whose acquaintance you wish to make, even though he holds the exalted office of Home Secretary, rob him of his watch, dart around the corner, remove the disguise, and then meet him a little later in his own doorway, and express your satisfaction in having had the good fortune to recover his stolen property from the thief. Making allowance for a mere discrepancy of details, such is the method by which our resourceful friend Dr. Dollar makes the acquaintance of the Hon. Tophan Vinson, the Secretary in question, salves the conscience of the Lady Vera Moyle, and saves from the gallows a certain Alfred Croncher, an unmitigated blackguard who, as a matter of fact, had committed the murder for which he was sentenced. This brief summary barely scratches the surface of the collection of ingenius and diverting yarns contained in the *Crime Doctor,* but it may serve its purpose in giving a fairly accurate taste of their flavour.

"THE TORCH BEARER"

The Torch Bearer, by Reina Melcher Marquis, is a welcome variant on the recently much overworked theme of the modern woman, standing at the parting of the ways, with home and husband and motherhood claiming her on the one hand, and a career beckoning alluringly on the other. The author ingratiates herself from the start by her simple, unaffected style, and by the unmistakable truth of her portraiture of kindly and lovable characters of fine old New England stock.

Sheila Caldwell we meet first as an orphan child, living alone with her devoted grandmother, who, with something akin to envy, foresees for the girl certain wonderful possibilities that had been denied to her by the narrower standards of her own epoch. We follow Sheila through the critical years of grammar school and high school, and we smile with sympathetic understanding at her early unfledged efforts in prose and verse —efforts that show so little fulfillment and yet such rich promise, that her grandmother and her chief instructor, Peter Burnett, spend eager hours together rejoicing in advance over the girl's rich possibilities.

The tragedy of Sheila's life is not a rare one. Intellectually she found her proper sphere among an older generation. Even Peter, her teacher, who worshiped her in silence, was nearly twenty years her senior. But meanwhile Sheila lived, apart from her books, the natural, free and joyous physical life of a young girl. She loved the gay, free comradeship of boys and girls of her own age. She exchanged confidences with Charlotte Davis, whose talk was always of dress and dances and incipient proposals. And she was flattered by the attentions of Theodore Kent, whose schoolboy attachment survived the separation of college years, and who finally persuaded her, against her better judgment, into marrying him. It is hard to say which is the bigger tragedy, that of Sheila Kent, realising too late that she has sacrificed her rare individuality to a self-centered, arrogant, masterful man, who jealously refuses to recognise a woman's right to self-expression, or the tardy and impotent self-accusations of the broad-minded and high natured professor, Peter Burnett, who, when he realises that if he had only summoned up the courage to speak in time, he might not only have gained Sheila for himself, but have saved her talent for the common benefit of the world.

But the greater tragedy is yet to come. Sheila, having given her husband a son, sinks back into despondency and finally reverts from sheer desperation and *ennui* to her old passion for writing. It happens that while she is absorbed one day in an orgy of writing, an untrustworthy nurse takes the child on a visit among her own people in the slums, with the result that she exposes him to contagion. The young mother is desperate. She feels that because she has disobeyed her husband's unspoken wish, by writing in secret, she has brought this affliction on her child, and that if he dies, she will be morally responsible for his death. So, in

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a morbid mood, she makes a vow that if his life is spared she will never write again, and in point of fact she never does. And after the lapse of many years, when, at last, the husband and wife have drawn close together and reached the point where they can freely exchange views, they recognise that the talent has not been wasted, because the brilliant promise of their son's first efforts show that he has inherited in full measure the best of his mother's rare gifts, and that while she has been debarred from enjoying a personal triumph, she has at least enjoyed the privilege of the Torch Bearer, who passes on to the next generation the undiminished radiance of the immortal flame.

"GREAT DAYS"

Here is a book that ought to find a widespread popularity, not only because the American public is learning to appreciate Mr. Frank Harris at the valuation that England, long ago, placed upon him, but because his theme in the present instance is the peculiarly timely one of war. The Great Days of the title date back a full century and something more. They are the days of the first Empire, and the little Corsican looms up, a colossal and menacing shadow, dimly felt behind the actual scenes of the book. Yet, in point of fact, it would be a misnomer to call this volume an historical novel. Without neglecting the local and temporal atmosphere of his tale, Mr. Harris has felt so keenly the pulse-beats of his characters, he has so vitalised the daily happenings of their lives, that in spite of the intervening gulf of a round century, we think of his people as fellow men and women, contemporaries, rejoicing, sorrowing and suffering like ourselves.

As a matter of fact the major interest of this volume, *Great Days,* is not historical, but psychological. It concerns the education and development of a young English lad, Jack Morgan by name, the son of a reputable inn-keeper on the southwest coast of England, the major portion of whose income is derived from dodging the customs laws. Jack, like unnumbered thousands of his brethren, derives his fine moral sense through his mother's line. And the scenes in the book which refuse to be forgotten are those in which he is prematurely initiated into the baser side of life. For instance, quite aside from the verdict that he may pass upon it as literature or art, no reader can ever forget that indelible picture in which young Morgan, with his boyish heart bursting because of the dying mother upstairs, blunders into the kitchen and witnesses strange conduct between his father and Nancy, the bar maid—conduct that suddenly ages him with a mighty enlightenment. Mr. Harris is habitually quiet and simple in his methods. And even in the present story, which in epitome sounds distinctly sensational, the style is so direct and matter-of-fact that it seems to belong to a different class from the recognised type of war and adventure stories. We follow Jack Morgan through a great variety of exploits and vicissitudes, from his rash ventures in privateering to his capture by the French, his incarceration in the Cherbourg fortress, his deliberate seduction of the commanding officer's niece, his temporary release on parole, his awakened sense of honour and voluntary return to France to marry the girl, whom by this time he realises that he does not love. Yet throughout it all what interests us chiefly is not the sequence of material facts, but the study of a temperament perpetually at war with itself. For Jack is handicapped by his mixed heritage derived from an utterly unscrupulous father and a fine, tender, sensitively punctilious mother, whose marriage was a prolonged tragedy. The two natures were incompatible, and Jack's soul was destined to afford a battle-ground for their continued conflict. It is no small feat to write a novel of Napoleonic times, with big historic personages stalking through the pages, and yet to subordinate the interest of such Great Days to the personal concerns of one middle class young Briton. Yet that is precisely the feat that Mr. Harris has succeeded in performing, and he deserves all credit for it.

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JOSEPH CONRAD—A STUDY

BY RICHARD CURLE

IN THREE PARTS

PART II—CONRAD'S BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL BOOKS

IN this chapter I mean to give, first of all, in a perfectly concise and colourless form, the salient facts of Conrad's life up to the time of his leaving the sea, and then I mean to examine in a more literary and romantic sense his two books of recollections, *Some Reminiscences* and *The Mirror of the Sea.* And I hope to throw some light on the autobiographical basis of many of Conrad's stories. But I would like to say, straight off, that this chapter will not be of much value to the critic for, like the one that follows it, it is informative rather than critical. That stands to reason.

Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski was born in the Ukraine in the south of Poland on 6th of December, 1857. In 1861 he removed to Warsaw with his parents, and in 1862 his father, who had been deeply implicated in the last Polish rebellion, was banished to Vologda by the Russian government. His wife and son followed him into exile. In 1865 Conrad's mother died and his father sent him back to the Ukraine to stay with his maternal uncle (who is spoken of with such affectionate regard in *Some Reminiscences*), where he remained for five years. That was the happiest period of Conrad's childhood—this home-life of the country consciously enjoyed and revelled in. Conrad's first recollection of public matters was the liberation of the serfs, on the committee of which his uncle was one of the leading spirits. In 1869 Conrad's father was freed on the ground that he was too ill to be dangerous any longer. He carried off his son to Cracow, the old Polish capital, and died there in 1870. Conrad was sent to the gymnasium of St. Anne, the foremost public school of the city. There he came under the care of a tutor who influenced him profoundly and who, according to *Some Reminiscences,* was a man of remarkable intuition. He was put forward by the relations to counteract Conrad's strange and inborn desire for a sea life, but after some earnest and futile talks he realised that his efforts would be useless and ceased to trouble the boy. Conrad's decision was, indeed, final. Brought up in a country without a coast, in a society where he saw no English (though he knew some of the finest English literature from translations by his father), he had yet resolved that he would be an English seaman of the merchant service. And against all obstacles he carried out his plan. It was in 1874 that he went to sea. Marseilles was his "jumping-off ground," but it was some years before he was able to sail under the Red Ensign. For it was not till three years later that he set foot in England. Before that he had some adventures in the Mediterranean and had twice been to the West Indies. He calls this his wild oats sowing period. In May, 1878, he landed at Lowestoft and first touched English soil. At that time he did not know a word of English, but he learned it rapidly, being helped in a general sense to some extent, by a local boat-builder who understood French. For five months he was on board a Lowestoft coaster, *The Skimmer of the Seas,* that traded between that port and Newcastle. In October, 1878, he joined the *Duke of Sutherland,* bound for Australia, as ordinary seaman. (Of eighteen men before the mast all were English save Conrad, a Norwegian, two Ameri-

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cans, and a St. Kitts negro called James Wait—a name used just twenty years later for the negro in *The Nigger of the "Narcissus."*)

From now onwards till 1894, when he finally left the sea, Conrad's life was the usual life of a deep-water seaman. He passed from second mate in 1879 and became a Master in the English Merchant Service in the year of his naturalisation in 1884. In 1890 and again in 1894 (the year before his uncle's death) he revisited the Ukraine. But I need not continue such details. I have only a short space at my disposal, and, that being so, I think I cannot give a better glimpse of Conrad's existence during all these years than by jotting down, in order, a rough list of the ships he served, in either as officer or in command, from 1880 till 1894. This is a list I scribbled from Conrad's dictation, and against each name he has added the titles of those stories of his which the different ships suggest. Of course, this must be taken for what it is worth—a single episode, perhaps only a single name, in a story may be associated with a certain ship, or, on the other hand, the whole story may be strongly autobiographical and reminiscent. And then, again, different memories are sometimes welded together into one story. In *Chance,* for instance, there is an episode connected with the *Riversdale* and another connected with the *Torrens*. However, here is the list: I give the ships, and then, in brackets, I give the stories they individually call up in Conrad's mind.

Loch-Etive	(*The Mirror of the Sea*)
Palestine	("Youth")
Riversdale	(*The Mirror of the Sea; Chance*).
Narcissus	(*The Nigger of the "Narcissus"; The Mirror of the Sea*)
S.S. *John P. Best*	("Typhoon")
Tilkhurst	(*The Mirror of the Sea*)
Falconhurst	(*The Mirror of the Sea*)
Highland Forest	(*The Mirror of the Sea*)
S.S. *Vidar*	(All the Maylay books: "Typhoon"; *Some Reminiscences*)
Otago	("Falk"; *'Twixt Land and Sea; The Mirror of the Sea; Some Reminiscences*)
S.S. *Roi de Belges*	("An Outpost of Progress"; "Heart of Darkness")
Torrens	(*Chance; The Mirror of the Sea; Some Reminiscences*)
S.S. *Adowa*	(*Some Reminiscences*)

In 1894, as I say, Conrad finally left the sea. He had never fully recovered from a severe fever that had invalided him from the Congo, and his health was now more or less broken. He did not know what to do with himself (he had still some idea of going to sea again), but, almost as an afterthought, he sent in to Fisher Unwin the novel which he had begun about 1889 and which he had completed in odd moments—the novel of *Almayer's Folly*. After waiting for three or four months he heard, to his intense surprise, that it was accepted (Edward Garnett, as reader, was responsible) and from henceforward his life is mainly the history of his books, and does not concern us. I will just add that he married in 1896 and has since lived mostly in Kent, where he still resides. The turmoil of a creator's existence has no outward adventure save the merit and reception of his creations, and in that (amongst other things) it differs from the wild and vigorous life of the sea. For long Conrad was only the novelist of a small following (it was a landmark in his career when Henley accepted *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* for *The New Review* in 1897), but, as every one knows, that following has widened and widened till it now represents the whole intellectual world.

So here I will close my short biography of Joseph Conrad, merely remarking that what I do give is accurate and may serve to straighten out the tangle for future writers. For a mist gathers about famous men's lives just as surely as it gathers about their achievements. Here, in these few pages are all the essential

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facts up to a period beyond which it would be impertinent to inquire. And now let me speak of his autobiographical works, *The Mirror of the Sea* and *Some Reminiscences.*

Of Conrad's two books of memories and impressions, *The Mirror of the Sea* (1906) is the first. It may be described as a sort of prose-poem about the sea, and a poem founded not alone upon flights of imagery but upon profound realism and knowledge of detail. Its basis of personal reminiscence expands in the rare qualities of poetry and romance. *The Mirror of the Sea* is the most eloquent of all Conrad's books. It has something of the grave and exalted eloquence of *Paradise Lost,* but there is in it, too, a passion of affection and regret very different from the spirit in which Milton wrote. In a sense *The Mirror of the Sea* is Conrad's most intimate and revealing book, because the sea is the one thing about which his enthusiasm is for ever undimmed by his pessimistic philosophy. Sentiment rather than reason is the ruling spirit of *The Mirror of the Sea.* In this work of romance and sea wisdom, of hard fact and of warm colour, of the chance recollections of old adventure and association is enshrined the true allegiance of a life-time. Its high and glowing eloquence is an offering to the deep, charmed waters. For the sea has been the most powerful, the most urgent influence in Conrad's life. It has tinged his art with the brilliance, with the sombre glory of its moods, it has fired his imagination with its fickle repose and mighty upheavals. And Conrad's chief faith in humanity seems to have arisen from contact with the sea. Let me explain my meaning in his own words:

> Having matured in the surroundings and under the special conditions of sea life, I have a special piety towards that form of my past; for its impressions were vivid, its appeal direct, its demands such as could be responded to with the natural elation of youth and strength equal to the call. There was nothing in them to perplex a young conscience. Having broken away from my origins under a storm of blame from every quarter which had the merest shadow of right to voice an opinion, removed by great distances from such natural affections as were still left in me, and even estranged, in a measure, from them by the totally unintelligible character of the life which had seduced me so mysteriously from my allegiance, I may safely say that through the blind force of circumstances the sea was to be all my world and the merchant service my only home for a long succession of years. No wonder then that in my two exclusively sea books, *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* and *The Mirror of the Sea* (and in the few short sea stories like "Youth" and "Typhoon"), I have tried with an almost filial regard to render the vibration of life in the great world of waters, in the hearts of the simple men who have for ages traversed its solitudes, and also that something sentient which seems to dwell in ships—the creatures of their hands and the objects of their care. (*Some Reminiscences,* pp. 12, 13.)

These, surely, are the words of a supreme devotion.

The scheme of *The Mirror of the Sea,* apparently simple, is in fact subtle with the cross-currents of fact and fancy, and with Conrad's strange and misleading method of narration. In its two realms it might almost remind one of Lewis Carroll's *Sylvie and Bruno*—though in *The Mirror of the Sea,* the two realms are but two aspects of the same underlying emotion—the emotion of fidelity and love. The book deals with the sea in all its shades of storm and calm, in its historical and mystical significance, and in its influence upon the unsophisticated hearts of seamen. Long conversations intersperse with visions and recollections of strange or familiar waters. There are chapters on landfalls and departures, on Conrad's own experiences on board the smuggling balancelle *Tremolino* in the Mediterranean (a curious and fascinating chapter about his early days at sea), on Nelson and the spirit he inculcated, and on many another topic of the sea. And throughout the book the language is beautiful with the soft cadence, with the

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music, with the reserve force of the ocean itself. Let me give three short passages to represent the tone of the whole work:

> Nobody ever comes back from a "missing" ship to tell how hard was the death of the craft, and how sudden and overwhelming the last anguish of her men. Nobody can say with what thoughts, with what regrets, with what words on their lips they died. But there is something fine in the sudden passing away of these hearts from the extremity of struggle and stress and tremendous uproar—from the vast, unrestful rage of the surface to the profound peace of the depths, sleeping untroubled since the beginning of ages. (*The Mirror of the Sea,* p. 94.)

> For a moment the succession of silky undulations ran on innocently. I saw each of them swell up the misty line of the horizon, far, far away beyond the derelict brig, and the next moment, with a slight friendly toss of our boat, it had passed under us and was gone. The lulling cadence of the rise and fall, the invariable gentleness of this irresistible force, the great charm of the deep waters, warmed my breast deliciously, like the subtle poison of a love-potion. But all this lasted only a few soothing seconds before I jumped up too, making the boat roll like the veriest land-lubber. (*The Mirror of the Sea,* p. 227.)

> Like a subtle and mysterious elixir poured into the perishable clay of successive generations, it grows in truth, splendour, and potency with the march of ages. In its incorruptible flow all round the globe of the earth it preserves from the decay and forgetfulness of death the greatness of our great men, and amongst them the passionate and gentle greatness of Nelson, the nature of whose genius was, on the faith of a brave seaman and distinguished Admiral, such as to "Exalt the glory of our nation." (*The Mirror of the Sea,* p. 306.)

Some Reminiscences (1912) followed six years later. This is more eminently a genuine work of autobiography than is *The Mirror of the Sea,* but even so it will mislead a great many people who go to it for facts. For it is as much the story of Mr. Nicholas B.'s life and of his uncle's life as of Conrad's own; and even of himself it talks with but fragmentary voice, leaving him, so to speak, upon the threshold of his first voyage. Certainly there are glimpses of the later Conrad, of him as ship's officer, for instance, and even of him as a guest at his uncle's Polish house in later years, but they flash upon the page only to tantalise. For the artistically erratic and reminiscent form of biography can be seen in this book in its absolute perfection. You catch sight of some new fact almost as Macbeth caught a sight of the dagger.

An exaggeration, of course, but let it pass. For *Some Reminiscences* was not meant to be a mine of facts. No, it was conceived in something of the same mood as was *The Mirror of the Sea*—not exactly in that mood of lyrical exultation, but in a mood of casual, sweet, and drawn-out remembrance. It is a book of childhood, stirred with the first ripples of a lasting passion—the passion of the sea—and overlaid with the adventurous and pensive recollections of a man. Its whole formation points to a mood of lingering memory. Indeed, it is in that, especially, that it resembles *The Mirror of the Sea.* Of course, there is a great artistic *finesse* hidden in this air of casual browsing. Both of these books present Conrad's literary skill at its nicest balance. Their parts are fitted together with the precision and delicacy of a complicated puzzle. But we should realise that the art is at least as much moulded to the mood as the mood is conjured up for the benefit of the art. For these are the works of a true artist, of an artist whose mind and technique would be averse to the obvious form of bald biographical statement. Besides, Conrad's purpose in them is rather to create an atmosphere than to satisfy curiosity. The real artist is reticent about himself, for impersonality is rooted in his whole idea of art. Indeed, he cannot reveal himself save through the medium of his work.

Some Reminiscences contains much of Conrad's most finished prose. Less elo-

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quent than *The Mirror of the Sea,* it is more urbane and more closely knit. His descriptions of people such as his uncle, his tutor, and the original of Almayer, are telling in the accuracy and detail of the portraits, and the whole book is enlivened by the firm lightness of his touch. Moreover, it contains passages of exceptional splendour. I will quote but one, the last in the book, the description of how Conrad first saw, outside the harbour of Marseilles, the Red Ensign floating from the mast of an English ship. It is most beautiful:

> Her head swung a little to the west, pointing towards the miniature lighthouse of the Jolliette breakwater, far away there, hardly distinguishable against the land. The dinghy danced a squashy, splashy jig in the wash of the wake, and turning in my seat I followed the *James Westoll* with my eyes. Before she had gone in a quarter of a mile she hoisted her flag as the harbour regulations prescribe for arriving and departing ships. I saw it suddenly flicker and stream out on the flagstaff. The Red Ensign! In the pellucid, colourless atmosphere bathing the drab and grey masses of that southern land, the livid islets, the sea of pale glassy blue under the pale glassy sky of that cold sunrise, it was as far as the eye could reach the only spot of ardent colour—flame-like, intense, and presently as minute as the tiny red spark the concentrated reflection of a great fire kindles in the clear heart of a globe of crystal. The Red Ensign—the symbolic, protecting warm bit of bunting flung wide upon the seas, and destined for so many years to be the only roof over my head. (*Some Reminiscences,* p. 236, 237.)

These two books are Conrad's only direct contributions to the history of his autobiography. And, as I said before, they are not strictly autobiographical at all. To create the atmosphere of youth and of the sea, to summon up the illusions of a vanished time, to pay a debt of gratitude and love, these appear to be the mainsprings of their energy and enthusiasm. The best phases of Conrad's manner can be studied in them to perfection. For the romantic imagery of *The Mirror of the Sea* is as typical of the earlier Conrad as the faint and rounded irony of *Some Reminiscences* is typical of the later Conrad. They are as surely his testament as are the *Confessions* the testament of Rousseau. But what a gulf of difference separates the two men! For it is in such things, above all, that the secret character reveals itself. Who, for instance, would not respect Evelyn more than Pepys, and like Pepys more than Evelyn? And Conrad, in his two books of memories, stands before us in the clear light of day. He may tell us little about himself in one way, in the material way, but in another he tells us much. To read these books sympathetically is to understand Conrad's attitude towards life and art. His works should never again be mysterious to us, as the works of the few men of real temperamental genius are so apt to be. No, these two books of Conrad's are the true "open sesame" to his novels and stories. In the complete rectitude and sincerity of his art he never allows imagination to rob him for more than a moment of his hold upon the earth.

Indeed, as I said before, many of his stories are actually founded upon incidents of his own career. That is partly why they possess, against their romantic background, such an air of invincible reality. They are the products of an enormously active and dramatic memory, a memory whose main outline is filled in and amplified by a very sure artistic grasp. Conrad's philosophy and romance may colour all his work but they never distort it. For they only exist to the point of making his realism more dramatic. His own reminiscences are the foundation of his stories—sometimes obviously, sometimes so subtly that no exact relationship could be established. For I think one does feel that almost all the characters in Conrad, and a great proportion of the events, have definite prototypes—if it be only in embryo. And the more one studies these two autobiographical books the more one feels this. For he shows us admittedly real people,

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admittedly real incidents precisely as he shows us the people and incidents of imagination. His is the art, which, at its best, conceals the effort in the consummate ease and realism of his manner. And, consequently, in the two books where he is recounting actual adventures there is neither a greater nor a lesser air of reality than in his stories and novels. For the realism of the former is toned down by art and the art of the latter is saturated with realism.

I cannot end this chapter without commenting on the astonishing series of events that led a Polish boy to enter the British Merchant Service, and a master mariner to become a novelist. It seems quite incomprehensible—one of these marvellous "flukes" that fate keeps up its sleeve for a hundred years and then flings in our face. I will not enlarge: it is more astounding as a mere fact than any embroidery could make it. It is, indeed, strangely appropriate that the man who has led one of the most wandering and one of the hardest lives of our times should have written the most realistically-romantic novels of our age.

THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

Part IX—The Seventies and Early Eighties

It need hardly be pointed out that in each of these cases the Crown Princess copied peculiarly British institutions, and this no doubt was partly why they aroused such indignant opposition.

All through her life one of the Princess's mental peculiarities was that of thinking it impossible that any reasoning human being could object to anything that was obviously in itself a good and wise measure. To oppose a scheme simply because the idea of it had first originated in England or in France was something that she could not understand, so far removed was she from certain littlenesses of human nature, as well as from the dominion of national and racial prejudice.

The Crown Princess, and in this also she was warmly supported by her husband's approval and sympathy, wished the new Empire to bestow more recognition on those Germans who had attained distinction in the arts of peace rather than of war. Encouraged by the knowledge that her work during the country's wars had at last won a measure of national understanding and gratitude, she again did everything in her power to break down the old Prussian Court barrier between the "born" and the "not born." But, as might have been predicted, the Princess's efforts were fairly successful as regards the latter, though not as regards the former.

To German women of all classes, the Princess's interest in science seemed both eccentric and unfeminine. She had attended, when still a very young woman, some lectures given in Berlin by the great chemist, Hoffmann, who dedicated to her, in later years, his book, *Remembrances of Past Friends*—a compliment which pleased and touched her very much.

Her practical love of art was also regarded as uncalled for in a Royal lady, and indeed unnatural in the mother of a large young family. She had a studio built in the palace, where she worked under the teaching of Professor Hagen, and she also studied under Von Angeli. She was fond of visiting the studios of Berlin painters, particularly of the two Begas, of Oscar the painter, and Reinhold the sculptor, where she sometimes made studies as a student, and where she sometimes was herself the study. She and her husband were always great friends of the various artists. Among

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the names that recur constantly in this connection are those of Anton von Werner, to one of whose children the Crown Prince was godfather, and Georg Bleibtreu.

The New Palace in Berlin was nicknamed "The Palace of the Medicis," because of the enthusiastic encouragement which its owners always gave to what they believed to be genius, or even talent. The Crown Princess not only entertained persons of distinction in art and literature, but, what was less easily forgiven her, any foreign scientists and artists of eminence who came to Berlin were eagerly invited by her, generally to informal teaparties.

But in time even the Princess realised that it was hopeless to try to blend the two elements. Unfortunately, she never took the trouble to hide her preference for people who interested and amused her to those who were merely "hoffähig." The Prussian nobility were amazed and affronted that a Prussian princess should esteem so lightly the possession of numerous quarterings, and it was a bitter grievance that their future sovereign and his consort actually preferred the society of painters and musicians and similar persons whom they regarded as nobodies.

At the same time, she was always on cordial and pleasant terms with diplomatists, who as a rule combine the advantages of good birth with intelligence and culture and the most delightful of professions. For many years of her life her greatest personal friends were Lord Ampthill (at the time Lord Odo Russell) and his wife, a daughter of that Lord Clarendon who had expressed so high an admiration of the Princess Royal's mental gifts.

But perhaps the Crown Princess most surprised and offended her husband's future subjects by her pro-Jewish attitude. In this she showed extraordinary courage and breadth of view. For example, she accepted the patronage of the Auerbach schools for the education of Jewish orphans, and that at a time when the whole of Berlin, from the great official world to the humblest tradesman, was taking part in the Judenhetze.

The Crown Princess was indeed, as we have seen, extremely broad-minded in matters of religion. She heartily despised the type of mind which attacks Jews as Jews, or Catholics as Catholics. She showed this in March, 1873, when she spoke strongly to Prince Hohenlohe about the hostile policy the Prussian Government was then pursuing toward his Church. She observed that in her opinion those called upon to govern should influence the education of the people, as that of itself would make them independent of the hierarchy, and she added: "I count upon the intelligence of the people; that is the great power." But Hohenlohe drily answered: "A much greater power is human stupidity, of which we must take account in our calculations before everything."

What we should call the middle classes were incensed by certain other activities of the future Empress. From the very first the Crown Princess had been ardently desirous of improving the position of the women of her adopted country. But the German woman of that day was quite content with the place she then held, both in the public esteem and in the consideration of her menfolk; the fact that in youth she was surrounded with an atmosphere of sentimental adoration made up, in her opinion, for the way she was treated in old age and in middle age.

Even so, the efforts made by the Crown Princess in time bore fruit. They comprised the Victoria Lyceum, founded in June, 1869, but placed—and here one reluctantly perceives a certain want of tact on the part of the foundress—under the direction of an English lady. There were also, under the special patronage of the Crown Princess, Fräulein Letze's school for girls of the upper classes, and the Letteverein. Other educational establishments which owed much to her sympathy and direct encouragement were the Victoria and Frederick William Institute, and the Pestalozzi-Froebel House, and these are only a few of the educational establishments in which she

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took an active and personal interest. Perhaps the most admirable of them all was the Victoria Fortbildungschule, which gave girls the means of continuing their education after they had left school.

In another matter concerning the education of women the Crown Princess was violently opposed to German public opinion. She was a firm believer in the value of gymnastic exercises and outdoor games for girls, and that at a time when they were practically unknown in Prussia. The first lawn-tennis net ever seen in Germany was put up in the grounds of the New Palace at Potsdam, and she was unceasing in her efforts to introduce gymnasiums into girls' schools.

In the winter of 1872, the Crown Prince fell ill of an internal inflammation, and though the critical period was soon over, he took a long time to recover his strength. Margaretha von Poschinger reproduces in her life of him an extraordinary utterance said by the *Rheinische Kurier* to have been made by the Crown Prince to his wife at this time:

"The doctors say that my illness is dangerous. As my father is old, and Prince William is still a minor, you may not improbably be called upon to act temporarily as Regent. You must promise me to do nothing without Prince Bismarck, whose policy has lifted our House to a power and greatness of which we could not have dreamed."

The interest of this is considerable if we could be sure that it was authentic, and not simply what the newspaper wished the public to believe that the Crown Prince had said. It may well be that Bismarck, who was in the habit of providing for every contingency, was alarmed by the Crown Prince's illness, and desired to consolidate his own position in the event of the Crown Princess becoming Regent.

After a long convalescence at Wiesbaden the Crown Prince returned with his wife to Berlin in the spring of 1873. In the summer they went to Vienna for the International Exhibition, and while there they called, quite without ceremony, on Von Angeli, the painter. The Crown Princess invited him to come to Potsdam to paint her husband's portrait; he accepted the commission, and it was the beginning of a long friendship.

Von Angeli speaks with enthusiasm of the simple and charming home life of the Crown Prince and Princess, who often entertained him. He notes that, while there was much talk of a literary, artistic, and scientific kind, politics and military matters were never referred to. For the Crown Princess the painter had the highest admiration—indeed, he says she was gifted with every adornment of mind and heart. She made such progress in painting that Von Angeli declares himself proud to call himself her instructor. The Crown Prince took a keen interest in his wife's success, and was himself encouraged to begin working both in charcoal and in colour.

As regarded the relations between England and Germany, the Crown Princess had an increasingly difficult part to play during the years that immediately succeeded the war. France and Germany —the former with far more reason— both considered that they had been badly treated by Great Britain during the conflict. Prince Bismarck either was, or pretended to be, watchful and apprehensive of the state of feeling in France, and Moltke, following his lead, spoke at a State banquet as if war might again be forced on Germany by France.

Urged, as Bismarck and his friends believed, by the Crown Princess, but really by the advice of Lord Granville, Queen Victoria, in 1874, made a personal appeal to the German Emperor. In her letter, after observing that England's sympathies would be with Germany in any difference with France, she added the significant qualification, "unless there was an appearance on the part of Germany of an intention to avail herself of her greatly superior force to crush a beaten foe."

In reviewing the life of the Empress Frederick as a whole, it must never be forgotten that the Emperor William was not expected to reach, as in fact he did, an extraordinary old age. After the

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Franco-Prussian War, every one of any intelligence, from Bismarck downward, attached great importance to the Crown Princess's views and feelings; they believed that she had established a commanding influence over her husband, and that the moment he succeeded to the throne she would be the real ruler. Accordingly, the further intervention of Queen Victoria in 1875, when a German attack on France appeared imminent, was the crowning offence of the "British petticoats."

Queen Victoria, as is well known, wrote a personal letter to the Tsar, who responded by going himself to Berlin. The "British petticoats," it is true, had resented what appeared to be the act of aggression of France before the falsification of the Ems despatch had been revealed, but they were angered by Bismarck's conspiracy with Russia in denouncing the Black Sea Treaty; and his opposition to a law of Ministerial responsibility, which might have given the new Empire a constitutional basis, showed the impossibility of any real political sympathy between the Minister and the Princess who had been trained in the school of Prince Albert.

The consequence of Queen Victoria's successful intervention was indeed far-reaching. The ten years which followed were probably the most anxious of Bismarck's whole life. France, by the prompt payment of the indemnity and in other ways, had shown a most disquieting power of revival after the war. In addition, the understanding with Russia, which was the pivot of Bismarck's foreign policy, having broken in his hands, he was obliged to recast his policy from the foundations; and, though he succeeded in his immediate aims of separating England and France on the one hand, and France and Russia on the other, his resentment against the Crown Princess and her mother as the origin of all his troubles burned all the more fiercely.

After each quarrel—for quarrels they were—between the all-powerful Minister and his future sovereign, a peace, or rather a truce, was generally patched up, and Bismarck would be invited to some kind of festivity at the Crown Prince's palace. A shrewd observer has recorded that on such occasions his manner to the Crown Princess was always courteous, but to the Crown Prince he was often curt to the verge of insolence.

So intense was the feeling aroused among Bismarck and his followers, that the Crown Prince and Princess found life in Berlin almost intolerable, and they began spending a considerable portion of each year abroad.

The many philanthropic, social, and political interests of the Crown Princess were never allowed to interfere with her family life and duties. Very soon after the war, both she and the Crown Prince began to give much anxious thought to the education and training of their eldest son. We have a significant glimpse of how the question moved the conscientious father in a passage in the Crown Prince's diary written on January 27, 1871, while he was still in the field:

"To-day is my son William's thirteenth birthday. It is enough to frighten one to think what hopes already fill the head of this boy, and how we are responsible for the direction which we may give to his education; this education encounters so many difficulties owing to family considerations and the circumstances of the Berlin Court."

The Crown Princess was the victim of much malevolent and ignorant criticism when it was realised that the old traditions were to be broken in some important particulars. The civil element was to be at least of equal importance as the military in the training of Prince William, and he and Prince Henry were sent to the ordinary "gymnasium," or public school, as we should call it, at Cassel, a little town in the old Duchy of Hesse, which the parents deliberately chose because it was some distance from Berlin. The sanction of the Emperor William had to be obtained for this plan, and though he gave it there can be little doubt that he really disapproved.

This "magnanimous resolve, hereto-

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fore unexampled in the annals of our reigning families," was indeed regarded with mixed feelings by the country generally. It was not, as was supposed by many, an English idea to send the heir to the throne to an ordinary school. The Prince of Wales had not been educated at all on those lines, and there was certainly no precedent in the Royal House of Prussia. The plan was not without risks, but on the whole it succeeded admirably. By the special wish of the parents, the two princes were treated just like other boys; they were addressed as "you," and were called "Prince William" and "Prince Henry." "No one," said an English newspaper correspondent, "seeing these two simple, kindly-looking lads in their plain military frocks, sitting on a form at the Cassel Gymnasium among the other pupils, would have guessed that they were the two young Imperial Princes."

The Princes had one privilege accorded them; they lived with their tutor, Dr. Hinzpeter, but this circumstance certainly did nothing to reconcile Bismarck to the plan.

Bismarck gives a significant account of his meeting with Hinzpeter at a time when public opinion was busy with the Polish question, and the Alvensleben Convention aroused the indignation of the Liberals in the Diet. Hinzpeter was introduced to Bismarck at a gathering at the Crown Prince's. "As he was in daily communication with the Royalties, and gave himself out to be a man of Conservative opinions, I ventured upon a conversation with him, in which I set forth my views of the Polish question, in the expectation that he would now and again find opportunity of giving expression to it." Some days later Hinzpeter wrote to Bismarck that the Crown Princess had asked to know the subject of their long conversation. He had recounted it all to her, and had then reduced it to writing, and he sent Bismarck the memorandum with the request that he would examine it, and make any needful corrections. This was really courting a snub, which Bismarck hastened to administer, flatly refusing Hinzpeter's request.

The Princess's English ideas prevailed in the physical education of her children, and in her care to occupy them with such innocent pursuits as gardening. But the mother's desire that her eldest son should not be too much under the glamour of military glory was defeated, partly by the boy's own firmness of character, partly by the events of history. The three great wars which culminated in the foundation of the German Empire—the Danish, the Austrian, and the French—covered the period of his boyhood, and his earliest recollections of his father were of a great soldier going forth to win the laurels of victory over the successive enemies of his country. The young Prince in fact spent most of his impressionable years in the full influence of that hero-worship for Frederick the Great which formed the strongest link between the father and the son, though it is plain that each admired his great forbear for different reasons.

In the January of 1874 the Crown Princess went to Russia to be present at the marriage of her brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, with the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna. Unlike most Royal personages, many of whom regard such functions as weddings as duties to be endured, the Crown Princess thoroughly enjoyed the experience. The Emperor Alexander was charmed with her cleverness and enthusiasm, and gave her a ruby bracelet, which she was fond of wearing to the end of her life.

The Princess had the pleasure of entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales on their way home from St. Petersburg. It was the first time the Princess of Wales had appeared at the Prussian Court since the War of the Duchies, and her wonderful beauty and charm of manner greatly impressed all those who were brought in contact with her.

The Crown Princess gave a splendid fancy dress ball at the New Palace in February, 1874. To some who were present it recalled the costume ball given

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by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert at Buckingham Palace nearly thirty years before. The Crown Princess, who was devoted to Italy and to Italian art, decided that the entertainment should be known as the Venetian Fête. She herself wore a replica of the dress in which Leonora Gonzaga was painted by Titian. A portrait of the Crown Princess in this dress was afterward painted by Von Angeli.

The Crown Prince and Princess spent the spring of 1875 in Italy, including a long stay in Venice. There they entertained the painter Anton von Werner, who has left an enthusiastic account of their visit.

He records that the Princess drew and painted with real industry, now sketching the unequalled treasures of the past, now studying the effects of light or shade on the canals or in the square of St. Mark's. The painter was astonished, not only at the Princess's powers of technique, but also at her artistic sympathy and feeling. She seemed to know intuitively what would make a fine sketch. On the evening of her departure, he says, this artist Princess carried away with her an unforgettable picture. The Grand Canal was covered with a fleet of gondolas, each lighted with torches, while the full moon shed her radiance over the noble palaces and the Rialto Bridge.

Von Werner adds that the Princess, in spite of the many claims on her time, had since that time persevered in all her artistic studies, and he particularly mentions Von Angeli, Wilberg, Lutteroth, and Albert Hertel as painters who helped and inspired her. She did life-sized portraits of her children, Prince William and the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, in addition to numerous pencil and water-colour sketches of really remarkable artistic merit.

In the October of that year the Crown Prince, in a long letter to his old friend, Prince Charles of Roumania, mentions that the Princess is more industrious and successful than ever in painting and drawing, and does marvels in the way of portraits. He also describes how his wife led her Hussar regiment past the King. She did it, he says, magnificently, and looked extremely well in her simple yet becoming uniform.

The Crown Princess was of great assistance to her husband in his scheme of adding a Royal Mausoleum to the Berlin Cathedral, which should be a kind of Pantheon of the House of Hohenzollern. There were to be statues of all the Electoral Princes and Kings, with inscriptions relating the history and exploits of each. This involved a great deal of historical research, of which the Princess took her share, as also in the composition of the more detailed historical memoirs or character sketches of his ancestors to which the Crown Prince also devoted himself.

A visit to Scheveningen in 1876 enabled the Crown Princess to study, much to her delight, the historical and artistic treasures of the old cities of Holland.

It will be remembered that the Crown Princess, many years before, had had scruples about her husband's association with Freemasonry. She was perhaps reassured by a speech which he delivered in July, 1876, when Prince Frederick of the Netherlands celebrated his sixtieth anniversary as Grand Master. Freemasonry, he declared, aimed at love, freedom, and tolerance, without regard to national divisions, and he hoped it might be victorious in the struggle for intellect and liberty. This speech is particularly interesting because, only two years before, the Crown Prince had resigned his office in Grand Lodge in Berlin owing to the opposition he encountered in striving to carry out certain reforms in the craft.

1877 was an eventful year in the Prussian Imperial family. In February, Prince William received his commission in the Foot Guards; Princess Charlotte was betrothed to the Hereditary Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Meiningen; and Prince Henry made his formal entry into the Navy.

In April of this year it became known that Bismarck had made one of his not infrequent threats to resign, and Bucher wrote to Busch to tell him the news:

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"It is not a question of leave of absence," he said, "but a peremptory demand to be allowed to retire. The reason: Augusta, who influences her ageing consort, and conspires with Victoria (the Crown Princess)."

The year 1878 opened brightly for the Crown Princess, for in February her eldest daughter, Princess Charlotte, was married to Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Meiningen. Prince Bismarck, however, excused himself from appearing at the ceremony on the pretext of ill-health.

It was at this marriage, the first of the Crown Princess's family weddings, that her brother, the Duke of Connaught, made the acquaintance of his future wife.

In the month of May came the attempted assassination of the Emperor by a youth called Hodel. The Emperor then had a marvellous escape, but on June 2d, which happened to be a Sunday, the aged Sovereign was driving down Unter den Linden when, from an upper window of an inn called "The Three Ravens," Nobeling, a Socialist, fired two charges of buckshot into the Emperor's head and shoulders. Violent hæmorrhage set in, and for some hours it was said, first, that he was dead, and secondly, that if not dead he could not survive the day.

The Crown Prince and Princess were then in England, and the news reached them at Hatfield, where they were staying with Lord and Lady Salisbury. Within a very short time of the receipt of the telegram, they started for Berlin, finding on their arrival that the Emperor had recovered sufficiently to sign an order conferring the Regency on the Crown Prince.

The Regency was hardly more than titular, for the old Emperor stipulated that his son was only to "represent" him, and that the government was to be carried on as before in accordance with the Emperor's known views. As to that, Bismarck had his own ideas, and he succeeded in overcoming the Crown Prince's natural hesitation at accepting such a position.

Nevertheless, it was an extraordinarily sudden and dramatic change in the whole position of the Crown Prince and Princess. In the first place it absolutely put an end to the plan, which had been seriously discussed and on the whole approved by Bismarck, that the Crown Prince should become Governor-General or Lieutenant-Governor of Alsace-Lorraine. Obviously this scheme was no longer practical. The Emperor was old and his wound was serious; the accession of his son seemed imminent.

It is curious to recall that, so far back as January, 1862, Queen Augusta, speaking to Prince Hohenlohe, had observed: "The King and I are old people: we can hardly hope to do more than work for the future. But I wish we could look forward to a happier state of things for our son." She was destined to live thirty years longer, and to survive the son to whom she ever proved herself a loyal and devoted mother, while her husband, whom even then she described as old, was destined to live more than another quarter of a century—almost as long, in fact, as the son who succeeded him for so tragically brief a reign.

But now, in 1878, it seemed as if the Crown Prince, even in the unlikely event of his father's recovery from his wound, must become virtual ruler of the German Empire.

A very few days, however, made it clear that Bismarck was determined to allow the new Regent as little authority as possible beyond that conferred by the signing of State documents, and that he was to have no practical influence on foreign politics. But fortune, then as always, seemed to single out Bismarck for special favour, for in the all-important matter of Russo-German relations the Crown Prince was far easier to manage, in so far as any management of him was necessary, than the old Emperor, who was fondly attached to his nephew, the Tsar Alexander II.

Those months, during which the Crown Prince exercised in theory a power which he certainly did not possess in reality, were among the most trying of all the trying months the Crown Princess

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ever passed through, the more so that the Berlin Congress, which she and the Prince had gone to England to avoid, opened on June 13th. Among those who sojourned in Berlin during those eventful days, and whose presence must have been a pleasure to the Princess, were Lord and Lady Salisbury.

But during the Congress the Crown Prince and Princess kept rigidly apart from even its social functions, the only exception being that the Crown Prince gave an official dinner in the King's name to the plenipotentiaries. The Crown Princess stayed out at Potsdam, while the Empress refused to appear in any official way; she treated her son entirely as if he were already Emperor.

Most serious was the sharp division caused between the father and son by the decisions of the Congress. The Crown Prince, who had a lifelong dislike and suspicion of Russia and of Russian statecraft, was supposed to have favoured England, and the old Emperor, to the very end of his life, considered that Germany had not done as well at the Congress as she should have done. He ascribed the fact—probably most unfairly—to the Crown Prince instead of to Bismarck.

Meanwhile, all kinds of gossip were rife as to the Crown Princess's efforts to influence her husband, for by the public at large the Regent was regarded as all-powerful.

To give an example of how the Princess was misunderstood and misjudged; when Hodel attacked the Emperor, the latter declared that he did not wish the full severity of the law to be exercised. But when Nobeling's far more serious attempt at assassination followed, public opinion demanded that Hodel should be condemned to death. The Crown Prince, as Regent, had to sign the death-warrant, and it became known that he had told a personal friend how very painful it was to him to sign it. It was widely believed that this over-scrupulousness, for so the good Berliners considered it, was due to the influence of the Crown Princess; yet as a matter of fact she had been, from the first, of opinion that Hodel, who had certainly meant to kill his Sovereign, should be executed.

In spite, however, of Bismarck's determination to make him a cypher, the Crown Prince did not allow himself to be put wholly in the background. To the Minister's great annoyance, he opened a personal correspondence with the new Pope, Leo XIII, in the hope of putting an end to the Kulturkampf. Though at the time it did not seem as though the Prince had succeeded, it laid the foundations for the ultimate solution of the problem.

The Regent also appointed a certain Dr. Friedberg, a distinguished Jewish jurist, who belonged to the Liberal party, to a very high judicial post. Curiously enough, this was the only appointment the Crown Prince made which was not afterward revoked. The Emperor William I retained Friedberg, but refused to bestow on him the Black Eagle even after he had served for nine years in office. Ten years later, when the Emperor Frederick was on his way home from San Remo after his father's death, he received a Ministerial delegation at Leipzig, and, on seeing Friedberg, he took the Black Eagle from his own neck and placed it about that of his old friend.

By the end of the year, the Emperor was quite himself again. On a certain memorable evening in December, he appeared at the Opera and was the object of an extraordinary popular demonstration. The next day he wrote an open letter to the Crown Prince, thanking him in the warmest terms for the way in which he had fulfilled his duties as Regent.

It was rumoured at the time—it is difficult to know with what truth—that the Crown Princess would have liked, after the recovery of her father-in-law, that a special post should be created for her husband. But on his side the Crown Prince said to an English friend that he had no wish to find himself the fifth wheel of the coach, and that he hated having only a semblance of authority.

During that visit to England which

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was so suddenly interrupted by Nobeling's attempt on the Emperor, Mr. Goschen, the statesman whom Lord Randolph Churchill afterward "forgot" at the time of his dramatic resignation, was asked to arrange a meeting between the Crown Prince and Princess and George Eliot. The novelist thus describes the party in a letter to a friend:

"The Royalties did themselves much credit. The Crown Prince is really a grand-looking man, whose name you would ask for with expectation if you imagined him no royalty. He is like a grand antique bust—cordial and simple in manners withal, shaking hands, and insisting that I should let him know when next we came to Berlin, just as if he had been a Professor Gruppe, living *au troisième*. *She* is equally good-natured and unpretending, liking best to talk of nursing soldiers, and of what her father's taste was in literature. We had a picked party to dinner—the Dean of Westminster, the Bishop of Peterborough, Lord and Lady Ripon, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Kinglake, Froude, Mrs. Ponsonby (Lord Grey's granddaughter), and two or three more 'illustrations'; then a small detachment coming in after dinner. It was really an interesting occasion."

This was the kind of party which the Crown Princess thoroughly enjoyed, though even then her shyness always struck those who met her for the first time. On this occasion she opened her conversation with George Eliot by saying, "You know my sister Louise?"—and George Eliot's comment is "just as any other slightly embarrassed mortal might have done."

On December 14th, the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, the Crown Princess suffered another, and a hardly less terrible bereavement.

Her beloved sister, Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, after losing one child from diphtheria and devotedly nursing her husband and her other children, herself fell a victim to the malady, the treatment of which was not then so well understood as it is now. The sisters had been fondly attached to one another from childhood, and after Princess Alice's marriage the tie was drawn even closer. They had been inseparable during the Franco-Prussian War, and for many years the happiest days spent each year by the Crown Princess were those when she was able to pay a flying visit to the Grand Duchess, or when the Grand Duchess was able to spend a few days at Berlin or Potsdam.

But there was yet another and an even more bitter sorrow in store for the Crown Princess. In March, 1879, her third son, Prince Waldemar, died in his eleventh year. He was a clever, affectionate, merry-hearted boy, and would have been his mother's favourite child, if she had allowed herself to make differences between her children. Like the Princess herself, he had been intellectually far in advance of his years and he had had as tutor a distinguished professor, Herr Delbrück, who succeeded Treitschke in the Chair of History at the Berlin University, and afterward played a considerable part in German thought and even in German politics.

It is shocking to have to record an example of the prejudice which was even then still felt in certain circles in Germany against the bereaved Crown Princess. A minister of the sect who called themselves the Orthodox Protestants, when he heard of the death of the young Prince, observed that he hoped it was a trial sent by God to humiliate her hard heart. This monstrous utterance must have found its way into print, or to the ears of some singularly ill-advised human being, for the Princess came to know of it, and in her then state of anguish it gave her more pain than perhaps even the minister himself would have wished to inflict.

It was natural that the mother's heart should at this moment turn with keen anxiety to her son, Prince Henry, who was then serving abroad in a German warship. She imagined him in the midst of all sorts of perils, and she begged the Emperor to allow him to return home at once. But the Sovereign, though expressing kindly sympathy, was obliged, in view

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of the rigid rules of the service, to refuse her petition, and the Princess had to bear as best she could this addition to her burden.

At this time the Crown Princess's relations with Bismarck had undergone some improvement. On February 23, 1879, Bismarck gave to Busch a most unflattering picture of the old Emperor, but he described the Crown Princess as unaffected and sincere, like her husband, "which her mother-in-law is not." He observed that it was only family considerations (the Coburger and the Augustenberger more than the uncle in Hanover) that made the Crown Princess troublesome, formerly more so than at present. "But she is honourable and has no pretensions."

It was thought that the Crown Princess was sadly in need of mental change and refreshment after the two terrible blows which had deprived her of her child and of her sister. She, therefore, went to stay in Rome *incognito* during the April of 1880, being only attended by a lady-in-waiting and her "chambellan." To those of her English friends whom she happened to meet she spoke constantly of her dead son, saying that he had been the most promising of her children, and that she felt as if she could never be resigned to her loss. In answer to a kindly suggestion that she had so many duties to perform that she would soon be taken out of herself, she said: "Ah, yes, there is much to do and one cannot sit down with one's sorrow, but the mother who has lost her child carries a heavy heart all her life."

During this stay in Rome, the Princess spent almost the whole of each day in the picture galleries, and in the evening she generally dined with some of her English friends and members of the diplomatic corps. As was always her wont, she managed to see all the more interesting strangers who were just then in Rome, many being asked to meet her at the British Embassy. One night, when Lady Paget asked her whom she would like to meet, she answered instantly: "Cardinal Howard and Mr. Story" (the American sculptor). The Princess, however, could not stay as long in Rome as she would have liked, for she had to hurry back to be present at the Emperor's golden wedding festivities.

Fortunately for the Crown Princess, there came other thoughts to distract her from her grief. She welcomed her first grandchild, the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen giving birth to a daughter, and in April, 1880, her eldest son Prince William was betrothed to Princess Victoria of the House of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, an alliance entirely approved by his parents. The Crown Prince, in a letter to Prince Charles of Roumania, said that it was really a love-match, and that the young Princess possessed remarkable gifts of heart, mind, and character, as well as a certain gracious dignity. It was also felt that the marriage would be a sort of compensation to the Augustenburg family for the loss of the Elbe Duchies.

In September, 1880, the Crown Princess had the joy of welcoming back Prince Henry from his voyage round the world, and the marriage of Prince William took place in February, 1881, amid universal rejoicings.

The Crown Princess's influence on the artistic life of Germany was shown by a little incident connected with her eldest son's marriage. On the occasion of the wedding the town of Berlin decorated the streets in a particularly original and beautiful way, and other Prussian towns gave the young people as a wedding present a really artistic table service. The Crown Prince exclaimed: "And whom have we to thank that such things can be done by us in Germany to-day? Not least my wife!"

In the following March, when the Crown Prince was in Russia attending the funeral of Alexander II, who had been assassinated by Nihilists, the Princess received an anonymous threatening letter, informing her that her husband would also fall a victim to the Nihilists in the next few hours. She was in a dreadful state of agitation until reassuring telegrams arrived.

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A son was born to Prince and Princess William on May 6, 1882, and the old Emperor William telegraphed to the Crown Prince: "Praise and thanks to God! Four generations of Kings living! What a rare event! May God shield the mother and child!"

In November of the same year, the Crown Princess had a curious conversation with Prince Hohenlohe, who thus records it:

"It may be that Christian consolation does not suffice one, but it is better to keep this to one's self and think it over. Plato's dialogues and the ancient tragedies she finds very consolatory. Much that she said was true. But she is too incautious and hasty in her verdicts upon things which are, after all, worthy of reverence."

The Crown Prince and Princess now looked forward to celebrating their silver wedding on January 25, 1883.

The festivities were rather dashed by the sudden death, only four days before, of Prince Charles of Prussia, the Emperor's brother. The old Prince had never liked his English niece, and it was whispered in the diplomatic world that he had much preferred to die before rather than after the celebrations in which she was to be so conspicuous a figure!

Preparations for commemorating the anniversary with due honour had been made for fully a year before, and money was being collected for various presentations, when it was intimated that the Crown Prince and Princess wished the subscriptions to be devoted to public and philanthropic objects. This made a great impression, and the central committee raised the large sum of forty-two thousand pounds, mostly in quite small contributions. It was presented to the Prince and Princess on February 16th, with the request that it should be used for charitable purposes chosen by their Imperial Highnesses.

The money was accordingly distributed among the various charities with which the Crown Prince and Princess were connected, and some of which they had themselves founded—such as the workmen's colonies for reclaiming the unemployed and finding temporary occupation for them; institutions for the technical and practical education of working men in their leisure hours; the promotion of health in the home; the Victoria School for the training of nurses; and the Victoria Foundation for the training of young girls in domestic and industrial work. The city of Berlin had a separate fund, which reached the round sum of ten thousand pounds, and of this five thousand nine hundred pounds was spent on building a nursing institute.

The death of Prince Charles caused the postponement of the festivities to the end of February, when they were held in what we should call "full State." The Prince of Wales represented Queen Victoria, and the Emperor Francis Joseph also sent his heir-apparent.

The principal ceremony was both impressive and artistic, and there we can trace the influence of the Crown Princess. It consisted in a representation of the Court of Queen Elizabeth, arranged by the artists of Berlin. The Crown Prince, in the uniform of the Queen's Cuirassiers, and the Crown Princess in white satin and silver lace, led the magnificent procession, in which all the Royal personages took part. After the Crown Prince and Princess had taken their seats between the Emperor and Empress, a dramatic representation of the Court of Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, with its picturesque troubadours, was given, followed by the Elizabethan Pageant. Then came what was perhaps the most interesting scene of all—a large assemblage dressed to represent the great painters of the Renaissance in Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands, who advanced, one by one, and did obeisance to the Crown Prince and Princess as patrons of the arts.

In May, 1883, the Princess paid a private visit to Paris. She only stayed three days, but during those three days undertook more intelligent sight-seeing than most women of her then age would have found possible. She was entertained

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at luncheon by Lord Lyons, and at dinner at Saint Germain by Prince Hohenlohe, who in his diary rather ungraciously observes: "Rural excursions with Royal personages are not exactly among the pleasant things of life."

During this visit the Princess said to a French friend that one of the lives she would have liked to lead would have been that of a little bourgeoise of the Rue Saint Denis, going on high-days and holidays to the Théâtre Français.

The Crown Princess was now able to carry out her cherished project of building an English church dedicated to St. George in Berlin, largely with the five thousand seven hundred pounds which was contributed in England for the silver wedding celebrations. The wisdom of this employment of the money subscribed may perhaps be doubted, for it can only have confirmed the idea prevailing in some quarters that the Princess remained, and would always remain, an Englishwoman in all her feelings and sympathies. However, the laying of the foundation-stone, which the Crown Princess performed herself in the spring of 1884, was carried out with considerable ceremony.

The Crown Prince made a speech on the occasion, in which he recalled that King Frederick William IV had assigned one of the rooms in the palace of Monbijou to the use of the English congregation, and that the King's brother, the then Emperor, actuated by the same feelings, had granted the land on which the church was to be built. The Crown Princess took the keenest interest in the building, and followed the carrying out of the architect's plans in every detail.

After the death of Field-Marshal Baron von Mantueffel, Stadthalter of Alsace-Lorraine, it was suggested that the Crown Prince might be his successor, but the old Emperor refused to consider the notion, while being willing to consider the appointment of the young Prince William. It is said that the Crown Princess herself went to her father-in-law and begged him not to put so great an affront on her husband. The post was, therefore, conferred on Prince Hohenlohe.

In the November of 1885, Matthew Arnold paid a visit to Germany in order to obtain information as to the German system of education. The Crown Princess was keenly interested in the inquiries he was making. With her usual energy, she went to considerable personal trouble in order to help him, and she arranged, among other things, that Mr. Arnold should make a short stay on Count Redern's property, in the Mark of Brandenburg.

In one of his letters Arnold gives a charming account of a soirée at the New Palace: "The Crown Princess came round the circle, and I kissed her hand, as every one here does when she holds it out. She talked to me a long time, and said I must come and see her quietly, comfortably." A few days later he dined at the palace, the only other guest being Hoffmann, the great chemist. Arnold sat next the Crown Princess, who "talked I may say all dinner. She is very able and well-informed."

A day or two later came a message asking him to tea with the Crown Princess: "She was full of the Eastern question, as all of them here are; it is of so much importance to them. She talked, too, about Bismarck, Lord Ampthill, the Emperor, the Empress, the Queen, the Church, English politics, the German nation, everything and everybody indeed, except the Crown Prince and herself."

Mr. Arnold was very anxious to meet "the great Reichs-Kanzler" himself, but this was not easy, as the great man was reputed to be almost inaccessible: but the Crown Princess herself wrote and asked Bismarck to receive her compatriot.

Matthew Arnold was struck by the lack in Berlin of what certainly exists in London and Paris, namely, an agreeable, cultivated society consisting mainly of upper middle-class elements. He observed that in Berlin there was, in addition to the Court, only groups of functionaries, of soldiers, and of professors.

As may be gathered from much that has already appeared in this volume, the

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Crown Princess was ever pathetically anxious that England and Germany should be on the most friendly terms of confidence and affection. Consequently she went through some days of considerable anxiety, in the spring and early summer of 1884, over the "incident" of Angra Pequena. When Lord Granville decided to recognise German sovereignty in this territory, the Crown Princess was quite as pleased in her way as Bismarck was. Lord Ampthill, in a letter to Lord Granville, observes: "The Crown Princess, who dined with us last night, was beyond measure happy at the general contentment and altered tone of the Press."

This Lord Ampthill, the Lord Odo Russell of former days, was a valued friend of the Crown Princess. She was always, naturally, on terms of friendship with her mother's representative in Berlin, but Lord Ampthill's appointment had given her special satisfaction. The Ambassador's premature death in 1884 was a great grief to the Princess, and the day after his death the Crown Prince himself came to the villa, where Lord and Lady Ampthill had lived near Sans Souci, to lay a wreath on the coffin.

The health of the old Emperor now began to give occasion for anxiety. He had been born on March 22, 1797, and when he reached his eighty-seventh birthday in 1884 it seemed as if his course was almost run. In the circumstances the Crown Prince and Princess could scarcely help anticipating the time when, as it then seemed, the great powers and responsibilities of the throne would be theirs. But it is certainly true to say that the feeling of duty was paramount in their minds, and that nothing was further from their thoughts than to covet the Imperial purple for its own sake. They regarded it as the symbol of all that they were determined to do for the welfare and happiness of the people.

Even if they had been blind to the apparently immediate consequences of the old Emperor's failing health, they would have been enlightened by the altered demeanour of Prince Bismarck. He showed clear signs of a desire to cultivate better relations with the Heir Apparent and his family, and he even attended an evening party given by the Crown Princess on the occasion of her birthday.

Not long afterwards, early in 1885, the Crown Prince sounded Bismarck as to whether, in the event of the Emperor's death, he would remain in office. The astute Chancellor said that he would, subject to two conditions, namely, that there should be no foreign influences in State policy, and that there should be no Parliamentary government; it is said that the Crown Prince assented with an eloquent gesture.

The real tragedy of the Crown Princess's life surely lies in these years of waiting. She could not—assuredly she did not—for a moment wish that the old Emperor should die. She had nursed him devotedly during the long illness caused by Nobeling's attempted assassination, and it is a significant fact that she alone had been able to persuade the stern old soldier to leave his hard camp bed for a soft invalid couch. She knew as well as any one the Emperor's noble qualities, and she cherished for him a warm and filial affection.

Yet it was patent, especially to all those who shared the strong political and constitutional opinions of the Crown Princess, that the aged Sovereign had outlived his usefulness to his country. She could not help being conscious that in her husband, and in herself, too, there lay capacities of national service of which William I and his consort had never dreamed.

If the word "disappointment" is used of the Crown Princess's long-deferred hopes, it was in no sense the baulking of any commonplace ambition. The tragedy lay in the failure of the pure and single-hearted dedication of her husband and herself to bettering the lot of those vast, silent millions on whose pains and toil the pomp of thrones and empires, the exquisite refinements of civilisation, the discoveries of science, and the delights of art and literature, seemed to her to be all ultimately based.

The sympathies of one of the most

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warm-hearted women who ever lived were thus continually torn and divided, for while it seemed to her loyal nature an act of treachery to look forward to the old Emperor's death, she was continually being reminded, by the demeanour of those about her, that that event, which would so entirely alter her position, was expected almost daily.

In the midst of this subtle mental and spiritual conflict, the Crown Princess was struck by yet another arrow from the quiver of fate, inflicting an anguish of anxiety which even her bitterest enemies would surely have wished her to be spared.

In April, 1886, the Crown Prince suffered from a severe attack of measles, which probably left him in a weakened state, as this disease is apt to do when it attacks a man of over fifty. However, he was thought to have recovered sufficiently to visit the King and Queen of Italy on the Riviera in the autumn, and it was there, while out driving, that the Prince caught a severe cold, which brought on an affection of the throat.

The Princess herself undertook, with great efficiency, the chief responsibilities of nursing the patient. But the throat affection did not yield to treatment, and the terrible suspicion that it might never so yield must often have assailed the Princess, even in these early months of her husband's illness. But she did not betray the anxiety gnawing at her heart; on the contrary, she showed throughout a gallant optimism which, as we now look back on it, seems intensely pathetic.

On the Emperor William's ninetieth birthday, March 22, 1887, the sailor son of the Crown Princess, Prince Henry of Prussia, was formally betrothed to his cousin, his mother's favourite niece, Princess Irene of Hesse.

During the festivities given in honour of the event, it began to be whispered among the guests that the Crown Prince's throat affection was more serious than had as yet been acknowledged. But it is said that the word "cancer" was only first mentioned in connection with the case when, in deference to the highest medical advice of Berlin, he was sent to Ems to be treated for "a bad cold with bronchial complications following on measles."

The Crown Prince and Princess, with their family, went to Ems in the middle of April and spent a month there. Not only did this bring no improvement, but the patient became perceptibly worse. He was brought back to Berlin, and a consultation of the most eminent medical experts, including Bergmann, Gerhardt, and Wagener, was held, as the result of which a growth in the throat of a malignant character was diagnosed.

Bismarck in his *Reminiscences* contradicts two curious stories which are worth notice, if only for the reason that they have obtained a certain amount of currency, and one of them is even to be found in an English work on the Emperor William II.

The first of these stories is that, after his return from Ems, the Crown Prince signed a document in which, in the event of his surviving his father, he renounced his succession to the throne in favour of his eldest son. There is not, says Bismarck, a shadow of truth in this story.

The other statement is that any heir to the Prussian throne who suffers from an incurable physical complaint is, by the Hohenzollern family law, excluded from the succession. The importance of this provision, if it really existed, is obvious; and, at the period we have now reached, when the physical state of the Crown Prince became a subject of intense public interest, it obtained wide currency and no small amount of credit. If, on a strict interpretation of such a rule, the Crown Prince was excluded from the succession, it might have been argued that his eldest son was also incapable of succeeding, owing to the weakened state of his arm. But Bismarck declares categorically that the Hohenzollern family law contains no provision on the matter at all, any more than does the text of the Prussian constitution.

(*To be continued*)

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THE BOOK MART

A list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold by the booksellers throughout the country between the 1st of July and the 1st of August:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York City	The Salamander	The Prince of Love
Albany, N. Y.	The Victim	The Salamander
Atlanta, Ga.	Full Swing	The Salamander
Baltimore, Md.	The Salamander	Penrod
Birmingham, Ala.	The Victim	You Never Know Your Luck
Boston, Mass.	The Duchess of Wrexe	You Never Know Your Luck
Buffalo, N. Y.	T. Tembarom	The Salamander
Chicago, Ill.	The Adventures of Kathlyn	Pollyanna
Cincinnati, Ohio.	You Never Know Your Luck	What Will People Say
Cleveland, Ohio.	The Lights are Bright	The Victim
Dallas, Tex.	Pollyanna	The Salamander
Denver, Colo.	The Victim	World's End
Des Moines, Iowa	Penrod	Pollyanna
Detroit, Mich.	Chance	The Price of Love
Indianapolis, Ind.	Penrod	The Salamander
Jacksonville, Fla.	The Victim	Full Swing
Kansas City, Mo.	Pollyanna	T. Tembarom
Louisville, Ky.	The Battle Cry	The Victim
Memphis, Tenn.	The Full of the Moon	Full Swing
Milwaukee, Wis.	Pollyanna	The Salamander
Minneapolis, Minn.	Clark's Field	The Letters of a Woman Homesteader
New Haven, Conn.	The Victim	The Adventures of Kathlyn
New Orleans, La.	The Victim	The Price of Love
Norfolk, Va.	Maria	The Salamander
Omaha, Neb.	The Salamander	Diane of the Green Van
Philadelphia, Pa.	Maria	The Salamander
Philadelphia, Pa.	Maria	The Victim
Portland, Me.	The Salamander	Penrod
Portland, Ore.	Penrod	The Victim
Providence, R. I.	The Fortunate Youth	Overland Red
Richmond, Va.	World's End	Pollyanna
St. Louis, Mo.	The Salamander	Penrod
St. Paul, Minn.	The Fortunate Youth	T. Tembarom
Seattle, Wash.	You Never Know Your Luck	North of '53
Spokane, Wash.	The Victim	The Price of Love
Toledo, Ohio.	The Salamander	Pollyanna
Toronto, Ont.	The Salamander	You Never Know Your Luck
Waco, Tex.	The Salamander	The Butterfly
Worcester, Mass.	Pollyanna	The Salamander

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Fortunate Youth	What Will People Say?	You Never Know Your Luck	Clark's Field
The Battle Cry	No. 13 Washington Square	The Lights are Bright	Chance
What Will People Say?	The Fortunate Youth	T. Tembarom	The Price of Love
You Never Know Your Luck	Martha-by-the-Day	Pollyanna	The Victim
World's End	The Devil's Garden	Pollyanna	Diane of the Green Van
Penrod	Misadventures of Three Good Boys	The Price of Love	Clark's Field
The Price of Love	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Overland Red	Chance
Penrod	The Victim	The Inside of the Cup	The Salamander
Full Swing	Diane of Green Van	The Victim	The Fortunate Youth
The Price of Love	The Salamander	Penrod	The Fortunate Youth
You Never Know Your Luck	The Fortunate Youth	The Victim	Overland Red
The Salamander	The Fortunate Youth	Pollyanna	Tarzan of the Apes
What Will People Say?	The Price of Love	You Never Know Your Luck	T. Tembarom
The Fortunate Youth	The Salamander	Penrod	Mid-Stream
The Duchess of Wrexe	You Never Know Your Luck	Pollyanna	The Milky Way
The Fortunate Youth	Diane of the Green Van	T. Tembarom	Pollyanna
The Fortunate Youth	The Salamander	The Rocks of Valpre	You Never Know Your Luck
The Price of Love	Faith Tresilion	Once to Every Man	The Lights are Bright
The Light of Western Stars	Felicidad	A People's Man	The Woman's Law
What Will People Say?	The Fortunate Youth	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
The Price of Love	Penrod	The Victim	You Never Know Your Luck
The Lights are Bright	Penrod	Maria	The Fortunate Youth
Chance	You Never Know Your Luck	World's End	What Will People Say?
Penrod	No. 13 Washington Square	The Eagle's Mate	Burberry Stoke
Pollyanna	The Price of Love	The Boomers	The Inside of the Cup
The Duchess of Wrexe	The Victim	Penrod	You Never Know Your Luck
The Salamander	Martha-by-the-Day	Captivating Mary Carstairs	You Never Know Your Luck
No. 13 Washington Square	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	The Fortunate Youth	You Never Know Your Luck
Overland Red	The Salamander	The Inside of the Cup	The Valley of the Moon
They Who Knock at Our Gates	You Never Know Your Luck	Wifs Out of Egypt	The Victim
You Never Know Your Luck	The Inside of the Cup	The Victim	Henry of Navarre
The Fortunate Youth	Chance	Once to Every Man	The Victim
Barnabetta	What Will People Say?	Ariadne of Allan Water	You Never Know Your Luck
Penrod	The Salamander	The Fortunate Youth	The Victim
Penrod	The Salamander	The Fortunate Youth	The Inside of the Cup
You Never Know Your Luck	What Will People Say?	Diane of the Green Van	Once to Every Man
T. Tembarom	Penrod	The Rocks of Valpre	Captivating Mary Carstairs
Diane of the Green Van	The Victim	What Will People Say?	The Devil's Garden
The Fortunate Youth	World's End	The Victim	You Never Know Your Luck

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending July 1st:
1. Modern Dancing. Castle.
2. Psychology of Salesmanship. Atkinson.
3. Health Through Diet. Haig.
4. Italian Yesterdays. Fraser.
5. Vale. Moore.
6. Technique of the Photo-play. Sergent.

For the week ending July 8th:
1. Progressive Chili. Mansfield.
2. Fire Explosion Risks. Schwartz.
3. Handbook of Motion Pictures. Richardson.
4. Social Forces in England and America. Wells.
5. How to Be a Private Secretary. Cody.
6. Psychology and Social Sanity. Munsterberg.

For the week ending July 15th:
1. Modern Dancing. Castle.
2. The Balkans. Sloane.
3. Psychology and Social Sanity. Munsterberg.
4. Social Forces in England and America. Wells.

For the week ending July 22d:
1. Deidre. Yeats.
2. Psychology of Salesmanship. Atkinson.
3. Breaking with the Past. Gasquet.
4. Misalliance and Fanny's First Play. Wells.
5. The Balkans, a History. Sloane.

For the week ending July 29th:
1. Inferno. Strindberg.
2. Tennis Tactics. Little.
3. Industrial Accidents and Their Compensation.
4. Insurance Office Organization. Young.
5. Industrial Situation. F. T. Carlton.
6. Passers-by. Chambers.
7. Christian Approach to Socialism. Cabot.
8. Handbook of Motion Pictures. Richardson.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—IN DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

What men Live By. Cabot.
They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.
Poems. Tagore.
Fanny's First Play, Misalliance, and The Dark Lady of the Sonnets. Shaw.
The Mexican People. de Lara.
The Seen and Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon. Howells.
The Mob. Galsworthy.
Letters of a Woman Homesteader. Stewart.
Where No Fear Was. Benson.
Thinking Black. Crawford.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 118 and 119) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list				receives	10
" " "	2d	" " "				"	8
" " "	3d	" " "				"	7
" " "	4th	" " "				"	6
" " "	5th	" " "				"	5
" " "	6th	" " "				"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Salamander. Johnson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	206
2. The Victim. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35	161
3. You Never Know Your Luck. Parker. (Doran.) $1.25	128
4. Penrod. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25	122
5. The Fortunate Youth. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35	113
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	103

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